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How we lived then, 1914-1918;



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HOW WE LIVED THEN

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A HUNDRED WONDERFUL YEARS
SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF A
CENTURY, 1820-1920. ILLUSTRATED

THE HAT SHOP: A NOVEL

MRS. BARNET—*ROBES*: A NOVEL

A MRS. JONES: A NOVEL

TONY SANT: A NOVEL

THE LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE

THE BODLEY HEAD



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

RIFLING A NAVAL GUN AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

At the time when women were doing work such as this a newspaper article appeared objecting to women in trousers.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

1914—1918

A SKETCH OF SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC
LIFE IN ENGLAND DURING THE WAR

by

MRS. C. S. PEEL, O.B.E.

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“THE SICKENING ABOMINATION OF WAR”

“THE Treaty, as the American Secretary of State has wisely warned us, may not immediately and finally banish all war from the earth, but it will be the most impressive declaration ever made by mankind of a determination to preserve peace, and will inspire the nations with confident hope such as they have never had till now of deliverance at last from the sickening abomination of war.”

*From a letter to the Primate written by Lord Cusbendun, Signatory
on behalf of Great Britain to the Treaty renouncing war,
August 1928.*

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“THE reappearance of the sugar-basin in the tea-shops will not be recorded in the histories of the war, but in our own lives it marks the end of a chapter. One realizes the want of a chronology which will give the lesser as well as the greater dates of the war years. On what date did the sugar-basin disappear? When was the last penny egg sold? Which was the first night of darkened windows? What was the day of the issue of the first Treasury note? For how long was the banana unprocurable in London? What were the dates of the discontinuance, and restoration, of the newspaper posters?”

This paragraph, bearing neither the name of the paper in which it appeared nor the date, was posted to me by an anonymous correspondent, who suggested that here was the subject for a book. As a matter of fact the idea of writing a book dealing with the Social and Domestic Life of the War Years, containing amongst much other matter the kind of information desired by the unknown writer of the paragraph, had already occurred to me and its preparation had been begun.

CHAPTER I

PRE- AND POST-WAR LIFE: A COMPARISON

A different way of life—When living was cheap—Pre- and post-war income tax—Life on £300 a year before and after the war—When whisky was 3s. 6d. the bottle—The country gentleman comfortably off—Living in other people's houses—The new rich and the new poor—Unemployment and the dole—Workers who are better off—A higher standard of living—Increased social amenities—The well-dressed working woman—More noise, more hurry—A powerful proletariat—Woman a citizen—The lightning changes of the war years.

IF we desire to realize the changes brought about in our social and domestic life by the World War it is necessary to know something of our ways of living in the years of the twentieth century prior to August 1914.

Even to-day, although it is over ten years since the war ended, we seldom hear anyone say, that happened in a certain year of the 1900's: we say, that happened before the war, during the war, after the war, and it is not strange that we should measure time thus, for the war cut our life into three periods.

Before the war we lived guided to a considerable extent by tradition, and classes were more sharply divided than is the case to-day. Then in the course of a few weeks we were forced into ways of life utterly strange to us, from which four years later we emerged in the distracted fashion of creatures whose shelter has been removed and who run hither and thither not knowing what to do.

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After the Armistice and the subsequent frenzy of rejoicing, not so much because victory was ours as because of relief from the dreary horror that war had become, a period of lethargy followed induced by mental and bodily fatigue. Recovered to some extent, our thoughts then harked back to pre-war conditions of living and the possibility of reconstructing our lives on lines familiar to us. We soon found, however, that for most of us altered conditions would necessitate a different way of life, partly because the temper of the common people had been greatly changed by the wider experience many of them had gained, and partly because of the increased cost of living and the shortage of houses.

In the first thirteen years of the century food was cheap and plentiful,¹ and the development of quick transport and cold storage which had come about in the latter part of the nineteenth century permitted a great variety of fare. But, in spite of this plenty, inquiry showed that for the most part the lower-paid workers were then considerably under-nourished, the better-paid just sufficiently nourished and the upper classes over-nourished. Though low wages explained to a great extent the under-nourishment, lack of knowledge of what to buy and how to cook it was, as it still is, responsible for some of the malnutrition both of the rich and of the poor. Then the middle-class housewife fed her household plentifully and, if she was a clever manager, attractively, at a cost of 10s. or 11s. per head per week. Also, although she talked about the servant problem and suffered much from untrained maids—the maid also

¹ For cost of living, *see* Budgets Appendices, pages 181, 187, 198, and percentage list, page 203.

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suffered from the untrained mistress—she was able to obtain some form of help at wages which in many cases were but half those asked and obtained during the latter part of the war and after the Armistice. We were still in the coal age then, and house coal could be bought in towns distant from the pits for as little as 23s. a ton. The idea of the labour-saving house was in its infancy. Labour of all kinds was plentiful and though wages had been rising slowly throughout the preceding century, they were low in comparison with those demanded in 1918.

Rents as compared with those of to-day were extremely moderate, as were the prices of all domestic commodities. The retail cost of food in 1914 was about 170 per cent. less than it was in 1918, and nearly 200 per cent. less than in 1920, when post-war prices reached their highest point.¹ When we realize, too, that the standard rate of income-tax² was in 1914 1s. 8d., whilst in 1915–19 it rose to 6s. (falling by 1926–27 to 4s.), it will be clear that the difficulties of domestic budgeting in 1914 were trifling in comparison with those of the post-war years; for in few cases did incomes increase, if they increased at all, in any degree commensurate with the rise in the cost of living.

To emphasize the difference in the cost of living before and after the war we may compare the cost of some items³ in a £300 a year budget. In both cases the family budgeted for consists of husband, wife and two young children living in a suburb.

¹ *Economic and Social History of the World War*: Carnegie Endowment of International Peace.

² Standard Rate of Income Tax, *see* Appendix, page 213.

³ For detailed budgets post-war and pre-war *see* Appendices, pages 181–197.

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Pre-war :

Rent	£30	
Rates and taxes	£10	
Water rate and inhabited house duty	£1	17s. 6d.
Fund for repairs and insurance	£10	
<hr/>		
Total	£51	17s. 6d.
<hr/>		

Post-war : The same items: *Total* £115.

Pre-war Wages : Young untrained girl, £16 (living in).

Post-war : No domestic help can be afforded.

Pre-war Food Bills : £2 10s.—that is, 10s. per head for *five* persons living amply and appetizingly.

Post-war Food Bills : £2 4s. per week—that is, 11s. per head for *four* persons, living sparsely.

Although after the war every item in the domestic budget—wages, linen and so forth—cost far more than in 1914, the sharp rise in rents was perhaps the most cruel blow of all. This was caused by the shortage of houses, higher rates and taxes and the greatly increased cost of all building materials and labour. Before the war the very poor lived under vile conditions, as they do to-day, but the better paid of the working people did not suffer so acutely from high rents and house shortage as they were to suffer later, when respectable families were, and still are, crowded into one or two costly, inconvenient, bug-ridden rooms,¹ when young people

¹ In a six-roomed house in a locality which is being reconstructed to house the “new poor” twenty persons were said to be living at the time of writing. These are the families of men earning what are called good wages: they are crowded into this wretched, bug-infested accommodation because it is necessary for them to be near their work.

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could not marry because no accommodation could be obtained (this was the case in certain districts even before the war), when insanitary dwellings could not be, and yet cannot be, demolished because if the inmates are turned out there is nowhere else for them to go.

Prior to 1914 it was almost unheard of for people of some position and possessed of incomes which ran into hundreds to inhabit part of some one else's house, a custom which now has become general, to live in mews in the quarters formerly occupied by coachmen and chauffeurs or, in cases where the income is less, in any and every kind of bungalow, hut or shanty such as now make borders of ugliness along the main roads. The ugliness of these dwellings is only matched, if indeed it is not surpassed, by the ugliness of the numerous filling stations and garages which are set at short intervals along the more frequented routes.

Commodious houses were then inhabited by families who could afford to employ a staff sufficient to keep them in order. The large houses in superior residential districts of London or other cities appeared what they were, well-kept private residences, for but few of them had then been converted into hotels, boarding-houses, flats and "open flats," whilst although the decline of the Great House was well in sight, comparatively few had become schools, clubs, museums or offices, as so many are to-day. Numbers of large country-houses were still sufficiently staffed and their grounds well kept; whilst, in the smaller, life was extremely pleasant and comfortable.

In spite of increasing taxation, the country gentleman with his two or three thousand a year could educate his

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children in the way to which he, his father and his father's father had been accustomed, keep a car and a horse or so and enjoy some hunting and shooting without too much anxiety as to the possibility of meeting his various commitments. When he offered a friend a whisky and soda he paid 3s. 6d. instead of 12s. 6d. a bottle for that spirit, and his wife did not need to spend more than 10s. a head per week, plus some garden produce, rabbits, eggs and poultry, to enable her to keep the lavish table customary in the English country-house. After the first few months of the war, though her house-keeping difficulties were great—and those of her town sister greater—the fact that households shrank in number and that luxurious living and any but the plainest dressing were considered very bad form kept her expenses low in spite of rising prices. It was when the war was over that the fight to make the income cover greatly increased expenses began, and, in many cases, ended in the house being let to some member of the new rich, or a shrunken existence in a part of it surrounded by a garden, portions of which were allowed to go wild.

We began life again in a world inhabited by what came to be known as the new rich and the new poor: the former those who had made money during the war and were sometimes rightly and sometimes unjustly dubbed profiteers; the latter the landed gentry, professional classes and others whose incomes had been reduced or at best remained stationary in amount though practically halved in purchasing power, and a vast body of unemployed men and women of all classes supported after a fashion by a weekly payment which has come to be known as "the dole," hated by the self-respecting,

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misused by the " slacker " and one of the inevitable and harmful results of war ; in a world in which the rich, many of them newly so, were as rich as ever, the poor as miserably, degradingly poor as ever, but, and this is one of the few cheering results of four years of suffering, in which the employed workers of the more educated order were for the most part better off, both in wages, in social amenities and in leisure to enjoy them. That they now have more spare money is made evident by their increased expenditure on such items as clothes, gramophones, wireless sets, cinemas and motor joy-riding, whilst by reason of sickness insurance, widows' pensions and a larger old age pension obtainable at an earlier age they are somewhat freer from the anxiety which is an essential part of life in families who live on the edge of a week's notice.

In the early years of the century the sight of the cricket team of a small village wearing white flannels and white cricket boots was, to say the least, unusual ; whilst the gardener who expected a strict time limit to be set to his day and the enjoyment of a regular weekly half-holiday and a yearly holiday would have looked far and wide for a job.

Life has changed less perhaps for the town than for the country dweller. The motor omnibus which now rushes along the country roads, linking up the villages and little towns with the cities, has extended his social life just as the private car has extended that of the middle and upper classes, whilst the wireless keeps him acquainted with all the doings of the day. It is not easy to account for the increased prosperity in villages, considering that agricultural wages, which rose during the war, have again fallen

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considerably, but the fact remains that the country people's standard of living is higher than before the war, and that in spite of the increased amount spent on amusement; if, indeed, the weekly visit to the nearest cinema and the use of the wireless properly should be regarded as amusement and not as educative relaxation.

The standard of living in towns is also higher. An observant person visiting at one of the great London hospitals, on a Sunday in November 1918, standing aside to let the crowd of friends and relations pass before him up the flight of steps leading to the entrance door, failed to see one shabby pair of shoes and any but the neatest stockings, many of them silk. Before the war if girls had gone to the factory dressed as they dress to-day they would have been pelted with filth, denounced as shameless hussies or worse. The well-dressed girl is now a commonplace in industrial districts, and it is good that it should be so, for along with a self-respecting appearance develop a self-respecting mental outlook and an increased attention to cleanliness and the laws of health.

But, although the young girl dresses well, when she marries she is not always able to continue to do so. The expenses of a family make it impossible for her to spend much on her own clothes, and the weariness brought about by child-bearing and housekeeping under difficult circumstances may soon reduce her, on all but special occasions, to the man's cloth cap and curler type.

We look back during the first fourteen years of the century to a world less hurried and noisy than it has now become, owing to the increased use of motor-vehicles

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and of aeroplanes ; to cities less congested by traffic ; to roads and streets unadorned by direction lines and arrows ; to a country not yet traversed by arterial motor ways ; to a London which knew not the rotary traffic system nor the severe, factory-like buildings which to-day look so startling to eyes accustomed to a cosier style of architecture. And, because the wireless was not then in general use, we look back to a less informed, and because there had not been a Labour Government, a less articulate and therefore a less powerful proletariat. We look back also to a world in which women were still classed with infants and imbeciles and denied the status of citizens, and in which the alteration of the clock to summer time had not come into practice.

If we compare England of the pre-war years of the twentieth century with England of the early years of the nineteenth century it seems as if we had advanced with almost incredible swiftness. Yet the changes of that hundred years are scarcely as great as those brought about by four years of such a war as no previous civilization had known.

CHAPTER II

FROM PEACE TO WAR

The Austrian assassination—The Suffragettes—The Irish Question—A very serious note—The terrible thing that could not happen—A battle in Dublin—Mobilization on the Continent—"War looms large"—Austria declares war—May England be involved?—The price of flour rises—Stock Exchange failures—The prayers of the nation—The price of bread rises—But a month's supply of meat—A rush to buy food—Gold called in and paper money issued—Cowes Regatta abandoned—The crowd outside Buckingham Palace sing "Rule Britannia" and the "Marseillaise"—Impressive scene in the House of Commons—Britain declares war.

THE assassination of the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife on June 28th, 1914, seemed to the general public a matter of far less interest than the Irish Question, the doings of the Suffragettes, the making of holiday plans. True, it resulted in "a note couched in sharp terms" from the Austrian Minister in Belgrade asking for the punishment of all concerned in the murder. This was referred to as "a very serious note"—serious, we supposed, for the Serbians and Austrians. Could it matter very much to England what the Austrian Minister to Serbia said or did? As the summer days passed the subjects which continued to be discussed most were the Irish Conference and the fear of Civil War. But few of us believed that such a terrible thing as Civil War could come to pass, "It could never really come to that," we told each other.

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The doings of the Suffragettes interested, amused or infuriated us. Heated arguments took place as to the fitness of women to exercise political power. As the silly season approached, the papers published articles bearing such titles as "Can Women understand Politics?" "Is it feminine to Vote?" "What will Women do with the Vote?" and all the while there were the rival attraction of sea, country and "abroad" as the scene of a summer holiday to discuss and the everyday affairs of life to which to attend.

Towards the end of July some Suffragettes tried to present a petition to the King at Buckingham Palace and were arrested. On July 27th the papers were full of "Battle in Dublin Streets," and whilst blood was shed in Ireland the Press announced "Austria demands an end of Serbian Plotting—Mobilization on the Continent—Great Activity in Home Diplomatic Circles—The King not to go to Goodwood." From then onwards we began to feel anxious, to wonder more and more what it was all about. Life became almost as feverish and staccato as the headlines in the newspapers and on the contents bills. In better-informed circles there was talk of the resignation of certain Ministers, a sense of strain, of anxiety. But just as a Civil War is so terrible that it cannot really happen, surely a European War cannot really happen. There were plenty of people, however, who opined "Germany has been working up to this for years" and "We always knew it must come."

Interest in the Irish Question, in the Suffragettes lessens. In the alliterative language of the Press, "War Looms Large." Sir Edward Grey warns us that "The world must prepare for the greatest catastrophe

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that has ever befallen the Continent of Europe . . . the consequences, both direct and indirect, will be incalculable." But we, on the eve of our holiday, finishing up at the office, packing our trunks, exclaiming at the dreadful state of the children's clothes after a term at school, preparing to shut up the house, though we feel depressed, worried, excited by all this war talk, still cling to the hope that some way of escape will be found.

By July 29th we know that Austria has declared war on Serbia, and the headlines of our favourite paper are highly disquieting. "Europe an Armed Camp—May England be Involved?—Fall of Prices on Stock Exchange—Financial Condition Grave." In small print, tucked away in a back page, we notice a paragraph from which we learn that the Liverpool Millers' Association has advanced the price of flour 1s. per sack, that wheat and maize prices have risen in America, where there have been extraordinary scenes in the Chicago Wheat Pit.

On Thursday, July 30th, our newspapers, by means of flaring headlines, beat into our consciousness such statements as "All Europe Arming—British Fleet puts to Sea—Position of Extreme Gravity." We are breathless with anxiety, with excitement. The Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, assures the House that "His Majesty's Government are not relaxing their efforts to do everything in their power to circumscribe the area of possible conflict." And after his speech we read that "Members passed out in groups, whispering gravely." The price of flour has risen 1s. 6d. to 2s. per sack in Liverpool since the previous Friday, and already fifteen Stock Exchange failures have been reported. But the Bank Rate is still 3 per cent., and the papers, in spite of their

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alarmist statements, are well supplied with holiday news and gay fashions. On Friday, July 31st, the day on which many of us are starting on our holiday, the Press headlines again menace our happiness, our security—"Europe Drifting to Disaster—Last Efforts for Peace—The Archbishops of Canterbury and York appeal for the Prayers of the Nation."

There is a call in Parliament for a united front and grave speeches by Party leaders. A French correspondent reports his conversations with some Frenchwomen, "I shall be left with four children: what will become of me? God knows," says one.

On Saturday, August 1st, we learn that exports of food from France and Germany are forbidden and the price of provisions in Germany has risen by 75 per cent. That means, does it not, that if one spends £1 a week now one would have to spend £1 15s. if prices rose 75 per cent.? How will the poor people live? we ask each other. How will many of us live, indeed, if our food becomes 75 per cent. dearer? We obtain a little comfort from the fact that from the British Dominions comes assurance of aid to the mother country; but we do not like the sound of "German Yachts withdrawn from Cowes," and to those of us whose means are small the knowledge that the price of bread will advance by $\frac{1}{2}d.$ a loaf next week is serious. The price of wheat has again risen, and with a rise in the price of wheat we know that the price of all food rises. The papers are depressing reading: we have but a month's supply of meat if our overseas supplies are cut off. The Bank Rate now has risen to 8 per cent. and later rises to 10 per cent., to fall on August 5th to 6 per cent. We who

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are not learned in politics, who have other things to do than to read about what they say in Parliament, who do not understand what the Bank Rate is or why it rises and falls, now begin to realize how war may affect our domestic life. Excitement grows: even those who have no soldier or sailor relatives begin to feel personal anxiety. Women who have money and storage room at their command hurry to buy large quantities of provisions; an Institution for Poor Children purchases £500 worth. A provision firm reports that eight normal days' business has been done in one day. One hears of fear-stricken people arriving at shops in cars and taxi-cabs and loading them with food. Some of the small provision shops are sold out.

The result of this panic is to push prices higher, to make ill feeling between rich and poor. The rich will eat up all the food: why are they allowed to take the food of the poor? is asked grumblingly—angrily. Certain shops refuse to sell more than a stated quantity of each article to one person. The post offices will no longer accept telegrams in cipher; the shipping trade becomes disorganized; bankers confer with the Prime Minister; we read that “a proposal seriously put forward in responsible quarters is that powers should be obtained for the issue of £1 bank-notes.” There are remarkable scenes in the city; the Stock Exchange is to close until further notice. When the banks reopen after the Bank Holiday gold is to be called in and paper money in the shape of £1 and 10s. notes issued.

On Monday, August 3rd (Bank Holiday), the news is eagerly discussed by parties sitting on the beach, watching the children paddling and building castles, on tennis

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courts and cricket grounds. There is a rush for newspapers. In one village miles away from everywhere young men bicycle in to the town to buy a late paper, and old George, the leader of local opinion, sits in his wheelback chair on the Green and by the light of bicycle lamps reads out the latest tidings.

We are thankful we did not go abroad, for those who are abroad are making their way home as fast as they can. The boat from the Hook arriving at Harwich carries 780 exhausted, excited passengers instead of the usual hundred. News comes through that travellers from Germany have been turned out before arriving at the French frontier and told that they must proceed as best they can. An invalid scarcely recovered from an operation is thankful to travel home in a cattle-truck. A girl returned home from a finishing school in a suburb of Paris tells of the mad excitement in Paris, the anxiety to know if the English will come in. "A—— had so much luggage," she says, "that it took all our change to pay for it. We had notes, but no one would change them. We could only buy one ham sandwich, and had nothing else from the time we left Colombes at seven o'clock until we arrived at Dover—and the boat was crowded and ever so late, and we *were* so hungry."

A French governess is in distress. Shall she stay, shall she go? "Surely, surely," she pleads, "you cannot desert us in our peril?" Some one says that railway carriages in Continental trains and from home ports are packed to suffocation point. Americans abroad and in England cannot get away, passages are not to be had. Many are stranded with little or no money. Their affairs are taken in hand by the officials of their Embassy

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and Consulate. Outgoing trains and boats are crowded with men recalled to their own countries. Hotels and restaurants and boarding-houses are suddenly bereft of their cooks and waiters. The distracted *maître d'hôtel* at a restaurant apologizes for the bad service: many of his waiters left that morning, he explains.

The King bids his chefs good-bye at Buckingham Palace. Cowes Regatta is abandoned. Crowds wait all night outside the newspaper offices. The rush for food continues, women buy dustbins, buckets and tubs, fill them with food and drive away with them. And now there is a rush to buy petrol: in some places the price has gone up 2s. on a two-gallon can. On Sunday night a crowd gathers outside Buckingham Palace to sing "Rule Britannia," "God save the King," and the "Marseillaise."

Looking through old letters, we find such sentences as these, "After standing outside the Palace we went on to the Houses of Parliament and stood staring at them and wondered what was going on inside. I prayed, silently, 'O God, O God, don't let this war happen.'" "One could not stay in the house . . . there was a feeling as of an inner smouldering which at moments bursts out into intense excitement. Crowds of people were in the streets. The red geraniums outside Buckingham Palace looked redder than they had ever looked before. The Palace, seen against the sky, appeared as if cut out of steel. It seemed as if inanimate things might suddenly become alive and do something."

It is reported that at a Sunday meeting of the Cabinet there was a complete unity of opinion with regard to intervention. Those two representatives of the British

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Photo. Topical Press Agency.

ALAS ! HOW FEW RETURNED.

An Inspector of Recruits at the Tower of London. These were men who volunteered on the outbreak of war.



Photo. L.N.A.

RECRUITS STILL "ADVANCING."

A fine body of new recruits on the way to the station, for the training camps. The effect of the bombardment of Scarborough on Dec. 16th, 1914, greatly stimulated recruiting.

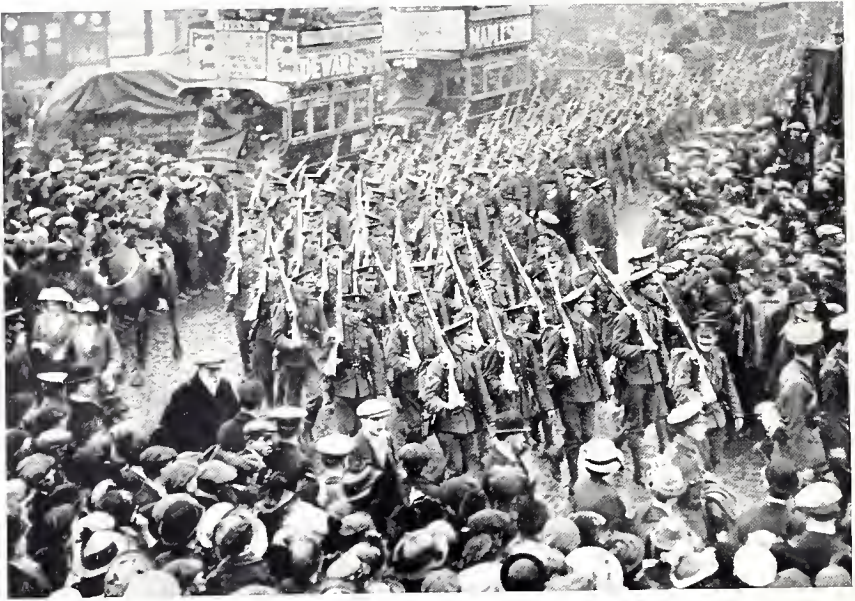


Photo. L.N.A.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

A large crowd welcoming the Eastern Column at the corner of Commercial Road, London.



Photo. L.N.A.

MORE MEN ARE WANTED.

A Recruiting Banner makes its first appearance in the city of London.

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people, "The Man in the Street," "The Woman in the Home," must depend upon what is told them by the Press for their knowledge of affairs, but in well-informed circles it is rumoured that it has been extremely difficult to preserve this complete unity, if indeed even now it exists. There had been a great diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of intervention, some members desiring it, others being against it and a third party voting in favour of postponing the decision and then acting according to circumstances.

The Liberal Press strongly disapproved the go-to-war policy, and so pacifist was the Cabinet in general that it was thought that in the event of intervention some seven or eight resignations might be expected. Mr. Burns, Sir John Simon and Lord Morley did resign, but when final decision was taken only Lord Morley and Mr. Burns kept to their resolution. It was at the Sunday morning meeting of August 2nd that it was finally agreed to mobilize the army and the fleet, though as a matter of fact Mr. Churchill had late on the previous Saturday night mobilized the navy in defiance of the decisions of the Cabinet made early on that day.¹

There is great difference of opinion again whether or not to send the Expeditionary Force to France. The excitement continues to grow. One hears on every side "We must stand by France." There seems little doubt that we shall go to war and no doubt that if we do we shall win. But still we hope that peace may be preserved. The statement that "It will all be over in three

¹ See *The World Crisis 1911-1914*. For Lord Beaverbrook's description of the scene at Admiralty House on the night of Saturday, August 1st, see *Politicians and the War*.

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months " seizes upon the imagination of the people, but no one appears to know why three months is the exact time which it will take to vanquish Germany. We begin to discuss what we shall do. Our brave soldiers will fight, our brave sailors will ensure the safety of our shores. Other men will go to the office or the bank or the works as usual. They will carry on. The ordinary life of a country cannot be disorganized because it is at war. We think of the wars of the past. Aged people recall memories of the Crimean War, of working parties, of picking lint for bandages, of Florence Nightingale, of the sufferings of the troops. But, naturally, everything will be better arranged now, as indeed it is. Yet in spite of that a week or two later wounded men were loaded into filthy cattle-trucks, the dead, the dying and the wounded crowded together in ships, and in the Casino at Boulogne—converted into a hospital—the stretchers lay close together upon the floors, upon the verandas, upon the garden paths, and the moans of men to whom no attention could be given were heard throughout the night.

Women are ready to help in any way that they can help. What can *we* do? Shall we organize a working party? If so what shall we make? Members of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem's Ambulance Brigade and of the Red Cross are already trained, and almost immediately an appeal is made by the Navy League for nurses to co-operate with the Red Cross. Banks are to close until Friday. Why? It is difficult to understand why banks must close and very disquieting to learn that an important meeting of bankers was held on Bank Holiday " to prepare for emergencies."

And then the Press screams at us from every poster

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the news that "Great Britain Mobilizes." We read of the scene in the House of Commons—Sir Edward Grey makes an historical speech. "The Navy," he assures us, "will protect the coast of France. We must preserve the neutrality of Belgium. . . . We must put forth all our strength." The House of Commons is so full that extra chairs are brought in and "every party joined in thunderous applause of the policy of the country." Only Mr. Ramsay Macdonald declares that we should remain neutral. Mr. Redmond says that "Ireland will turn with the utmost anxiety and sympathy to this country in every trial and danger." The Suffragettes free the Government of any anxiety regarding their conduct and put their 500 organizations at its disposal.

And now we learn that on Sunday Germany attacked France and violated Belgium. The army is mobilized, the reserves are called up. Britain declares war against Germany as from 11 p.m. on August 4th. By the next morning the whole country knows that we are at war. How little we guess what lies before us! How little many of us knew then, or indeed now, why we entered into war with Germany! It is sufficient that we are at war and that the war must be won.

CHAPTER III

THE EARLIER MONTHS OF WAR

A passionate patriotism—Disorganization of the railways—"Through the long, unhappy nights"—The rush to join the army—What civilians did—The moratorium—Her grocer lent her £3—Paper money—Comforts funds—The crumpling of luxury trades—The great nursing services—Houses lent for hospitals—The Dominions and their troops—How women helped—The Belgian refugees—Boatloads of misery—Special Constables—"All alone in the dark"—The "Lusitania" riots—What was the truth?—Germans asked to go—Chaff in Chelsea—The kind baker's wife—A clean record of work well done—A "good" murder is still "good" news.

FROM the moment that war was declared the nation set its mind to win the war, at first with excited enthusiasm, afterwards with grim and dreary obstinacy. Although the various Governments in power during the first fourteen years of the century had realized that a European war was an ever-present danger and had made military and naval preparations, the civilian affairs of the nation appeared to have been left to fate. But masses of rather inarticulate people quickly got together, and committees seemed to exude from the mass and to coagulate more or less at random.

Some of these earlier meetings seemed a trifle futile and the ideas expressed confused, but somehow, by the help of common sense, good humour and a passionate patriotism, a rough kind of order came out of it all. Many homes were at once broken up by the departure of the troops and the calling up of reserves.

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“The first thing that brought the war really home to the cottagers in our village was the calling out of the reservists. ‘I got my papers to-day, and I’ll go with a good heart,’ one of them said to me as we talked together in his little garden.

“Another I heard of, though equally willing, was more confused as to the aims of the war; he announced to his fellow passengers in the local train, ‘I’m a-goin’ ter fight the bloody Belgiums, that’s where I’m a-goin’.”

“Beer, you remember, was cheaper then and stronger too!” So wrote a country squire’s wife.

Military requirements disorganized the railway services—which were at once taken over by the Government—and made travelling difficult for the crowds on holiday.

“I shall never forget the almost unending roar of troop trains on the way to Southampton. My husband was one of the first to go, and through the long, unhappy nights I lay listening to them . . .” recalls a woman whose husband did not come back.

“I was coming home after a holiday. The time of my train was altered, and I waited, sitting on the platform watching trains full of soldiers go past. Suddenly I felt the tears come . . . all those men . . . those boys . . . one could not bear it . . .” writes another.

There was immediately a rush of young men desirous of joining the forces and of retired service men piteously anxious to be allowed some share in the defence of their country, but these civilians and retired fighting men often received scant courtesy from worried and puzzled officials, who in those early days appeared to have no plans regarding the utilization of any services but those of soldiers, sailors and hospital nurses.

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Women were no less ready to help than men, and were fortunate in that numbers of them were already trained and others could at once begin to train as V.A.D.'s. What the country would have done without these women it is hard to imagine. Working parties were quickly formed to supply hospital stores and garments of all kinds.

The following extracts from a letter give us pictures of the life of that time :

“ I remember that a lady in our neighbourhood started a working party to make baby clothes for soldiers' and sailors' wives. Why these women should be likely to be in greater need of baby clothes than at any other time was not explained, but we were glad to gather at her house, for social life in our suburb came to an end almost at once, and we liked to feel that we were doing something useful and to discuss our experiences. We sewed (some of us *so* badly) and talked of poor Mrs. So-and-so, whose husband had gone already, or Janie Some-one-Else, who was to have been married next month, but now. . . . We talked of food, for prices were already rising. Wives left alone were in many cases obliged to cut down their expenses, to find ways of living more cheaply. That was the beginning of life in other people's houses, to which women of the better-off classes had been unaccustomed, and which, as food became more expensive and the housing shortage developed, caused so much bodily discomfort and mental strain.

“ One of our number begged us not to dismiss our servants. There would be much distress, because people would not be entertaining and so would not need such large staffs. She feared that there would be great

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suffering all over the country by reason of unemployment."

(Before the end of the war the servant shortage had become such that to speak of dismissing one seemed farcical.)

"We discussed the withdrawal of gold, and the moratorium. Most of us had the vaguest idea of what moratorium meant, and might, had we been required to give its meaning, have answered as did a schoolboy, 'a place to bury people in.' I remember that I looked it up in the dictionary and found that it was an emergency measure authorizing suspension of payment of debt for a stated time, which, in this case, was one month. One member of the working party—a new-comer—told us that she had found herself after the Bank Holiday with but 2s. 9d. in cash, had wanted to go up to London and had not the money to buy her ticket. No one would cash a cheque for her, but her grocer had lent her £3. Other people possessed of bank balances had on the declaration of war at once drawn sums in gold, which they had locked away in case of emergencies, though what those emergencies were likely to be they found it difficult to explain. A little later an appeal was made to return all gold to the banks, and from then onwards the sovereign and the half-sovereign became rarities replaced by £1 and 10s. notes. The first issue of notes was shortly withdrawn (August 26th, 1915), it was said because they were too easy to forge, and others of different design took their place. The young people of to-day who were little children then do not know what a sovereign looked like. Until notes were available postal orders became legal tender, free of poundage."

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Although some people felt impelled to keep a store of money in the house for no particular reason, others realized clearly why they might need it.

“My first remembrance of August 4th is that the maid woke me to give me a delayed telegram,” writes the wife of a country vicar. “It was from S—, then a naval cadet, saying that he had been ordered abroad and would need money. I hurried to the post office to telegraph some to him. Feeling very worried about my boy, I also withdrew £60 in gold to have it ready in case of emergency, the idea in my mind being that if he should be wounded I must go to him. There was little time to think of war in general for the moment, because a huge charity fête was taking place. It could not be put off. The people who came were all excited, and everywhere the talk was of war, war, war. After that we were at once immersed in war work—a hospital was organized, a hostel for Belgian refugees, a work room and parcels packing department, but whatever I did, wherever I went, always at the back of my mind was the dread that my boy would be killed or wounded.”

One gains yet another impression of the early days of the war from the letter of a young girl:

“I think that the event of those first weeks which I remember best was the leaving of the —th Division, which was camping near to where we lived. Nearly all the officers in one of the regiments were our friends. We used to go to tea with them often. We never knew from day to day when they would receive their marching orders. At last came a telephone message to say that they were off that night. We hurriedly got out the car and collected as many wives, sisters and friends as we

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could cram into it. It was a cold, dark, winter evening with a full moon which only appeared through the driving clouds at long intervals. We stood by the roadside in the middle of a thick pine forest where we could see the road for miles each way when the moon allowed, and waited. For five hours we waited, and at last our friends passed by. There was no time for more than the most hurried farewell, just a hand-clasp and 'Good-bye,' and on they went. I think three of the officers returned. We never saw those we knew best again."

Women busied themselves in seeing after the wives and families of the fighting men: they became "Soldiers' Friends" and helped women with their "ring papers," as their allowance papers were often termed. Clubs for the wives of soldiers and sailors were started. The organizer of one such Club tells of her horror when she found a new helper prepared to take her first turn of Savings Club duty, sitting at the pay table entrenched behind little heaps of Keating's powder!

A Soldiers' Comforts Fund and a Sailors' Comforts Fund were organized, and the Suffragettes circularized their 500 societies to ask that all political activities should be suspended and their energies devoted to helping the nation in the great crisis. Many women employed in luxury trades were dismissed almost at once or put upon half-time. Most of the customers of a certain dress-maker wrote during the few days preceding the declaration of war to countermand their dresses—a serious matter for her. A large wedding order partially finished was stopped, as the bride was hastily married. Some of the bridesmaids, who had already fitted their dresses,

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said that they would not want them, but ultimately all had them finished off as evening frocks.

Work came practically to a standstill, so the workroom staff were sent on holiday. The owner and one show-room girl stayed to keep the shop open. For occupation they went in turn to a house in Chandos Street, where the owner was organizing workers to make shirts for the wounded, to fetch some sewing, and were much amused on one occasion by two ladies who were puzzled over the square pieces of materials for gussets under the arm—quite convinced that they were pockets!

What happened in this instance happened in many others, and this and other circumstances led to the formation of the “Queen’s Work for Women Fund”—“I appeal to the women of Great Britain to help their less fortunate sisters . . . in the firm belief that prevention of distress is better than its relief and employment better than charity.” In response to these words £20,000 was subscribed in twelve hours. The Fund was administered by the Central Committee on Women’s Employment working in co-operation with the Government and with local committees, and filled a great need until the time came when there was more work to do than able-bodied people to do it.

As time went on associations of every kind were organized and hospital after hospital was opened. A book might be written on the conduct of these activities, which, as social life ceased to exist, absorbed the energies of people in all ranks of life. The invaluable work of the St. John’s Ambulance Brigade and of the Red Cross became heavier and heavier, and at length the two societies agreed to work under the direction of a Joint

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Committee. So well organized were these societies that on receipt of a telegram at St. John's headquarters at 10.30 asking for house surgeons and nurses to go to Paris, Brussels and Antwerp they were ready at the station by 1.30. Hospital orderlies were wanted for Havre, more for home hospitals: they were at their posts in an almost incredibly short time. Looking through the picture pages of newspapers of that time, one finds numerous photographs of wounded soldiers. One shows the Brighton, Hove and Sussex Grammar School in its new guise as a hospital, and under it is stated that "The inhabitants give the wounded soldiers cigarettes and fruit and *even take them for rides in motor-cars,*" a statement almost as oddly worded as that of a prominent politician who begged the public not to be frightened at the casualty lists, so long and *sometimes so distressing!*

One wonders if any more of us accepted this advice than that with which he followed it and to which we should still do well to attend, "When the war is over, do not throw away the lessons of the war."

Girls studied hard to pass examinations, "I spend my time here (in a country-house) being bandaged and unbandaged by the girls who want to be V.A.D.'s. If some of them ever manage to get into a hospital, Heaven help their patients," wrote a schoolboy to his mother. Another boy declared that his mother and sister spent their time tying him up in painful positions from which, aching with cramp, he begged plaintively to be released, whilst the earnest pupils argued interminably as to how the bandage should or should not be arranged. He said that when they had finished with him he looked as if he had been bandaged by lunatics!

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Those who could afford to do so and who possessed suitable houses gave the use of them to the nation as hospitals and convalescent homes. Richly decorated ballrooms, boudoirs and libraries were filled with the beds of wounded men, whilst women and girls who had danced and taken their ease in these houses now scrubbed the floors and cleaned the sinks and carried coals, thinking no task too hard or rough if its performance ministered to the comfort of the sufferers.

A part of the Grand Stand at Ascot, about which an acrimonious correspondence was exchanged later between those who thought that, war or no war, racing should continue and those who did not, and Blenheim Palace became hospitals, and the ground floor of Devonshire House, now demolished and replaced by a huge block of flats and a restaurant, was lent to the Red Cross. By September 5th ninety-seven hospitals and convalescent homes had been offered, one with 300 beds, three with over 200 and several with over 100.

As time went on almost every society then existing turned its attention to some form of war work, and new ones were organized. One of the first was the National Relief Fund, for which the Prince of Wales appealed and to which £400,000 was subscribed in the course of two days. The Dominions, which had been thanked by the King for their promise of aid to the mother country, began to form associations to deal with their own contingents, and eventually were also responsible for several important hospitals.

Australians worked for the benefit of their men here, at the front and in hospital. Amongst other activities they provided books and comforts, wrote letters, trans-



HOSPITALS IN GREAT HOUSES.

The Great Houses became hospitals and the women and girls who had danced in ball rooms such as this waited on wounded men, scrubbed floors and carried coal, despising no task as too lowly.

Photo, Imperial War Museum.



LONDON BECAME A CITY OF HUTS.



THE INTERIOR OF A Y.M.C.A. RECREATION HUT.

These photographs show the exterior and interior of the Y.M.C.A. Shakespeare Recreation Hut near King's Cross. Similar canteens were built in the provincial cities and the Government offices built numbers of huts in which to house their overflowing staffs. The lake in St. James's Park was drained and practically filled with huts.

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acted business, visited the wounded, established a clothing department and looked after the wives, widows and mothers of Australian soldiers and sailors, ran a hospital and later the famous Anzac Buffet, where as many as 1500 meals were served in a day. And what Australia did for her men, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa did for theirs.

The Suffragists opened workshops, and later were prominent in demanding that women's services should be utilized, a demand to which the Government and the individual employer, notably the farmer, were slow to accede. A Committee of Americans was busy helping their stranded compatriots, and later was responsible for a fine hospital and many other activities, amongst them a Red Cross ship. A picture of its 150 nurses shows them clad in skirts to their toes, silly little capes and pert-looking sailor hats. Everywhere men and women pressed to help in any way possible: they gave French lessons to men who wished to learn something of the language before leaving for the Front; they opened canteens, rest houses and clubs. Women who had vision prepared for the day which, if the war were not quickly over, must surely come—for now we talked of three years of war rather than three months—and began to fit themselves to work as mechanics, signallers, veterinary staff. The Scottish women organized a hospital staffed by women, and the students of Newnham and Girton financed a hospital. The Women's Convoy Corps supplied Voluntary Aid Detachments to the British Red Cross. Women were responsible for staffing Maternity and Child Welfare units in Poland and other invaded provinces; they were shelled out of a hospital

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at Antwerp, moved to Cherbourg, set up roadside dispensary tents in Serbia, and worked in Salonica.

The Almeric Paget Massage Corps provided fifty fully trained masseuses free of cost to the Government and later a fully equipped electric clinic. The Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Care Committee for officers and men was formed and ultimately developed into one of the most valuable of many valuable war organizations. The Professional Classes Relief Fund helped to alleviate many cases of distress; the British Women's Hospital undertook to raise £100,000. The Women's Auxiliary Force came into being primarily to help women engaged in daily work; American women married to Englishmen and resident in England made themselves responsible for a hospital, for motor-ambulances and for a hospital stores factory.

Other ladies, as work became more plentiful in industry and commerce and life more difficult for governesses, companions, housekeepers and music teachers, opened a work-room to employ these people, most of whom were elderly and needed to work under special conditions. Fully qualified women who had been trained in X-ray work and were prepared to travel with their radiographic car from hospital to hospital offered their services to the War Office, which declined them, to the benefit of the Italians, who accepted them. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild worked at home and abroad, the Women's Volunteer Reserve provided workers ready to do whatever they were wanted to do. Later, again, the Women's Legion was formed to supply kitchen staff in camps and hospitals, and much annoyed the private employer, whose cooks they lured away into camps and other places far

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more interesting than the domestic kitchen. Canteens and clubs, such as the King George and Queen Mary, the Maple Leaf, the Peel House, the Victoria League, sprang up, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Girl Guides, the Boy Scouts, the Salvation Army, the Women of the Stage and other groups no less useful but far too numerous to mention, sooner or later, and as needs grew and opportunity arose, put forth their energies to help to win the war and to lessen the vast amount of suffering which it entailed.

It will be seen, then, that thousands of leisured men and women from the first days of August 1914 were occupied in what came to be known as war work, whilst those who had to earn a living continued to earn it and in many cases to do voluntary work in their spare time. But even so there was still a vast number of unoccupied folk, many of them anxious to work and for whom no work could be found and towards whom the official attitude was chilly.

A woman says of that time that she was absolutely miserable, for no one seemed to want her. Wherever she applied there were already strings of women waiting for jobs. Eventually she found work in the Packing Department of a Hospital Stores Work-room, and stood for hours every day wrestling with coarse string and sacking which made her hands painfully sore. "I was very stupid about getting the corners neat and I got dreadfully tired, but I was so thankful to be doing something to help."

There were, however, even in these first few weeks, tasks which were officially encouraged, namely the organization of succour for Belgian refugees and the formation of a body of Special Constables. Our Govern-

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ment had offered hospitality to the refugees, and these unhappy people poured into the country. On October 12th the Press recorded that 10,000 of them had arrived in the course of two days, mostly in a terrible condition. Although great numbers of invitations from hosts and hostesses anxious to offer hospitality were received, it was not always easy to arrange so that both parties were satisfied. Some invitations were for children only, others for boys or girls, others desired to entertain only adults or women of the upper classes; whereas families thrown into strange surroundings naturally did not wish to be separated. The refugees came over in all sorts of craft: dredgers, fishing-boats, yachts, even rowing-boats, without food or shelter. A child of three died, a baby fell out of its sea-sick mother's arms and was drowned. One of these boat-loads of misery, a collier ship which there had been no time to clean, left Ostend at five in the evening packed to danger point, arriving at Folkestone at noon the day after. It was rough and very cold, and there was no food on board, and the children were crying from hunger. At Lowestoft a woman was landed with a baby two days old, and it was reported that a man dropped a valise overboard which contained £4000.

Hotels and houses were taken at the ports of arrival to be used as receiving stations, and these homeless people were fed and eventually clothed, medically treated, housed and when necessary supported. As time went on many of them formed colonies and set up little shops, laundries and other businesses, and as more and more of the men of their adopted country were called up, numbers of Belgian women were enabled to earn their living in munition works and factories. It was



Photo. L.N.A.

STILL HOMELESS BUT NOT HUNGRY NOW.

A group of Belgian refugees. They arrived packed into boats of all descriptions with no more clothes than they stood up in, hungry and penniless.



Photo. L.N.A.

BELGIAN REFUGEES ARRIVE IN LONDON.

A large number of refugees from Brussels arrived in London. They were conveyed in flag-bedecked vehicles through the streets, where they received a warm welcome. This photograph shows a brake-load of refugees photographed in the Strand.

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interesting to see how in their colonies they soon achieved an appearance which we considered foreign, and they homely, by introducing shops where horse-meat was sold, laundries for the getting up of fine linen and cafés and bakeries where special Belgian foods were procurable. Belgian *pâtisserie* was so good that later on one of the sights of Soho was the queue which formed once a week when a limited quantity of a certain cream cake was on sale at a much-frequented pastry-cook's, "I used to wait as long as three hours to get some of that cake—it was such a treat for the children," a woman mentioned when recalling events of the war years.

Wounded Belgian soldiers were also sent to this country to be nursed. One of those who tended them describes how a small hospital in the little county town was organized, each doing his or her share in the cleaning and decorating and equipment. After many quarrels and agitations, eight wounded Belgians were sent to it. "I wonder," she says, "that they did not die from the attentions of the Matron, Sisters and numerous V.A.D.'s. Their wounds were such as later we regarded as slight. They were a very grateful and yet very unhappy little party. Most of them spent their time making aluminium rings and souvenirs from bits of shells, writing poetry to various friends and nurses, and embellishing the poems with decorative borders. For some weeks many of these men did not know what had become of their families."

As regards the Special Constables, the Home Secretary required that a force should be organized, and within forty-eight hours a scheme was ready. "Specials" became a feature of our war life, and did admirable and

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often extremely dull work ; though when the " Lusitania " Riots and the air-raids took place their duties were anything but monotonous.

The " Lusitania " Riots did not occur until May 1915, nor the first air-raid until Christmas Eve, 1914. Meanwhile the specials guarded " strategic points," such as electric light stations and bridges and in some cases did street duty. A country Special relates how one dark night, meeting two soldiers on leave from the Front rollicking home from some festivity, they stopped to talk with him, and quite seriously expressed their admiration of the courage which enabled him to walk about all alone in the dark.

Another of these brave citizens who was guarding an electric light station recalls that in the early hours of a drizzling night he was visited by one of the chiefs from Scotland Yard.

" After questioning me on various matters, he asked me what I should do if I saw an armed man approaching intent on bombing the electric light station. ' Bolt round the corner and blow my whistle.' This reply resulted in a lecture on the sanctity of ' duty.' I then suggested that armed with a revolver I would defend the post, but that a pea-shooter would be more efficacious at twenty yards than a truncheon, and a live constable blowing a whistle round the corner was more likely to raise an alarm than a dead one. Much to my surprise, the officer immediately abandoned his previous attitude, remarking, ' Well, as to that I expect you are right.' "

It was the " Lusitania " Riots¹ which led to Specials being put into uniform caps, owing to so many of them

¹ The " Lusitania " was sunk on May 7th, 1915.

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being hurt by the truncheons of the regular police, who were unable to distinguish the Specials, who only had armlets, from the hooligans whom they were trying to prevent from looting the shops. Eventually not only caps and armlets but also overcoats, tunics, trousers and boots were provided and the dark-blue-clad Special with his blue and white armlet became a very official-looking person.

The sinking of the "Lusitania" was a ghastly example of the hideousness of modern warfare and a piece of extraordinary stupidity on the part of the German Government, which apparently had not realized the effect such an action would have on American public opinion and on her attitude towards the war.

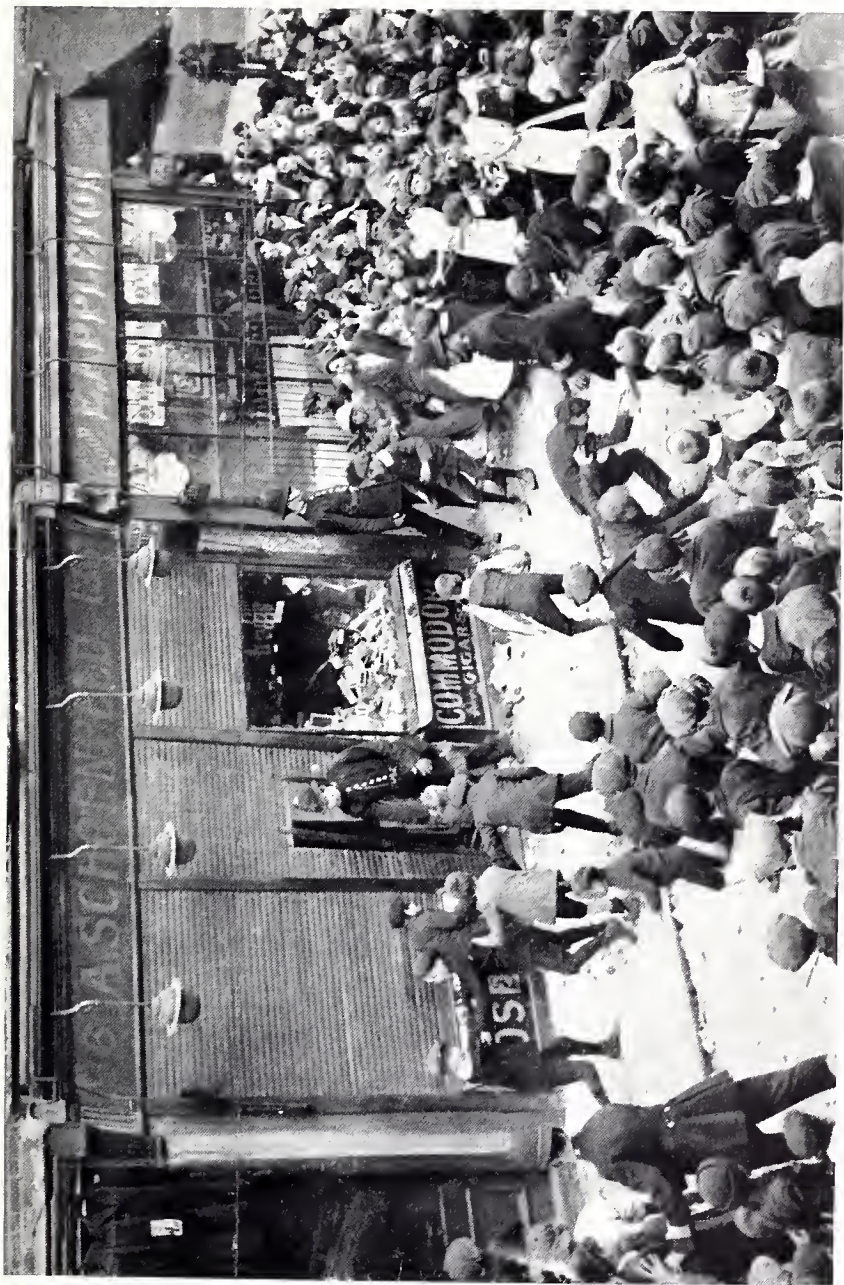
On April 30th this warning was published in New York newspapers: "Vessels flying flags of Great Britain and her allies are liable to destruction. Imperial German Embassy, Washington." Whether or no the "Lusitania" was a defenceless passenger ship flying the American flag and bearing only civilian passengers and an ordinary cargo possibly now will never be known.¹ The Germans declared that she was carrying concealed guns and Canadian troops; the Captain, in the course of the inquiry which was held, denied this. An American Senator stated that the "Lusitania" did carry munitions and an official at the port of New York confirmed this charge. The foreman of the Queenstown jury protested that all the victims were not drowned. "I have seen many of the bodies, and they were blown to pieces," he stated.

¹ Included in her cargo was a small consignment of rifle ammunition and shrapnel shells weighing about 173 tons. See *The World Crisis*, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

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Whatever may be the truth, the fact remains that the great ship sank in eighteen minutes, and that 1198 men, women and children perished. This tragedy was used all over the world for propaganda purposes. A powerful cartoon appeared in the *New York World*, depicting the piteous forms of little children rising from the sea, holding out their hands and asking of the Kaiser, "But why did you kill *us*?" This had a great effect upon American opinion.

The result in this country of the sinking of the "Lusitania" was to inflame public opinion bitterly against Germany and those Germans who until this time had remained unmolested and in possession of businesses. In Liverpool it became necessary to intern all Germans and Austrians for their own protection, for shops were wrecked and the police had to be called out to protect their owners. Rioting took place in other towns, and in London feeling was extremely strong. Until the "Lusitania" was sunk there had been, so it was stated in the Press, a German restaurant in the city where Germans congregated and the menu was printed in German. This place was wrecked. German and Austrian members of the Stock Exchange were asked to absent both themselves and their foreign clerks, and the Baltic Shipping Exchange passed a resolution to the same effect. There were angry scenes on the Corn Exchange, Smithfield meat traders boycotted German buyers and their agents, and so many were the attacks on shops that troops were ordered out in the East End. Much of the rioting which began in ill feeling continued from the desire to loot, and in some cases the loot was not confined to that thrown from the windows of foreign households. Women



Photo, Central News.

LOOTING DURING THE "LUSITANIA" RIOTS.

A scene during the rioting which took place after the sinking of the "Lusitania" which created a far stronger feeling against Germans than had existed before that event.

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brought perambulators and trucks, baskets and strong bags in which to carry away the spoil.

“ My experience of these riots was distinctly amusing,” writes an ex-Special. “ I and another constable, whom I subsequently discovered was a curate, were detailed to guard a baker’s shop in a rough part of Chelsea. Fortunately the outside shutters had been put up, so that it required a good deal of courage on the part of the attackers to storm the shop. All round we could hear the crash of bricks going through some large shop windows and the yells of women who fought for the contents as they were thrown into the road. After the more easily looted shops had been cleared the crowd drifted down our way, and shortly after we were faced by about fifty wild-looking women waiting for some adventurous youths to come along with a battering-ram. Had this happened I am afraid the curate and myself would have had a very ‘rough house.’ Fortunately the rowdier elements drifted off, but the women remained. They were in none too nice a mood, so I thought I would try a little friendly chaff in the hope of distracting them. My ruse succeeded, but I soon found that my standard of chaff fell very short of that in Chelsea. There was nothing to be done but to play up to my audience, and for about twenty minutes obscenities were bandied between us. Some of their remarks were really very witty, though, to put it mildly, coarse. It was not until we were relieved by a squad of regulars that my fellow Special turned down the collar of his overcoat, showing his ‘dog collar,’ and with a twinkle in his eye remarked, ‘Quite an instructive evening for us both, I think.’ ”

But kindly deeds were done too ; as, for example, the

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guarding of a German baker's shop in a poor part of south London by a body of women. The baker's wife, who had lived for a good many years in the neighbourhood, had proved herself a kind friend in times of domestic stress, giving long credit and in some cases gifts of bread. At this time she was expecting her confinement, and a gang of her customers constituted themselves her protectors.

As the Regular Constables were drawn upon for foreign service so were the duties of the Specials increased. As they were either over military age—many indeed were over sixty—or rejected by the army doctors for physical reasons, the long night hours of duty in addition to their daily occupation were a great strain. There was, however, never any difficulty in securing volunteers for additional duties in times of emergency.

The Special Constables "brought about a neighbourly association with men of all classes." In London alone they freed 4350 men for the colours, "helped to preserve the King's Peace, and therefore to ensure the continuity of the city's activities." They saved the ratepayer by their unpaid services a very large sum of money, and were thanked by the King on June 14th, 1919. "You have to your credit a clean record of work well done," he assured them, and in that sentence voiced the opinion of the nation.

One cannot but be struck with the fact that even during this time of violent excitement, when the fate of the nation was in the balance and men were being slaughtered and mangled by thousands, the news value of what journalists call a "good" murder appeared to be as great as ever, and the papers gave almost as much space to the Brides in the Bath case as to the war news.

CHAPTER IV

WAR STORIES AND WAR SONGS

The spy mania—Governesses and waiters—"Mummie, *must* we kill Fräulein?"—The enamelled advertisements—The Russians—Changing names—Revolting tales—Falsehood in war-time—Signaling the enemy—Songs of the war—"Your King and Country need you"—Songs of sentiment—Songs of cheer—Nonsense songs—What Americans sang—"There's a girl for every soldier"—The Soldiers and Sailors' Wives Club—"Next day two more of the women were widows and a mother had lost her son."

AMONGST the very first results of war psychology was the birth of the spy mania. Even before war was actually declared this burst out and gave rise to absurd and some cruel occurrences. In some cases the lives of foreign governesses and maids who had grown old in the service of British families were made a burden to them. It became necessary to obtain a permit for an alien member of any household. A child, hearing some discussion on the subject, asked anxiously, "Oh, mummie, *must* we kill poor Fräulein?"

It was not only aliens who were suspect, for respectable persons of British nationality were reported to the authorities merely because they "looked odd," because they were heard "whispering," because they had "voices like Germans." Many complaints were made that Germans and Austrians, both men and women, were still employed in hotels and boarding-houses. Some

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newspapers implored their readers to refuse to be served by Germans and Austrians, and if the waiter professed to be Swiss to demand to see his passport. But as, owing to depleted staff, service became worse and worse, most people were unwilling to delay it further by requiring the waiter to produce his passport. Foreign governesses and waiters were regarded with especially deep suspicion. An edition of the popular governess story runs thus:¹ "The governess was missing from the midday meal. When the family came to open her trunks, they discovered under a false bottom a store of high-explosive bombs. Everyone who told this story knew the woman's employer; some had even seen the governess herself in happier days: 'Such a nice, quiet person, so fond of the children; but now one comes to think of it, there was something in her face, impossible to describe, but a something.'"

An example of a waiter story is that of a Swiss waiter who had drawn on a menu-card a plan of the tables in the hotel dining-room where he was in charge. This man was actually brought in hot haste to Scotland Yard on the urgent representations of a visitor to the hotel, who was convinced that the plan was of military importance.

A German servant girl at Bearsden, near Glasgow, with a trunk full of plans and photographs, was another popular fabrication.

The story of enamelled advertisements is an interesting one. It was suggested that enamelled iron advertisements for "Maggi soup," which were attached to hoardings in Belgium, were unscrewed by German

¹ *Queer People*, by Sir Basil Thomson.

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officers in order that they might read the information about local resources which was painted in German on the back by spies who had preceded them. True or not, this story was generally accepted, and screw-driver parties were formed in the London suburbs for the examination of the backs of enamelled advertisements.

The emplacements laid down for guns at Maubeuge, made in the shape of tennis-courts, led to an amazingly widespread belief that all hard courts, paved back gardens or concrete roofs were designed for this purpose. Anyone who possessed one of these came under suspicion, not only in the British Isles, but also in America, the scare actually spreading to California.

The *Bystander* had a cartoon in March 1915 of Bernhardt writing his books, a sword in his teeth and a revolver in his left hand, on the wall a plan labelled "proposed concrete bed at Golders Green."

Another spy story was that Prince Louis of Battenberg was shut up in the Tower and was to be shot. "A policeman told me that his brother was to be in the firing squad," relates a Special Constable. Another day he notes, "Eight people have told me that Graham White was shot in the Tower this morning. The last of the eight was a man at the Cadogan Gardens Power Station, where I was on duty. This morning's papers contain an announcement that Mr. Graham White had not met with the serious accident previously reported!"

Stories of traitors who were signalling to the enemy were rife. Possibly some of these were true, but many were not, the offenders often being servants who forgot to pull down blinds and left lights burning. A Special Constable recounts how "in the middle of a very heavy

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anti-aircraft barrage an officer in M.I.4 Dept. War Office dashed into the shelter and asked me to accompany him, as signalling was going on from a house about 100 yards away. He was due for duty, so required me to investigate and report. I did not enjoy my vigil, as I was at the dropping point of one line of barrage, and pieces of shell were rattling on the roofs and whanging on to the road a very short distance to my left. I found a corner where I was protected on two sides, and waited. Presently the firing died down, and as no light had been shown I returned to my post.

"I duly reported the occurrence, and subsequently heard the result of the inquiry. The house was occupied by a worthy member of the Bar, and the 'signalling' was caused by one of the family switching on the light before pulling down the blind. Noticing this, she immediately switched off, pulled down the blind, which, unknown to her, rolled up again. When switching on a second time she saw what had happened and again switched off. Two blazes of light, coming just as the Hyde Park gun had begun to fire, were the cause of my spending a very unhappy half hour."

As war hysteria and war hatred grew, fostered by terrible stories of mutilated Belgian women and children, the public began to demand the safe keeping of Germans, whether naturalized or not. Olympia became a clearing house for concentration camps. One reads of rich men driving there in cars, of a poor, shivering little waiter still in evening clothes with a much-disarranged tie, and yet another suspect clad in the uniform of the Metropolitan Water Board arriving at its doors.

By the autumn of 1914 about 500 of those who bore

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foreign names had changed them: Bernstein became Curzon, Steineke Stanley, Stohwasser Stowe—even British soldiers who were fighting but who had German names changed them. Business firms found it advisable to get rid of German partners and if the firm had a German name to change it. Later no unnaturalized foreigner was allowed to change his name. It was a popular act when in 1917 the King abolished German titles in his family and adopted the family name of Windsor.

Because the state of tense excitement in which we existed upset our judgment and made any event seem possible, and also because if people must go to war and continue to be at war they must be made to hate each other and to go on hating each other, war stories were a feature of our life. There are people who to this day believe that an army of Russians passed through Great Britain in 1914 on the way to the Western Front. Whatever the origin of this story may have been, the rumour spread like wild-fire, and testimony came from people all over the country, who said that they had seen, talked with or even touched Russian soldiers. One who troubled at the time to make notes regarding this rumour was told by a Mrs. — that the clergyman's wife of — had written to her telling her that she had seen and spoken to Russian troops at Berkhamsted station. Another friend said that his brother had seen train-loads of Russians at Eastleigh. Someone else had a son who had seen a train-load of Russians at Leith. They were seen on railway platforms "stamping the snow off their boots"—they called hoarsely for Vodka at Carlisle and Berwick-on-Tweed and they

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jammed the penny-in-the-slot machine with a rouble at Durham.

In November 1914 the Under-Secretary of State for War in answer to a question replied, "I am uncertain whether it will gratify or displease my Hon. friend to learn that no Russian troops have been conveyed through Great Britain to the Western area of the European War."

One of the most revolting war stories which spread all over the world was that of the German Corpse Factory. "Train-loads of stripped bodies of German soldiers, wired into bundles, arrive and are simmered down in cauldrons, the products being stearine and refined oil."

It was not until 1925 that Sir Austen Chamberlain, in replying to Mr. Arthur Henderson, said, "Yes, sir; my Right Hon. friend the Secretary of State for War told the House last week how the story reached His Majesty's Government in 1917. The Chancellor of the German Reich has authorized me to say, on the authority of the German Government, that there was never any foundation for it. I need scarcely add that on behalf of His Majesty's Government I accept this denial, and I trust that this false report will not again be revived."

That the horrors and suffering of modern war must be almost beyond human understanding is inevitable, but unnecessary distress was caused by the circulation of such stories as those of the crucifixion of Canadians and of babies whose hands had been cut off. A young V.A.D. who was engaged to a Canadian wrote, "It can't be true. Oh, it can't be true! I think of it all day and dream of it all night. This war is torture. Has everyone gone mad that such things can be?"

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Remembering the words of John Bright, " You will find wars are supported by a class of argument which after the war is over the people find were arguments they should never have listened to," and those of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, " In the arena of international rivalry and conflict men have placed patriotism above truthfulness as the indispensable virtue of statesmen " those now in the calmer frame of mind which time brings and who wish to study the history of certain war stories may well make a beginning with *Falsehood in War-time*, by Arthur Ponsonby, M.P.

As an example of the wild but harmless tales which circulated is that of a Commander who, so a lady wrote, " told me that at the time of the ' stand to ' which took place some two months ago from a Saturday to Tuesday (Gay was stopped at Netheravon from coming up, you remember) his son was in a certain Yeomanry regiment. He received orders to march in five hours with three or four days' rations and set off via Havant and Emsworth. After marching forty-eight hours they were ordered to line a stretch of coast and not to load with ball, but to use the bayonet. After a time a ship came in and loaded her boats with German soldiers, but they had hardly left the ship when — dashed up with some cruisers and shelled the ship, putting her down. The occupants of the boats were bayoneted in landing. A second transport was captured."

Let us with relief turn to other war memories—to the songs, for instance, which were sung at home during those miserable years and which are a history in themselves.

One of the first to become generally known was a

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recruiting song, "Your King and Country Need You," published by a newspaper. It seems strange that a call to a man perhaps to give his life, in any event to face almost unbelievable horror, did not incite words of more dignity than :—

"Oh, we don't want to lose you,
But we think you ought to go ;
For your King and your Country
Both need you so.
We shall want you and miss you,
But with all our might and main
We will thank you, cheer you, kiss you,
When you come back again."

This doggerel set to an air of like merit was sung by countless young women. If it had to be sung it might have come better from men who asked others to do what they themselves had done or were prepared to do.

A song which captured the country was "Tipperary."

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long, long way to go,"

came to have a heart-break about it which those who heard it sung in those days will never forget.

Whilst the French sang "The Flag of France," "Death on the Field of Honour," and the "Marseillaise," that compound of wit, kindness and heroism—the British Tommy, divided his songs into songs of sentiment, songs of cheer and nonsense songs which nevertheless conveyed exactly his feelings of the moment. Of the last wherever Tommy was and whenever he was bored by the sameness of things one heard—

"One man went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow.

Two men went to mow . . ."

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and so on, as long as the desire to continue the chant lasted.

“ We’re here because we’re here, because we’re here,
Because we’re here, because we’re here,”

sung to the tune of Old Lang Syne, was pregnant with meaning.

On wet days it was a relief to bawl :—

“ Raining, raining, raining,
Always blooming well raining—
Raining all the morning,
Raining all the night.”

Or, to the tune of “ There is a Happy Land,” and in a spirit of cheerful exasperation :—

“ This rain will never stop,
No, no, *no*.”

The feelings of Kitchener’s recruits drilling in “ civies ” with sticks for rifles whilst waiting for their equipment, which was long in coming, is expressed in :—

“ Where are our uniforms ?
Far, far away.
When will our rifles come ?
P’raps, p’raps some day.”

Whilst men employed on Home defence guarding railway lines and impatiently waiting to go on foreign service chanted, to the air of “ Onward, Christian Soldiers ” :—

“ Onwards, Queen Victorias,
Guarding the railway line.
Is this foreign service ?
Ain’t it jolly fine ? ”

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whilst every soldier at home and abroad sang of jam :—

“ All soldiers live on bread and jam,
All soldiers eat it instead of ham,
And every morning we hear the colonel say,
‘ Form fours ! Eyes right !!
Jam for dinner to-day.’ ”

Needless to say, there were others which, though witty, were scarcely suited to ears polite.

Of the Songs of Sentiment, “ The Little Grey Home in the West,” “ Take me in your Arms and say you Love Me,” “ The Long, Long Trail,” “ The Roses round the Cottage Door,” “ There’s a Light shining bright in a Window To-night,” and “ God send You back to Me ” were favourites.

Of ditties of the more mundane order, “ Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit-bag,” “ Hold your Hand out, Naughty Boy,” “ K-K-K-Katy, my beautiful Katy,” “ Sister Susy’s sewing Shirts for Soldiers,” “ Hello ! hello ! Who’s your Lady Friend ? ” and “ There’s a Girl for every Soldier ” (as indeed there was, if not many more than one) were much in demand. Later “ Take me back to Blighty ” had its vogue, whilst the coming of America into the war introduced “ My Home in U.S.A.,” “ Down in Maryland,” and “ Till the Sammy Boys come Home.”

Singing became a highly popular feature of war-time life, and people who could play accompaniments were greatly sought after. In one of a bundle of old letters one reads of a scene which brings back those earlier days of war.

“ We took the Soldiers and Sailors’ Wives Club for an outing yesterday. The women came dressed in their

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best, two of them carrying huge paper-covered parcels. 'What are . . .' I began, but received a sharp nudge from old Mrs. —, who though getting on for eighty and with six grandsons fighting, had no intention of not joining in the fun, and appeared complete in dolman and bugled bonnet with a red, red rose nodding rakishly over one eye. So I made no further reference to the parcels. We packed into our carriages and sat and sang. Arrived at Hampton, we sat by the river waiting until dinner was ready and sang 'The Rawses raound the Cottage Door' and 'Sister Susie.' When a brake-load of wounded men in blue hospital uniform drove past, one of our liveliest ladies—stout, middle-aged and the mother of seven—burst into 'There's a Girl for every Soldier,' to the great delight of both parties. The brake stopped, and its occupants joined in the song *con amore*, and departed amid much blowing of kisses, giggles and haw-haws to the strains of 'Who's your Lady Friend?'

"At dinner the paper was removed from the bundles and two huge bouquets of carnations emerged, and were presented amid great applause to Mrs. — and myself. As a prelude to a long day of pleasure two of our club members had got up at five o'clock that morning to buy the flowers at Covent Garden. Then we went up the river in a launch, bouquets and all, still singing. We got back to Waterloo at eight o'clock in the evening. Grandmamma had heartened herself with gin now and again from a bottle produced from somewhere amongst her voluminous black skirts, and was game to the last, if a trifle maudlin. We were, willy-nilly, linked up arm in arm with our ladies, and danced down the platform,

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whilst with fervour we implored the amused onlookers to 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' As she sang, rather quaveringly and sniffingly, the tears dripped down poor little Mrs. ——'s face from under the shade of her new crape-trimmed hat. Crape was still the fashion in Lambeth, but for the young widow the bonnet had given place to a rather cake-tin-like hat. Her husband had been killed a month ago. 'It was always the worst coming home to nothing,' she explained. Next club day two more of the women were widows and a mother had lost her son."



Photo, Topical Press Agency.

CHRISTMAS SCENES AT RAILWAY STATIONS ON ARRIVAL OF TROOPS FROM THE TRENCHES.
Troops just arrived at Waterloo Station from the trenches. They are buying tickets at the booking office to their suburban homes.



Photo, Topical Press Agency.

BACK FROM THE TRENCHES.

Tommy asks his way. This photograph was taken before the troops wore the tin hats which became so familiar to us afterwards.

CHAPTER V

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

Women's pages and papers—Dresses contrived out of cotton bags—"He went to bed in a pair of old chintz curtains"—When serge cost 30s. a yard—Making gas masks—Cheap brown soup and "Crowdie"—Food prices—A collapse in the wine trade—The one-man business—Darker and darker—No time to be ill—Dearer babies—Fuel shortage—The coal queue—Collecting coal in a washing basket—War horses, brave, clever and faithful—The paper famine—Save your paper bags—Knitting—The drink trouble—The shell shortage—The death of Lord Kitchener—No alcohol or low alcohol?—Fifty thousand letters—Forbidden to make a man drunk—No brandy unless a doctor's prescription is presented—Night clubs—The apotheosis of Soho—Marry or mate—Fortune-telling—Gambling—"We went on playing"—War Savings and War Certificates—The coming of food control.

For some time after war was declared the newspapers continued to publish fashion articles and illustrations of gay and extravagant attire. Skirts were then quite long and drawn in rather tightly round the feet, and it was correct to wear a flared-out basque or tunic. Waists were in the normal position, and boots had not been replaced by the smart shoes which every woman wears to-day, no matter what the weather. Silk stockings were still the wear only of the rich, and hats, many of them large and fanciful, were perched on the top of the head, not worn in such a way as to disclose but one eye, the end of a nose, a mouth and a chin. The silk-stockings craze did not become general until 1917, when

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practically every woman was earning and young women had an unusual amount of pocket-money at their disposal.

Gradually, however, in the women's pages and women's papers a different note was sounded. Advice on house-keeping in War Time and Economy Hints (some of them of the oddest kind) were published together with articles on "What Women May Do," which at that time appeared to be limited to making "comforts," war puddings and nursing soldiers. The *Queen* newspaper published sound, thoughtful articles on the responsibilities of women. "The tables that are to-day laden with luxurious food belong to enemies of the commonwealth," is a sentiment which was expressed in advance of general feeling. In a fine anonymous article women were asked "to save, to help, to dress plainly," and reminded that "before the end of the American Civil War women who had been rich were clothed in dresses contrived out of cotton bags, and it was not the women who clamoured for peace in the end."

As the months passed women of the upper classes dressed more and more plainly, even shabbily. Smart clothes were looked upon with disfavour, and several clever skits appeared in *Punch* of aristocrats clad in *chic* rag-and-tatter modes, whilst the new rich flaunted their new finery. Looking at the matter seriously, it was quite understandable that women and girls who, owing to their poverty, had known what it was to be obliged to wear rags and tatters in the past should spend liberally on dress when it became possible for them to do so.

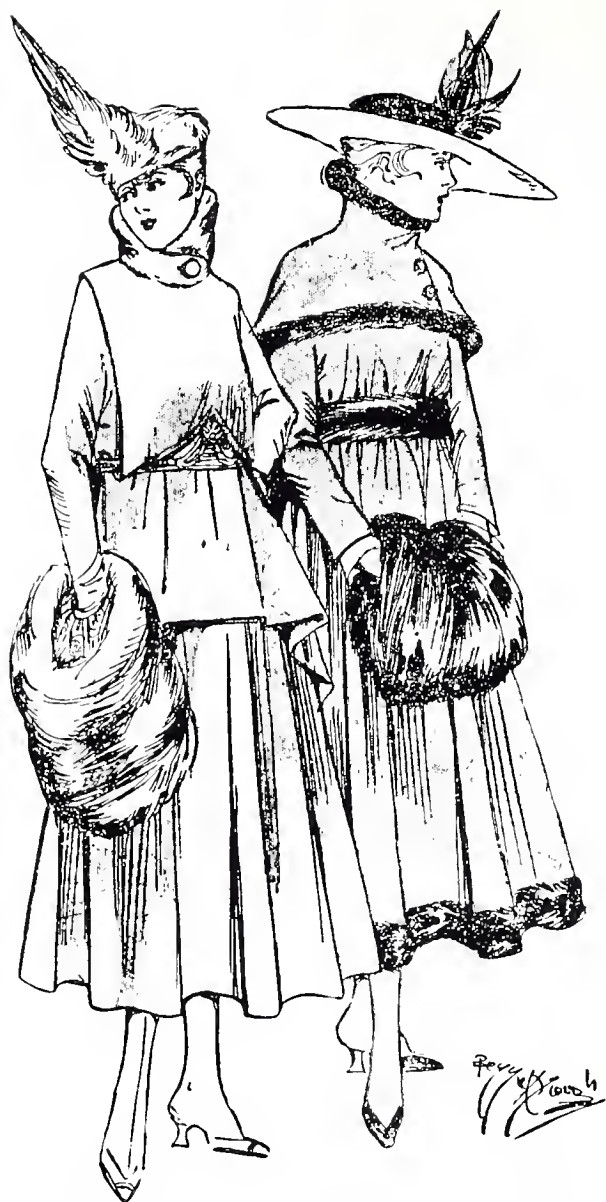
Though the cost of all dress material and house linen rose sharply in price, we were not in this country reduced to such straits as was the civilian population of Germany.



Photo Daily Mail

FASHIONS OF THE WAR YEARS.

Dresses such as were worn in the earlier months of the war, before it became the fashion to dress with the utmost simplicity.



A suit of ash-coloured suede cloth and Russian squirrel with embroideries of silk and steel is shown on the left, and on the right there is a redingote of lie de vin duvetyn and skunk.

Photo. Daily Mail.

WHAT WE WORE IN THE WINTER OF 1914.

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

Directly after the war a visitor to one of Berlin's smartest hotels went to bed between a pair of old chintz curtains in place of sheets, and the commonest serge cost 30s. a yard.

By the middle of August the *Daily Mail* had given up its fashion page for one entitled "What Women Can Do." There were many things which women could do, but considerable doubt in the minds of many of the better off whether or no they should do anything, for fear of taking work from others. Shall we knit and sew? Or, if we can afford to do so, shall we pay others to knit and sew? The problem does not seem to have been solved then, but later it solved itself, for soon there was work for everyone.

It is interesting to look through the advertisement pages of the newspapers and see how articles on the making of "Dainty *Négligées*" and "*Chic* Blouses" (the jumper had not superseded the blouse then, and we still wore shirt waists tucked into our skirts and belts) gave place to descriptions of chest protectors, waistcoats lined with odd bits of flannel, operation shirts, body belts, many-tailed bandages, Japanese heelless socks, pneumonia jackets, Warleigh leggings and gas masks.

At one moment there was an S.O.S. for workers to make gas masks. We hurried to obey, and sewed up some sort of strange contraption composed chiefly of black net. Thousands of them—perfectly useless, it was afterwards declared—were made. What became of them?

As the year passed fashion articles (one notes that skirts are becoming a trifle shorter, that khaki is a popular shade, that a veil with a tiny velvet aeroplane upon it is

HOW WE LIVED THEN

described as being extremely *chic*) gave place to articles on food, for prices were rising steadily. Food values, fats, proteins, calories began to interest us. In newspapers in which descriptions of dishes made of foie gras and truffles, soles and lobsters and unlimited quantities of cream, eggs and butter used to appear, we find recipes for such food as "cheap brown soup" (how nasty it sounds and often was!), and a concoction called "Crowdie," made of the liquid in which mutton had been boiled, onions, oatmeal, salt and pepper.¹

Directly after the outbreak of war a Cabinet Committee on Food Supplies began to function, and on August 7th various maximum prices were fixed, such as 4½*d.* per lb. for granulated sugar, 5*d.* for lump, 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb. for butter, 8*d.* for margarine, 9½*d.* for Colonial cheese and 1*s.* 4*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* for continental and British bacon. These prices seemed high to us then. Later on we should have regarded them as more than moderate.

Luxury foods fell in price owing to the lack of entertaining. English chickens cost 2*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.*, ducklings 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.*, young grouse 3*s.* a brace, peaches 2*s.* to 3*s.* per dozen, hothouse melons could be bought for 1*s.* 6*d.* upwards and pineapples from 1*s.* There was something approaching a collapse in the wine trade and in luxury trades in general, and the beginning of the ruin of many a "one-man business" when the man who owned it was called up. Sometimes his wife or some other relative was able to carry on, but as the country was denuded of able-bodied men many a little

¹ For War Recipes see Appendix VI.

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

business started with so much hope and with such hardly saved capital ceased to be.

During that autumn and winter of 1914 we began to suffer from a curtailed supply of fuel and light. The street lamps were dimmed and no big groups or long lines of light were permitted. From Hampstead and Highgate the city could be distinguished, but there was no glare. London had gone back twenty years as regards lighting. By the end of the war it was almost as dark in the streets as it had been in the Middle Ages. Many were the accidents which took place owing to people falling down steps and over curbstones and drivers miscalculating distance.

Everyone was ordered to provide blinds and to keep them drawn at night. Many careless people forgot to do so and were rung up by the police, cautioned and, if the offence were repeated, fined. The maximum penalty for failing to conform to the Emergency Light orders was a fine of £100 or six months' imprisonment. About that time a man was fined £10 at Scarborough for failing to draw down the blind of his bedroom window. "We have had a rush of customers all day buying darkening materials to put over their blinds," the manager of a large South London drapery establishment reported; "we are practically sold out of green window hollands and green casement cloth."

"One of my war recollections is that my chiropodist, an elderly man, who I fear was becoming very badly off then, mentioned with a sigh that he would have to procure blinds of some kind, and was most grateful for the gift of two pairs of old dark curtains, from which his wife made blinds," writes a lady. "He told me that

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the war had hit his business very hard. I wonder why? One would have thought that when people were working so hard they would have needed more than ever to have their feet attended to. But I also remember my doctor telling me that there was a marked decrease in illness and operations amongst the civilian population—they hadn't time to be ill! Neither had doctors and nurses time to attend to them. Also it was extremely expensive to be ill, for the prices of drugs rose to appalling heights."

Ill or well life became more and more expensive, and the papers published numbers of articles in which pre-war and war prices were compared. In one, entitled "Dearer Babies," it was estimated that in 1916 the cost of maintaining a baby in an upper middle-class home was about £25 a year more than in 1914. The following figures were given: Milk, average consumption 400 to 450 pints. A rise of 2*d.* per quart accounts for 33*s.* to 37*s.* 6*d.* a year. Baby foods up, bottles 33½ per cent. up, methylated spirit 1*s.* per pint as against 5*d.* Wool 33 per cent., cotton 15 per cent., wool cotton mixture 25 per cent., soap 33½ per cent., toilet powder 100 per cent. and perambulators 25 per cent. dearer. Nurses' wages, keep (not as liberal as in 1914) about 33½ per cent. more.

By the beginning of 1915 the coal shortage was causing such inconvenience that complaints were made with regard to hoarding in private cellars and to profiteering. The poor, who buy in hundred and half-hundred weights, were paying at the rate of 35*s.* to 40*s.* a ton for coal, which it was said then cost 9*s.* 9*d.* at the pit mouth, the rail rate of 6*s.* 3*d.* bringing its price up to 16*s.* A month later coal was up another 2*s.* per ton, and those who



*A new
Design.*

Evening
Dresses
are worn
again
in Paris.

Villiers

This pretty
evening frock is in
jade green
brocaded gauze
with panels
of mauve silk and
silver gauze
ribbons which hang
loose at
the back and front



Bygones

(Copyright by F. J. A. D. S.)

Summer Golfing Suit.

The sleeveless coat is of dull blue linen with white kid belt.
The skirt is of white golfing.

Photo. Daily Mail.

DRESSES FOR DANCING AND GOLF.

The dancing craze necessitated evening dress and even in the last months of the war golf was played.

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

bought by the ton had to pay 34s. for best coal and 32s. for kitchen coal. Another month went by and brought another increase of 2s. per ton. The cheaper coal which cost 34s. had a year ago, in February 1914, cost 28s. 6d. These prices, however, were trifling in comparison with those paid later.

Before the war ended the coal queue was as familiar a sight as the food queue, and as the country was drained of its men the domestic "pram" and the soap box on wheels often took the place of the coal cart in the poorer neighbourhoods. We were to experience such a fuel shortage as made it necessary to regard cinder waste as a punishable offence, and the newspapers published all manner of recipes for making briquettes with clay and sawdust and tar and for fuel-saving cookery.

"I remember the dreadful cold when no coal could be procured, when often in the winter we would go beach-combing for any rubbish washed up on the shore before we could enjoy a fire," a young married woman writes, and "I shall never forget the worry about coal," says another. "My mother was old and ill, our house large and old-fashioned, with a huge kitchen range and no other apparatus for cooking or obtaining hot water. Then came a day when my mother was worse and we had no coal, and I drove round London in a cab with a laundry basket begging just a few lumps from this friend and that."

During the winter of 1917-18, October to May, the coal ration was for three to five rooms 2 cwt., six to seven 4 cwt., over twelve 8 cwt. per week. The summer rate was half the winter rate, and some extra was allowed for invalids, young children and lodgers.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

Those fortunate people who lived in small houses or flats and had gas cookers and fires and central heating worked by independent boilers which burned coke were indeed fortunate. "We were very popular," a friend recalls, "because we always had hot water. We used to ask people to bathe and dine!" Nevertheless cooks complained bitterly that it was almost impossible to cook a dinner because the gas was so bad.

But never, even at the very end of the war, though all forms of artificial light cost us dear and we shivered for lack of warmth and pined for more hot water, and contrived all sorts of cooking boxes and water-heating arrangements, and learned to cook in ways not only economical of food but also of fuel, did we suffer from cold and darkness as did the Germans.

"One of the most terrible of our many sufferings was having to sit in the dark. It became dark at four in winter. It was not light until eight. Even the children could not sleep all that time. One had to amuse them as best one could, fretful and pining as they were from under-feeding. And when they had gone to bed we were left shivering with the chill which comes from semi-starvation and which no additional clothing seems to alleviate, to sit thinking, thinking, thinking . . ." so, after the war, wrote a German lady to an old friend in England.

And whilst the civilian population battled with the growing difficulties of domestic life, the tide of wounded men continued to pour into the hospitals at home and abroad. An appeal is made to the well-to-do to give money to pay the fares of relatives who desire to visit their wounded. We are asked, too, for money to aid

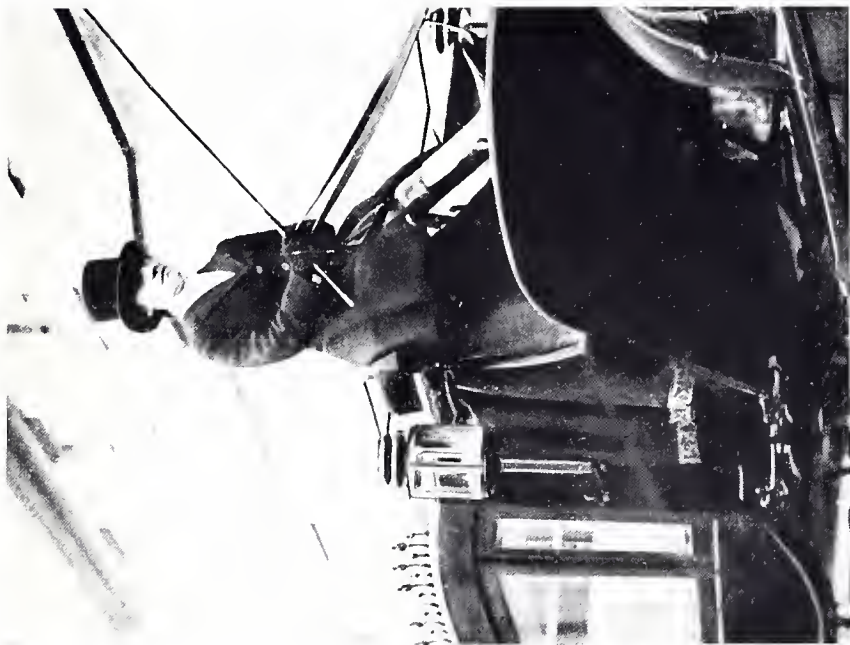


Photo. Imperial War Museum.

THE FUNERAL LADY.

Great distress was caused to the relatives of those who died during the war owing to the shortage of undertakers and of coffins.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

WOMEN VETERINARY SURGEONS AT WORK.

"The war horses are brave, clever, faithful, and they suffer only less than men, suffer in this mad and cruel duel of destructive chemistry and mechanics against living flesh."

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

the animals who must suffer in our cause. "The horses are brave and clever and faithful: wonderfully docile in the art of war, admirable friends as always. But in spite of all that can be done for them they suffer immeasurably. They suffer only less than men suffer in this mad and cruel duel of destructive chemistry and mechanics against living flesh." And it was not only on the war fronts that they suffered: they suffered in remount camps through the ignorance of those who had charge of them. Amongst all that suffering it is pleasant to recall that a fund was subscribed to be spent on the care of pet animals belonging to men who were called up.

It was in the autumn of this year that a sudden request for blankets was issued by the Government, and we rushed to our store cupboards and even took the blankets from our beds to send them to our soldiers. In a calmer moment, when we realized that the shops were full of blankets, we wondered why the military authorities appeared to be unable to obtain them, and allowed men to shiver whilst the civilian population was begged to provide for their needs. Perhaps there was a good reason for this procedure, but one was left wondering. About the same time regulations with regard to the sale of wool were issued. Other commodities than wool began to be scarce. There began to be a shortage of paper which later became acute. Small shopkeepers in poor neighbourhoods asked their customers to save their paper bags and wrapping paper. To save paper the National War Savings authorities had some of their appeals printed on the bags used by shopkeepers. The newspapers were obliged to reduce the number of their pages, and eventually, in the spring of 1917, large posters

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and contents bills were forbidden and no trade catalogues were permitted to be issued except by the customer's request, though in this matter, as in others, regulations were not always observed. When talking of those days, a friend recalls that three catalogues of one firm arrived without request by the same post.

So small was the space that could be devoted to advertisements in newspapers that many of those who wished to advertise could not do so. Like many other commodities, advertisement space was rationed, and the papers, shrunken in size and increased in price, were printed upon paper of various qualities and shades. The price of *The Times* rose from 1*d.* to 1½*d.*, and then to 2*d.*, and ½*d.* papers became 1*d.* In Government offices regulations to prevent waste of paper were circulated.

The amusement trade suffered, for by now many people were in mourning (the dress shops showed little but black and white material) and the income tax was doubled. Patriotic citizens wished to support the many admirable schemes which had been brought into being to alleviate distress of one kind or another rather than to spend money on amusements. In consequence musicians and theatrical folk were reduced to serious straits, and those anxious to help them organized concerts, to which we went accompanied by our knitting. In those first years of war those who sold knitting needles and wool must have amassed fortunes. We knitted socks (some of them of unusual shape), waistcoats, helmets, comforters, mitts, body belts. We knitted at theatres, in trains and trams, in parks and parlours, in the intervals of eating in restaurants, of serving in canteens. Men knitted, children knitted, a little girl promoted to four

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

needles asked anxiously of her mother, "Mummie, do you think I shall *live* to finish this sock?" It was soothing to our nerves to knit, and comforting to think that the results of our labours might save some man something of hardship and misery, for always the knowledge of what our men suffered haunted us. It was said that such a stock of knitted goods flooded into the trenches that men cleaned their rifles and wiped their cups and plates with their surplus socks and comforters. And then at last wool became so dear that many of us could no longer afford to buy it, and as time went on there was sterner work than knitting for us to do.

The streets became darker, travelling more and more uncomfortable, prices went on rising. Leather became so scarce that it was impossible to make a pair of boots for a soldier for less than £1 per pair, and before the end of the war an order was passed limiting the height of women's boots to seven inches.

We had not become hardened to war then, the "eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die" feeling was not so noticeable as it became later, though mental distress and the restlessness caused by the breaking up of homes and the absence of husbands and fathers were already beginning to show in the increased drinking amongst women.

This trouble was not very tactfully handled. It was actually suggested that because some women were spending their separation allowance unwisely and neglecting the welfare of their children, all soldiers' and sailors' wives should be subjected to police supervision. The idea roused the indignation of the public and was quickly abandoned.

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Then it was suggested in the Press that women should be prohibited from entering public houses or being served with drink, and that idea was also abandoned, but in the public houses of the Metropolitan District it became illegal to serve drink before 11.30 to man or woman, and closing hours were earlier, this not only because of the drinking amongst women, but also because of drinking amongst male civilians and the excessive treating of soldiers. This matter of excessive drinking was to give much trouble to the Government, who found that it interfered with shipbuilding and munition-making. It was during the spring of 1915 that the uneasiness with regard to the supply of munitions came to a head, and there were serious disturbances inside the Cabinet over this question,¹ which resulted in the formation of a Shell Committee, appointed in April 1915, of which Mr. Lloyd George was the Chairman. The shell shortage became public knowledge after the Battle of Neuve Chapelle (March 1915), and we were made still more anxious by the events of April and May (the second battle of Ypres, and the great attack on the Aubers Ridge, Festubert, Givenchy and Fromelles). In that month the Northcliffe shell agitation and the attack upon Lord Kitchener began, and were so unpopular that the *Daily Mail* was burned upon the Stock Exchange and in other places. Angry readers did not stop to think that no newspaper proprietor would risk doing great damage to his property had he not felt that his duty to his country must be his paramount consideration. Lord Kitchener's death by drowning was a great shock to the country, and the sinking of the "Hampshire" on June 5th, 1916, gave

¹ *Twenty-five Years.* Viscount Grey of Fallodon.

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

rise to numbers of rumours, one stranger than the other, as, for example, that he had been sent away on a secret mission and that the sinking of the "Hampshire" was seized upon to make the enemy imagine that he really was dead. It was about that time that the Government fell, a Coalition Government was formed and the Ministry of Munitions came into being. At that time Mr. Lloyd George referred to drink as "our greatest enemy," whilst the Bishop of London declared that "the men who drank at home were murdering the men in the trenches."

At a meeting of Trades Union leaders an appeal was made to them to use their influence to discourage strikes and drinking. Yet shortly before that, when a speech on the Drink Danger had been made in the House of Commons (in which the speaker said that drink was a more deadly menace to the country than German submarines), so little was the interest taken in the subject that the House cleared.

Later, again, in a discussion in the House members differed sharply as to the necessity for prohibition or even further limitation of drink. The idea which Mr. Lloyd George had cherished for a time of nationalizing the drink trade came to nothing, to the distress of one section of the public, who thought that a great opportunity was missed, and to the joy of another section.

It was protested, and truly, that overwork, lack of proper meals and bad organization were part causes of drunkenness, also that the best men were fighting, and those who remained were less able to bear the hustle of war life, and so they depended on drink to keep going. Others said that men were earning more than they ever earned before, and that accounted for the increased

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temptation to drink, whilst the custom which prevailed in some places of paying wages in public houses was blamed.

There was a demand for military discipline at home, and a controversy as to whether it was wiser to forbid alcohol or to reduce its strength. As the Press put it, was it to be "No alcohol or low alcohol"? Eventually the difficult task of regulating the supply of drink was entrusted to the Liquor Control Board.

The King, in a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, wrote, "If it be deemed advisable the King will be prepared to set the example by giving up all alcoholic liquor himself, and issuing orders against its consumption in the Royal Household, so that as far as His Majesty is concerned no difference shall be made between the rich and the poor." Many other well-known people offered to do likewise.

His Majesty's example suggested to some ill-advised person to advertise, asking all sympathizers to send to Mr. Lloyd George (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) a declaration in favour of the suppression of the manufacture and sale of drink during the war. Fifty thousand letters (some of which bore ten or more signatures) were delivered at the Treasury next day, and as they bore no distinctive marks, all other correspondence was mixed up with them. The Chancellor's secretaries had to collect a staff to sort and classify this avalanche of correspondence.

Shortly after this the King decided to enforce the pledge which he had suggested and to drink barley water. It was said that his example made no difference in restaurants, though the employees of certain stores who

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had their meals on the premises offered to follow his example and give up alcohol, as also did numbers of other people who were desirous of doing all that might be required of them. Recipes for barley water and other non-intoxicating drinks at once appeared in all the daily papers.

It was extremely interesting to listen to the passionate expressions of feeling of the drink and don't-drink parties. At almost every Food Economy meeting held during the days of the Food Economy Campaign of 1917, the advocates of prohibition put forward their views, to be met with a resistance which practically boiled down to the threat "no drink, no work."

By the autumn the treating of civilians in hotels, restaurants, public houses and clubs was forbidden unless the drink was consumed with a meal. A month or so after that an order was made forbidding the purchase of spirits except on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday between 12 and 2.30, such spirit not to be sold in any less quantity than one reputed quart, whilst public houses were open only from 12 to 2.30 and 6.30 to 9.30. By the end of the year it was stated that the effect of the various drink restrictions had resulted in 50 per cent. fewer police charges. Possibly, however, this increase of sobriety was also due to so many men being under military control.

At Christmas-time 1915 restrictions were slightly relaxed, but after the New Year it was forbidden to make a man drunk even when off duty, and to give or offer intoxicant to any member of the Army or Navy when going to a port of embarkation.

By May 1916 brandy was unobtainable without a

HOW WE LIVED THEN

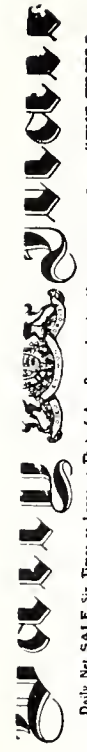
doctor's prescription, and it was protested that sick people died because it was impossible at short notice to obtain a prescription. From that time onwards, what with the inferiority of the beer and its high price (in 1917 bitter ale cost 10*d.* per pint and mild ale 7*d.*), the lesser strength of spirit and its high price and the restricted hours of sale, a high standard of sobriety obtained. The general opinion of working-class men was expressed by one of them when, being served in a canteen with cocoa as an accompaniment to his dinner, he observed sadly, "It's a terrible thing for a man who has drunk beer for fifty years to have to turn his mind to cocoa."

But all the regulations which were made, including that which forbade restaurateurs to serve officers after 10 o'clock at night, and which was nicknamed the Beauty Sleep order, never entirely prevented the illicit sale of food and drink in restaurants and night clubs, where spirit was served in coffee cups and champagne was camouflaged as lemonade.

The growth of the night club was an outstanding feature of war-time life. Such places had always existed, but it was not until after war was declared that they were patronized by women and young girls of good reputation.

By the winter of 1915 it was reported that there were 150 night clubs in Soho alone, some of them of very doubtful character. Many complaints were made, but as fast as one club was forced to shut another opened. Silly young officers were victimized by women, known in criminal argot as "crows," who took them to dance clubs and when they were drunk lured them on to some other place for a game of cards, with such financial results as may be imagined. Drink was sold after hours at

SECRET HISTORY
OF THE WEEK.



Daily Net SALE Six Times as Large as That of Any Paris London Morning Journal Except "THE TIMES"

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916.

LONDON.

MANCHESTER.

NO. 6317.

FABRS.

ONE HALFPENNY.

WHITELEY'S SUMMER SALE

COMMENCES ON MONDAY NEXT JULY 3rd
& CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE MONTH

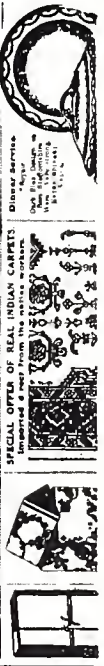
Illustrated Catalogue of
Sale Bargains in all Departments
Post Free on request.

Remnants and Oddments at
further Reduced Prices
THURSDAY next, July 6th.



Whiteley's Summer Sale. The most complete and up-to-date collection of summer dresses, hats, and accessories. Prices reduced to 50% of original value. See our illustrated catalogue for full details.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, HOUSEHOLD LINENS AND EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME AT REDUCED PRICES



THE CLOTHES WE WORE IN 1916.

Photo Daily Mail.

£200 DEATH CLAIM PAID
Last Week's Air Raids
£10,000 AIR RAID FUND

Daily Mail

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

Daily Mail
GREAT DECISIONS AT VERSAILLES

MONDAY FEBRUARY 4, 1918

LONDON

MANCHESTER

PARIS

AD 4013

ONE PENNY

"NOBILITY"

Waterproof Garments

Long established themselves by their merit, in security of fabric, reliability and excellence of cut and style. We are receiving an ever increasing number of orders from distinguished military and naval officers.

LAST'S WHITE MAC.
100s. 7/6

BATH.
100s. 25s.

OFFICER'S TRENCH COAT.
100s. 25s.

SARGOLITE AND SARGOLITE.
100s. 25s.

FOR THE
EXPRESS RUBBER CO.
435 & 437, Oxford St., London, W.1.

BARKERS FAMOUS BLOUSES

Unique in Value as in Charm & Style

EXAMPLES OF VALUE

12/9

WHITELEYS NEW SPRING SUITS

£3:10 EACH

Small and Short Suits

£3:10

LADIES' NEW SPRING COSTUMES

AT A REDUCED LOW PRICE

W.M. WHITELEY LTD. QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.2

Ponting's

THE HOUSE FOR FASHION

TO-DAY and during THE WEEK we are making a SPECIAL DISPLAY of EARLY SPRING FASHIONS INCLUDING A REPRESENTATIVE SELECTION OF COATS AND ROBES

45/9 25/6 25/6 44/6

PONTING'S Kensington High St., W.8

Stagg & Mantle

SPECIAL LINES

Early Spring Wear

45/11

29/11

29/11

29/11

HENRY DOBB

LONDON'S PREMIER VALUE

LAST WEEKS OF WINTER SALE

MANY FINAL OFFERS THIS WEEK

12/9

10/6

HENRY DOBB

LONDON'S PREMIER VALUE

LAST WEEKS OF WINTER SALE

MANY FINAL OFFERS THIS WEEK

12/9

10/6

-DERRY & TOMS-

Present and Future Needs

SALE

18/11 18/11 18/11 18/11

DERRY & TOMS

Present and Future Needs

SALE

18/11 18/11 18/11 18/11

GREEN & EDWARDS, LTD

SALE

21/11 21/11 21/11 21/11

FASHIONS IN FEBRUARY, 1918.

Fashions changed little during the war years except that skirts became shorter and many of the war girls bobbed their hair.

Photo, Daily Mail.

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

preposterous prices in these so-called clubs, and many were the charges of theft and blackmail made to the Provost Marshal in Rochester Row, Westminster, by victims of harpies of the underworld.

But it was not only the night club of Soho which increased. Soho blossomed into an important shopping centre. Owing to its nearness to various Government and other offices, the vast army of girl clerks and their soldier friends and admirers met there for luncheon, where in its many little restaurants, in spite of the food regulations, the foreigners who kept them managed to make more or less palatable, though not very substantial, meals out of what material was procurable. With the coming into the locality of girl workers, many of whom were well-to-do young women whose earnings were merely play money, came the ready-made dress shops. The dancing craze necessitated a good supply of dance frocks, and these establishments thrived and multiplied. In spite of the Economy Campaign the *Draper's Record* published the fact that more money was spent by women on clothes in 1917 than in 1915. It certainly was not spent by the upper classes, who became shabbier and shabbier, but by women who for the first time had money to spare.

Men's clothes had by then become so dear that a tailor complained that "it's press 'em and clean 'em and wear 'em again. An' now they wear 'em turned and the buttonholes worked over again."

After the first rush for uniforms working tailors were in great distress, and tailors who had been in the habit of giving long credit found themselves with many bad debts owing to so many of their customers being killed.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

The style of dancing altered during these years, and Jazz bands multiplied and flourished. In all classes war brought about a loosening of social convention, and as time went on, and girls who had never before earned money or been free of chaperonage found themselves independent, their elders sometimes were horrified by their behaviour.

As the casualty lists lengthened, "Life is short, let us enjoy it whilst we may" became the motto of the young, and it was inevitable that this should be so. Men craved the sympathy which only women could give, they loved and married or merely mated, and in many cases a few weeks later the man was dead or lying maimed in some hospital. The mental strain, the desire to forget horrors and unhappiness, led to an increase of drinking, drugging, smoking, gambling and dancing. A man dined with a gay party, danced, drank, got through the early morning hours as best he might, and then the leave train took him, and maybe the girl who loved him never saw him again.

The following letter of a young married woman, at that time a girl of eighteen who in normal circumstances would have led a carefully chaperoned social existence, but who, owing to the war, was almost as free as her brothers, presents an interesting picture of those days.

"Looking back on the war years," she writes, "we—that is, the young people of my set and day—seem to have been very callous. We were so very young then. I expect the men we knew were often terribly frightened, but of course they never said so, and we didn't think about it very much. It used to be hateful if one went



Photo, Lupton Press Agency.

THE LEAVE TRAIN.

Even now there are many who cannot bear to think of those partings at Victoria Station when all tried to be so brave. Notice the recruiting posters for men for the army and for munitions on the hoarding.

OUR RAPIDLY CHANGING LIFE

to see them off by that horrid leave train. But generally they didn't want one to, thank goodness.

"Although most of us did some kind of war work—indeed, one despised girls who didn't—we used to dance almost every night. I remember going to a dance at Lady S——'s, and the refreshments were lemonade and squashed fly biscuits—you know those crunchy little biscuits with currants in them. At most of the dances the refreshments were more lavish—sandwiches, jellies and cup—but somehow although the food *looked* like food it soon left one hungry again. I can't think where people got the things to make sandwiches of. I suppose they used potted meat—that wasn't rationed, was it?

"Sometimes at these dances there was a small band, often only a piano. The men looked so nice in uniform, and I loved the Guards' overcoats, grey with a red lining. If it was warm we used to walk in the street between the dances and sit on doorsteps. It was awfully difficult to get taxis: they would only take you where *they* wanted to go unless they were bribed heavily. I often came home in a taxi with six inside and three or four on the roof! And still oftener we had to walk home, and then perhaps stopped for a cup of coffee at the Junior Turf Club, as we called the all-night refreshment stall at Hyde Park Corner.

"I do not remember many dinner-parties—I suppose people couldn't get enough food—though some things weren't rationed, were they? GIBLETS and ENTRAILS of kinds. But we used to dine at restaurants. An officer at one time might not spend more than a fixed sum for meals, so would hand over his money to you and let you

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order and pay. You might treat them—3s. 6d. for lunch, 5s. 6d. for dinner.

“There were no chaperones: they were hard at work canteening and so on, and people who gave parties didn’t want to feed and water them! And if they were elderly they didn’t feel like having to walk home after late nights. I think one could do much as one pleased, but we had our standard, and the men were very careful of you if they thought you deserved to be looked after. I personally never dined alone with any of my men friends: we used to go about in fours or still larger groups.

“Life was very gay. It was only when someone you knew well or with whom you were in love was killed that you minded really dreadfully. Men used to come to dine and dance one night, and go out the next morning and be killed. And someone used to say, ‘Did you see poor Bobbie was killed?’ It went on all the time, you see.

“I became engaged soon after that, and then I knew what misery was: one was always waiting, and one almost dreaded the ‘leaves’ because of that awful going back again. The war ended soon after. It was all right for me, but for so many girls whose men were killed and for the girls who had married and whose husbands were wrecked mentally or physically it was just one great tragedy.”

The theatres at this period produced little but the lightest plays and revues, and many protests were made by the more seriously minded regarding the suggestiveness and impropriety of certain stage productions and the scanty clothing worn by the girls employed. The desire to gamble became stronger and card-playing of all

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kinds more popular, the games generally chosen being bridge and poker.

Numbers of new Bridge Clubs, at some of which poker also was played, came into being, and were greatly patronized, partly because there were no parties to go to, partly because, owing to the difficulty of obtaining coal, people were glad to keep warm at the club's expense and economize their fuel, and partly because the game took their minds off their anxieties, though the tension of life made tempers irritable and disagreements not uncommon.

"I was playing bridge at the — one afternoon, putting in time before going on to my canteen, when a servant came up to my partner and said 'Mrs. — would like to speak to you outside, please.' The poor woman's face went white. Her cards fell out of her shaking hands. I thought she was going to faint, but she got up and went out of the room. It was the telegram . . . her son had been killed. One of the proprietors of the club came in to take her place, and we went on playing," writes a woman whose only son was killed a few weeks later.

The unhappiness and restlessness caused by war also led to a desire to consult fortune-tellers. Palmists, crystal gazers, thought readers reaped a considerable harvest. The less reputable of these people were said to act as agents for blackmailers and as decoy ducks for keepers of disreputable houses and gambling hells. In February 1917 so many complaints had been received that a number of fortune-telling parlours were raided and the activities of their owners lessened.

The almost complete cessation of social life, the dislike

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of sitting at home in an insufficiently warmed room and the general restlessness, together with some desire for knowledge and a passionate desire to help to win the war, led to a mania for meetings. There were recruiting meetings, meetings at which all sorts of charity schemes were discussed, food meetings, war savings meetings. In the summer of 1915 the Chancellor of the Exchequer made an appeal to the public to lend their savings to the Government. "The success of the War Loan," he declared, "will be the surest demonstration to the world of the financial stability of the British nation. The man, be he rich or poor, is little to be envied who in this supreme moment fails to bring forward his savings for the security of his country."

A Committee on War Loans for the small investor was appointed in November 1915. Later on two Committees were appointed, but eventually—in April 1916—they were amalgamated under the title of the War Savings Committee. Numbers of local Committees were formed, and the total number of 15s. 6d. War Savings Certificates sold between their issue in February 1916 to December 31st, 1918, was 280,701,057. Arrangements were made to sell these certificates in His Majesty's ships and at naval bases, to the soldiers at home and overseas, to the men of the mercantile marine and to the men and women employed in factories and business houses. Patriotic women did a great work in undertaking the wearisome task of door-to-door propaganda, thus introducing the green savings card with its gold crown and ruled-off spaces for sixpenny stamps to the woman in the home. It became legal for wages to be paid partly in savings vouchers, and a campaign was conducted to persuade children to

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save. The Committee also conducted a campaign to popularize War Bonds, and when in 1916 these were issued £23,000,000 in £100 bonds was subscribed in thirteen days. Our war expenditure was then £3,750,000 a day, and by 1918 had risen to nearly seven millions.

A Woman's Auxiliary War Savings Committee was formed, which worked energetically. Under its ægis various economy exhibitions were held, which were well patronized and most useful to the housewife, worried as she was by the increasing cost and scarcity of food and fuel.

When the Ministry of Food came into being in December 1916, under the control of Lord Devonport, that Ministry relieved the War Savings Committee of the greater part of the organization of the Voluntary Ration Campaign.

CHAPTER VI

HOUSEKEEPING IN WAR TIME

A Food Controller appointed—The problem of tonnage—The submarine peril—A collective budget—Profiteering—Bread is subsidized—Directors of economy—Waste—People who never had enough—He didn't feel the need to throw 'em—Do the best you can—Sugar shortage—War jam—National kitchens—The Queen and the rice pudding—The yellow dog which licked the "shape"—9380 tons of waste bread—The luxury egg—When dog was 2*s.* 8*d.* a lb.—Rationing in Berlin—Rude shopkeepers—The disappearing rabbit—Meatless days—Those horrible beans—The popularity of offal—Butter a love gift—The soldiers' dinner.

ALTHOUGH war was declared on August 4th, 1914, it was not until December 1916 that a Food Controller was appointed and a Ministry of Food established "to promote economy and to maintain the food supply of the country."

During the first weeks of the war the Government promptly set up a Cabinet Committee on Food Supplies; returns of stocks of all foodstuffs in the country were obtained and arrangements made for a regular collection of information; the Board of Trade controlled the milk supply, a Royal Sugar Commission was established, and at the same time export of food except by licence was prohibited, while the Board of Agriculture appointed a Consultative Committee to assist in stimulating production.

Committees of every kind dealt with our food supplies, and a difficult task was theirs, for they had to compete

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against other nations, try to keep prices down and yet secure supplies. This competition naturally proved as prejudicial to the interests of other nations as to our own, so at last it was arranged that the purchases of France, Italy and Britain should be made through one agent.

It was, however, one matter to buy food from overseas countries, but another to bring it to our shores. Wheat might be bought in overseas markets, but there it would remain unless ships could be obtained to convey it to its destination. Late in 1915 a Ship Requisitioning Committee was formed, and this body, together with the Ship Licensing Committee, dealt with the tonnage problem.

From then onwards the question of the food supply of these islands became more and more complicated and anxious. On October 11th, 1916, the Royal Commission on Wheat Supplies was appointed, and owing to the arrangements then made, all speculation in wheat was brought to an end.

On October 17th a debate in the House of Commons on Profiteering took place; a report furnished by the Board of Trade was discussed and food control suggested. A Bill had already been prepared, but the Government had not been inclined to run the risk of attempting to pass it. During this winter the Asquith Coalition Government went out and the Lloyd George Government came in; it was the Asquith Government which decided to create a Ministry of Food and the Lloyd George Government which actually did appoint a Food Controller.

It was, however, neither shortage of food nor the sub-

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marine menace which caused the Government to do so, for it was not until the beginning of 1917 that those responsible for the country's welfare realized how serious was the submarine peril, and up to the time of Lord Devonport's coming into office there did not appear to be any special distress, except indeed among the professional classes and those living on very small fixed incomes, who are generally the last to voice their grievances. In other classes there was evidence of unusual prosperity. This seems extraordinary when one realizes that the price of food had then risen 76 points,¹ but the explanation was not that the individual wage was high in comparison with the cost of living, but that by that time labour was so scarce that all the members of a family could obtain work, or at all events odd jobs, and therefore the collective wage was high. A collective budget published in November 1917, when wages in certain trades were unusually high, was as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Father (skilled fitter)	6	18	0
Son „ „ 	7	2	9
Son (collier) 	3	11	0
Daughter (machinist)	1	0	7
	<hr/>		
Total	18	12	4
	<hr/> <hr/>		

In all probability, as no mention is made of a house-keeper or servant, there was a mother who cooked, cleaned, mended and washed, so that one may take the £18 12s. 4d. as the weekly income of five hard-working

¹ For rise in cost of living *see* Appendix, page 203.

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people at a time when the cost of food was a trifle more than double what it had been in 1914, and the pound was calculated as being worth 12s., which made the actual collective wage £11 3s. 3d., or rather more than £2 4s. per head. Another fact which eased the cost of living was that the man of the house was in many cases away on service, and in working-class houses it is he who consumes the lion's share, not because he is either greedy or selfish, but because if he is not kept in wage-earning condition wife and children must suffer. The real cause of the bitter feeling which existed and was growing rapidly was the widespread belief that the rise in prices was due to "hoarding and profiteering." Hoarding was an antisocial act, because it created ill-feeling, but it was not otherwise of importance because all hoards would have been commandeered had it seemed advisable to do so. Profiteering was a more serious matter. The profits made in many cases undoubtedly were extreme, and the feeling grew that it was horrible that large fortunes should be made out of the miseries of mankind, though, indeed, when one comes to think of it, even in times of peace such a state of affairs is nothing new. The publication of certain balance sheets showing the gains made by dealers in food were commented upon by the Press; the public voiced its disapproval. At last, as is so often the case, the people governed a willing Government, and the machine by which food supply and food prices were to be controlled was created. The cost of food at the time of the Armistice had risen to 133 points above the index figure.¹

¹ For figures of rise in Retail Food prices July 1914 to July 1920 (highest point) see Appendix, page 203.

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The price of bread at the beginning of August 1914 varied from $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $7d.$ the quartern loaf in different towns and shops. The price rose in the first year to $8\frac{1}{4}d.$ and later to $9d.$, until in June 1917 it stood at $11\frac{1}{2}d.$ By October 1917, when it was subsidized, the price was fixed at $9d.$ per quartern loaf, and the estimated cost to the country of the subsidy for one year was £40,000,000. In 1920, the year of peak prices, the price of the quartern loaf was about 1s. During the Napoleonic War the price of the quartern loaf rose to 1s. $11\frac{1}{2}d.$, and that at a time when the average wage of artisans and mechanics was 18s. to 25s. a week and that of the agricultural labourer 10s. to 12s.

When, in patriotic ardour, people asked those poorer than themselves to reduce their consumption of bread they sometimes failed to realize that the proportion of bread to other articles of food consumed by the poor must be considerably larger than that in well-to-do families. The poor do not live mainly on bread because they prefer it, but because it is the most nourishing and filling food procurable at the price, and, in that it is ready cooked, a fuel-saving and a time-saving food. For those who must take their midday meal out with them it is also a convenient food.

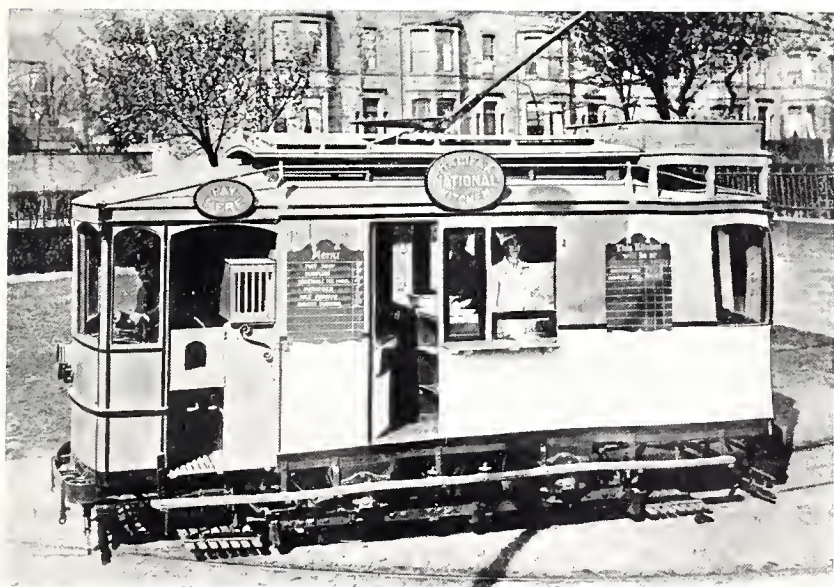
The Ministry of Food was at first lodged in Whitehall, but was moved on December 28th, 1916, into Grosvenor House, now replaced by an enormous block of flats. It was not considered advisable at that time to ration the people, though a section of the public considered that it would be wise to do so. Others objected that to do so would cause a panic, whilst the cheerful said, "Quite unnecessary; the war isn't going to last all



Photo. Imperial War Museum

WOMEN AS CAMP COOKS.

Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (W.A.A.C.) cooks stoking boilers in a camp.



A KITCHEN ON WHEELS.

A clever development of the National Kitchen was the Tram Kitchen at Halifax which went to its customers instead of waiting for them to come to it.



Photo, Daily Mail.

A GREAT FOOD DEMONSTRATION.

The increasingly serious question of food prices came to a head in London when a great procession organised by the National Union of Railwaymen marched to Hyde Park to be addressed from five platforms. This photograph shows one division of the procession leaving the Embankment. One of the banners is superimposed on the picture.

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that time." The saving, not knowing that preparations were already complete, thought that it would be foolish to put the country to the expense of organizing a rationing system which might prove to be unnecessary. Meanwhile the Economy Campaign was launched, and as it was realized that women must necessarily play an important part in conserving the nation's food, two women were given positions of some importance in the Ministry. It was then becoming fashionable to place women in public positions of trust, and two women directors were already working in the Ministry of National Service. For the first time, too, the importance of the woman in the home as a citizen and potential war-winner was recognized.

The task which lay before the directors of the Food Ministry was to increase production and to reduce consumption and waste, and not only waste occasioned by the throwing away of food fit for human consumption, but also that occasioned by bad or improper cooking. It was necessary to gain the goodwill of the people, for only by that means could the desired result be obtained.

In addition to the work of the women's section of the War Savings Committee and of various other associations, the Government now arranged that a great number of Food Economy meetings should take place, that speakers should be instructed in their subject, that propaganda meetings should be followed up by cookery demonstrations and that a supply of patriotic and practical printed matter should be put at the disposal of the public.

Part of the instruction given to the Ministry of Food speakers was so admirable that it is worthy of repetition. They were asked to rely on the right intention and

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intelligence of the people, and not to mistake difference of opinion for lack of goodwill, for, as it was pointed out, the nation, whatever its beliefs, is alive with intelligence and the desire to do right, though differences exist in people's minds as to the best way of doing right. It was perhaps because most Food Campaign speakers realized this that they met with a kind reception even from the roughest and least educated people.

"I addressed what I was warned might be a very difficult audience in a poor neighbourhood at — on —," a speaker reported. "Directly I cast an eye over those in the hall I realized that here were people who had never had enough to eat, who, indeed, had never had enough of anything except privation, and of that too much. I began my speech by asking them to eat as much as they could afford to buy and could procure, to eat to keep themselves in health to work for their country. I told them that although of those who could if they pleased eat more than was necessary, I on behalf of the Government asked their goodwill in helping to reduce consumption; of those who could not afford too much or even enough, I only begged any aid they *could* give in surmounting difficulties. As, for example, by helping to encourage a determination to bear what had to be borne as a necessary part of the task of winning the war. 'Perhaps,' I added, 'if the women present feel that cookery demonstrations would help them to make the best of the foods to which we are not accustomed, but which we now have to eat, they will ask for them.' They did ask, and a course of instruction has been arranged. After the meeting one of those worn-looking men who are not really old but the harshness of whose lives causes

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them to look so, came up and shook hands with me. 'I'd two rotten tomaties in me pocket,' he said; 'I'm glad I didn't feel the need to throw 'em. Ye see, we don't want ladies comin' to tell *us* to eat less, but we was glad to listen to what *you* did say.' "

Women of all classes, and especially the Domestic Subjects teachers, entered with enthusiasm into the Food Economy Campaign, and propaganda meetings, cookery demonstrations, food economy exhibitions and food economy shops (the idea of the War Savings Committee) were organized, and the Press of the country joined in preaching the gospel of "Use as little as you possibly can."

The year 1917 dawned blackly, for now Germany had begun, by means of submarine attack, to endeavour to starve us into submission, which, had her blockade proved successful, would not have taken long. From that time onwards the question of food became of primary importance and the chief subject of conversation.

At first people did not realize why it should be so difficult to obtain food. "We are not at war with America and the Dominions," they said. They did not realize that when a ship was sunk another could not be built. A small girl put the matter neatly in a War Economy essay, "It takes four minutes to sink a ship and four months to build one. Besides, there are not enough men left to build ships now." In the month of April 1917 no less than 555,000 tons of shipping were lost.

It was necessary to ask audiences which they would prefer: to leave ships free to convey ammunitions and other essentials to our troops, to bring over American troops and so to win the war, or to keep men out of the

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Army to produce food and to arrange matters so that we at home should have as much as we desired of the kind we desired to eat and so to lose the war.

There was but one answer to *that* question. But it was by no means always the poor who showed themselves the most unthinking with regard to difficulties about food. It might have been thought, to judge from remarks made during question time at food meetings, that all our food was produced in our own country, and that one had but to go into the nearest field and dig up supplies of sugar, rice and flour. In the minds of some people flour was just something white which is bought in bags. An exhibit of groceries bearing cards on which were inscribed the name of the place of growth of each article and the number of ships needed to bring the usual yearly supply to our shores, created interest. Other folk were convinced that if they could not obtain at least 1 lb. of sugar per head per week their children would die. It was news to these to learn that only during the last 200 years has sugar been extensively used in this country.

Sugar was one of the most difficult foods to control, because our entire supply came from abroad, and nearly 70 per cent. of our pre-war consumption was beet sugar from Germany and Austria. In 1914 sugar cost from 1½d. to 3d. per lb. It was the first article to be rationed.

It was owing to the sugar shortage that housewives made use of "substitutes," such as a syrup made from sugar beet, glucose and compounds known as consip and sypgar. Treacle and golden syrup became as scarce as sugar, and honey in 1917 cost in London 2s. 10d. a pound.

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In the fruit season the shortage of sugar caused intense annoyance, and no wonder, for it was a bitter trial, when food was so dear, to see fruit which should have been made into jam rotting.¹ In the summer of 1917 it had been thought that the stock of sugar in hand would permit of an increased supply, and application forms had been issued and returned with high hopes. And then three large sugar ships were sunk in one week, and the promised jamming sugar was not forthcoming. This, by many disappointed housewives, was attributed to Government muddle. They had to remain under this misapprehension, because it was not considered advisable to make the true cause known.

So serious was the position of affairs in the spring of 1917, that it was thought wise to prepare for the time when, in order to secure the utmost economy in food and fuel, to free women to do the work of men and to ensure that the children should not suffer more from malnutrition than might be inevitable owing to scarcity, national kitchens would be required. The War Savings Committee had already been collecting information regarding such kitchens, and now the Food Controller authorized the organization of an experimental kitchen, for which premises in Westminster Bridge Road were secured. Eventually the National Kitchen Department of the Ministry became of considerable importance. Municipalities, associations and private persons also started kitchens.

These public or national kitchens filled a need, but owing to the failure of the German submarine campaign they fortunately never became a necessity.

¹ For war jams *see* Appendix, page 208.

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The Queen opened the first Ministry of Food national kitchen, and, helped by Princess Mary, served a number of customers. Her Majesty seemed quite agitated by one minute child, who, reaching up to receive its purchase from the counter, seemed in imminent danger of spilling a plateful of scalding rice pudding on to the top of its head. In those days people had not learned the art of buying their dinners at public kitchens, and many of them omitted to bring any kind of receptacle, and, in order that they should not be too late to be served by the Queen, rushed madly home again to fetch a jug or basin. Cornflour and rhubarb jelly was one of the sweets of the day, and a supply of this dish had been put ready on a lower shelf of a serving-table. The enterprising and social yellow dog, which attends all functions from race to missionary meetings, naturally decided to attend the opening of the Westminster Bridge kitchen, and was discovered, having dodged through a mass of legs and squeezed himself behind the counter, sitting licking a pink mould with the greatest appreciation. Presently one of the servers came and shoo'd him away, but did not remove the pudding. One wondered who ate that pudding, because the yellow dog had licked it very neatly, and it still looked shapely and shining.

While the Queen was ladling out food a very old man shambled up and bought meat, vegetables and pudding, which he proceeded to place all together on a very dirty plate and cover them with a still dirtier piece of newspaper. He then shambled out, never having realized who it was who had served him. The fact that it was the Queen must have been pointed out to him by the crowd outside, for shortly afterwards he returned, edged his way back



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

FOURTEEN THOUSAND MEALS IN A DAY.

At work in the great kitchens of the Munition Township at Gretna.



Photo, L.N.A

FEEDING THE PEOPLE.

The first National Kitchen organised by the Ministry of Food. It was opened by Her Majesty the Queen on May 21st 1917.



Photo, Daily Mail

HANDS OFF THE PEOPLE'S FOOD.

Demonstrators who took part in a Food Protest in Hyde Park when high prices and profiteering were causing so much dissatisfaction.

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to the serving-counter and solemnly waved his hat three times at her.

It was thought by some of their promoters that national kitchens would endure and become a feature of the nation's life, but that opinion was not based on knowledge of the circumstances of the working people. A working family (like any other family) must have a home, they must have some means of warming that home and of procuring hot water, and the mother must spend most of her time in the house attending to her domestic duties. Therefore it cannot pay her to buy food to which must be added the cost of rent, wages, fuel and upkeep. The average working woman can provide food more cheaply than anyone else can provide it for her, and whilst she is able to do that and her income remains limited, working-class people in normal circumstances will cook their own food and eat it in their own homes.

Middle-class people are in a different position. By buying ready-to-eat food or by feeding at restaurants possibly they may economize in rent, in wages, in fuel and in the upkeep of service premises, and so, in spite of the greater cost of their actual food, achieve considerable saving in expenditure. Hence it is that the poor continue to live as they have been accustomed to live, but many of the younger middle-class people have adopted the bed-and-breakfast-house and motor-car style of living. The ready-to-eat food departments of the great caterers are their public kitchens.

It was in the spring of 1917 that, to save waste of fruit and vegetables, the Board of Agriculture arranged for teachers to travel about the country to demonstrate the art of bottling and canning. Owing to the con-

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tinued high cost of living, bottling is much practised, but we have still to learn to make the fullest use of home produce. At present we buy an unnecessary quantity of foreign tinned goods.

It was also in this country a shock to many of us to learn how wasteful we had been of bread in the years of peace and plenty. It was calculated that about 9380 tons of bread were wasted each week in Great Britain,¹ a statement which when made at food meetings caused a gasp of surprise and a murmur of "I'm sure we don't waste bread in *our* house." It was always in the houses of other people that waste took place.

Apropos of bread, it is worthy of note that when the price rose and continued to rise, and many complaints were made, the London County Council issued posters advising people to buy bread by weight, which is legal, and not by the loaf, as is customary except in poor districts, where it is usual to weigh the loaf and to add pieces to make up the correct weight. According to Press reports no notice was taken of this advice, but whether the bakers said this in the hope of discouraging the practice, or if it was true, who knows? During the most anxious months people were fined for feeding their poultry on bread.

This question of feeding animals became a serious one, and before the end of the war the miserable looks of the rationed horses caused many a heartache.

The scarcity of cereals gave rise to much controversy as to whether it paid better to invest food in pigs and poultry and eat it in its condensed form of bacon, ham

¹ For waste of bread *see* Appendix, page 220.

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or fowl, or to keep all grain suitable for human consumption and eat it as grain.

It was stated that eggs were a luxury food. A 2 oz. egg contains two-thirds of its weight in water, 11 per cent. of shell and only 25 per cent. of nutritive matter. There is less than 1 oz. of food in two average eggs. If the egg costs $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ (in London and other towns it was unprocurable at that price in 1917, and rose to $4d.$ and $5d.$ and even $6d.$), its nourishment price is $6s. 8d.$ per lb. The hen eats far more in grain than she produces, we were assured, and 1 lb. of costly chicken is of less food value than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of grain.

The anxiety felt with regard to our food supplies was evinced by the questions put by members of food meeting audiences anent the food of pet dogs. Those who kept dogs and those who did not were almost as passionately opposed to each other as the drink controversialists. Fortunately the time never came which obliged us to eat our dog friends, as happened during the siege of Paris, when the price of dog was $2s. 8d.$ per lb. Then the animals in the Zoo were eaten and elephant flesh fetched $15s.$ per lb., a cabbage cost $6s.$, a cat $11s. 3d.$ and persons obtained 12 ozs. of very dry bread after waiting three hours in twelve degrees of frost.

An old account book shows that in the autumn of 1917 milk cost $9d.$ per quart, butter $2s. 6d.$ per lb., tea (controlled price) $2s. 6d.$ per lb., a cauliflower $1s.$, a fowl $12s. 6d.$, bananas $5d.$ each, a tin of peaches $4s. 6d.$ and a flat sponge sandwich cake the size of a tea plate $2s. 3d.$ It is noted "Gay coming home on leave. Tried to get some preserved fruits for him, but none were obtainable."

In Paris at that time the cost of living greatly exercised

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the French Government, and the following note appeared in *The Times* : “ The high price of living is being studied by the Ministry of Labour, and a table has just been published showing the increased cost of absolute essentials during the last four years. To feed four people in a working-man’s home, for bread, meat, bacon, butter, eggs, milk, cheese, potatoes, dried vegetables, sugar, salad oil, paraffin and methylated spirit, the average cost per annum, according to prices in the third quarter of 1914, represented 1004 f. (£40). In 1917 it was 1845 f. (£73 16s.). By the end of June 1918 2331 f. (£93 4s.). No wonder it is hard to make both ends meet and that there is a cry for increased salaries.”

In Berlin the allowance of food per week for each person was $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. meat; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lard once a month allowed instead of meat; 5 lbs. potatoes or *kohl-ruben*—a kind of large, coarse turnip—which was substituted when potatoes were short; $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. bread; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. oatmeal once a fortnight; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. barley per fortnight; no tea or cocoa; coffee $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of substitute once in six weeks; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. jam (vegetable jam substitute) once in six weeks; no bacon or ham; no milk for adults. New milk was reserved for invalids and children below the age of six years. Families who had children over six but below ten years of age received one quart of skimmed milk once a week per household, irrespective of the number of children. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cheese at rare intervals if waited for in a two-hour queue; no fresh fruit or dried fruit; eggs sometimes one a week, sometimes one a fortnight; no green vegetables, biscuits, rice, sago, tapioca or semolina; butter less than 2 ozs.; margarine 1 oz.; fish an occasional half herring if the purchaser stood in a queue for it; $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. sugar once a

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fortnight. Treacle or golden syrup could be had only instead of sugar.

German women who had saved during their thrifty, hard-working lives were spending their capital on unrationed food, procurable only at fabulous prices. As they truly said, What was the use of money if they died of starvation in order to keep it? (This shifting of values at first greatly puzzled the uneducated in our own country. Before the war they could not buy because they had not the money. Now they had the money and still could not buy.) In Germany fuel was as scarce as food. Clothing also was rationed. The allowance to each woman was two dresses, two blouses, one coat, three of any under-garment, six handkerchiefs, two pairs of boots. In order to get a permit to buy an article of dress the purchaser had to declare on oath that she did not possess the above allowance of that article and surrender if called upon to do so her worn-out garments.

It was reported that the civilians in Berlin looked white and thin and were very irritable. The military governor of that city was obliged to issue a warning to shopkeepers that extreme rudeness to customers would be a punishable offence. A considerable number of complaints regarding the rudeness of shopkeepers were heard in this country: shopkeepers retaliated by complaining that their customers were utterly unreasonable and that the bother of coupons and orders of one kind and another drove them nearly crazy. Undoubtedly worries about food, the discomfort caused by shortage of fuel, and consequently of hot water, and by living in crowded quarters, the overwork from which many people suffered, added in many cases to torturing anxiety

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for the safety of husband, son or lover, did fray our nerves and make us irritable.

It added to the worries of patriotic housewives who were honourably observing the voluntary rations that, as they expressed it, they never knew where they were. One day they were begged to eat potatoes, and potato recipe leaflets flooded the country, and the next day they were begged not to eat potatoes, and indeed in many cases could not, because, owing to potato disease, the crop failed and only the recipes remained. In London at one time potatoes were so scarce that a rich man visiting friends to whom in pre-war days he would have brought expensive fruit, flowers or a box of chocolates, appeared with a bag of potatoes. At one moment rabbits could be procured—at a price—and the price made many would-be buyers so indignant that they demanded that rabbits should be “controlled.” The Food Controller controlled rabbits, and promptly they disappeared from the market. “Where *are* the rabbits?” cried indignant women at food meetings, the explanation being that when it was no longer possible to sell a rabbit at a high price its owner preferred to eat it himself, and did.

It became inadvisable for speakers and demonstrators to recommend the use of any one article, for whilst maize might be procurable here, it was unprocurable there, and wherever it happened to be, if everyone asked for it, the supply was soon exhausted. Although we learned to use maize and were thankful to have it, it never became well liked, but continued to be one of those foods which we admitted that people in that vague locality “out there” might use, but which free-born Britishers would never condescend to in normal times.

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As for the varieties of dried beans with which we supplemented our lessening supplies of meat, those we frankly hated. When at a cookery demonstration a bean dish was suggested as a substitute for the meat which it was so difficult to obtain, a good lady laughed ironically. "Give me 'usbin' that muck? Yes, I don't think!" Whilst another added, "Give 'im beans, an' get a black eye for me pains!" Sometimes cheese was short and sometimes meat was short, and always fats were short, and mothers were terribly worried when milk was short and threatened to be shorter.

The different regulations which were made regarding meatless days annoyed us and drove the trade nearly frantic, and resulted in putting up the price of fish. Sole rose to 4s. per lb. and turbot to 3s., prices to which we were not unaccustomed later, but which horrified us then. There were many complaints that fish was destroyed to keep up the price, and a case of a fishmonger at Folkestone in whose refuse bin were found twenty-two mullet and five plaice gained considerable publicity. In the end it seemed best to leave the public to use what food they could buy to the best of their ability, and the meatless day order was rescinded.

In an Eat Less Meat appeal made by the War Savings Committee in the early winter of 1916, it was said that the civilian population was eating £500,000 worth of meat each day. It was at this time that some well-intentioned idiot suggested that everyone should send Christmas cards wishing their friends "A Simple Fare Christmas," quite forgetting that owing to the scarcity of paper and of labour it was practically impossible to do any such thing. On the other hand, in order to

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save expenditure in printing, a Kentish Urban Council went to the other extreme and decided not to punctuate their official reports, which appeared without a single comma or full stop!

How thankful we were for "offal," which was not rationed. Offal was the elegant term for liver, oxtails, sweetbread, kidneys, tripe. One begged the kind butcher to let one have a little bit, and sometimes he did and sometimes he did not. As a young married woman writing to a friend expressed it, "We live mostly on entrails." With scarcity, values changed, and a devoted youth home on leave from Ireland, where food was not controlled, visited his beloved bearing in his hand a pound of butter. Another traveller returning to London brought back some butter. He asked two or three ladies to luncheon, and whispered to the one of his choice that she should remain after the others had left, when he would give it to her. Alas! the other guests stayed late, and when the host departed to fetch the precious fat he found that, having put it on the windowsill in the early morning, the sun had reduced it to the state of melted butter. A still more tragic butter story is told of a lady who hurried home with her prize to find that an observation balloon was hanging in graceful folds from her roof and that its car was in the area. In the agitation of the moment she dropped the butter, and later returned to find that the puppy had eaten it and, with utter disregard for war-time economy, had been sick upon the drawing-room carpet.

Yet another matter which troubled the public during these trying months was the food waste which was stated to take place in military camps. However, when

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evidence was demanded it was seldom forthcoming. There may have been much waste during the earlier part of the war, but by 1917 it had ceased, and the soldier at home was certainly not over-fed. At a camp visited by a woman in an official position the day's dinner consisted of stew (what torrents of complaints there were about that Army stew !), potatoes and cabbage (of which Ambassador Page wrote "the British have many vegetables, and all of them cabbage"), custard-powder custard and tinned fruit, which certainly did not seem either an excessive or a particularly well-chosen meal for young men taking hard exercise. This feast was genteelly served on tables covered with oilcloth adorned by aspidistras, their pots modestly draped in pink crinkly paper.

There was at that time in some camps a detestable habit of brewing tea in cauldrons in which the soup had been made. Tea is not improved by a layer of grease. This valuable commodity was undoubtedly matter in the wrong place: it would have been better to have added it to the fat collected from Army camps, which had produced sufficient tallow to provide soap for the Army, Navy and other Government departments with a surplus for public use and 18,000 tons of glycerine for ammunition.

CHAPTER VII

THE FOOD SHORTAGE BECOMES MORE SERIOUS

To throw rice a summary offence—Not so much starch—Animals rationed—A £50 fine for wasting bread—War bread—The sugar ramp—The muffin disappears—Silly advice—A patriotic Christmas dinner—Sugar tickets—Food queues—The bit o' brisket—Carry your own parcels—The housewife's dilemma—No veal—Ration cards—Experiences of a country clergyman's wife—War gas—The secretary who carried coals—Those hen birds—They grumbled but "did their bit."

It was during the later part of 1917 that the food shortage became more and more serious, and in consequence control more strict. To throw rice at a wedding became a summary offence and the sale of luxury chocolates was stopped. No sweetmeats over 2*d.* per oz. or chocolates over 3*d.* per oz. were permitted, the use of starch in laundry work was restricted, horses and cows and even the London pigeons were rationed, no corn was allowed for cobs, hunters, carriage horses and hacks, most of which had by then been commandeered for Army use. A man was fined £50 for collecting bread crusts for pig food, and in defence said that otherwise they would have been wasted, as navvies would not eat crusts. The amount of bread or cake which might be sold at tea shops for afternoon tea was reduced to 2 ozs. It became an offence to adopt and feed stray dogs; these innocent victims of war had to be handed over to the police. Local food controllers were appointed, butchers were

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ordered to display price lists, and bakers were forbidden to bake any but Government regulation bread. This bread was compounded from various ingredients, including barley, rice, maize, beans, oatmeal, and in October 1917 bakers were permitted to add potato in the proportion of 1 lb. to 7 lbs. of flour. The public, especially members of the Labour Party, demanded fixed prices. When the price of any particular food was fixed, it mysteriously vanished from the market. Food Control Committees had a hard battle to keep even with the retailer. Grocers would not sell to people who were not registered with them for sugar, and, it was said, insisted on other purchases being made in addition to sugar, which resulted in the appearance of comic advertisements such as, "Will the lady who overheard salesman refuse to supply a mackerel unless lady bought six pairs of lisle thread stockings or ear trumpet, kindly communicate with the Food Controller, Grosvenor House?"

That winter the world was the poorer for the disappearance of the muffin. The muffin man, carrying his baize-covered tray upon his head and ringing a bell, was no more seen, and we consoled ourselves for our muffinless, crumpetless state by owning gloomily that when we had neither butter nor "marge," as that commodity was commonly called, of what use to us was the muffin?

When November came there was a great to-do about the Lord Mayor's banquet. It was thought that it should not take place, but the Lord Mayor did not agree. The guests were allowed petrol in order to drive to it, and the table appointments included menu cards 12 by

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18 inches. And at this time we were publicly advised "Eat slowly: you will need less food. Keep warm: you will need less food." How we were to keep warm when fuel was strictly rationed and we were chilly as the result of an insufficiently fat diet was not explained.

As Christmas drew near the Ministry of Food planned a patriotic Christmas dinner¹ for us, which consisted of French rice soup, filleted haddock, roast fowl and vegetables, plum pudding, caramel custard. This, it was said, would cost 10s. 2d. for four people. It seems difficult to believe this statement, considering that a fowl then—in any large town, at all events—cost at least 10s. The poor old souls in Maidstone workhouse were ordered cornflour instead of Christmas pudding, but at Epsom the more kindly authorities added a trifle to the Christmas dietary. Those who wished to include a dish of oranges in the Christmas bill of fare noted with dismay that the *wholesale* price of the first consignment of Valencias was 4½d. each. They were sold retail at 6d. each.

By that time we were in receipt of sugar tickets. Milk was the first item of our dietary to be controlled, and sugar the first for which ration cards were issued. Hundreds of girls under eighteen were employed at £1 per week on sugar-card registration work. It was notified that their education was to be continued to fit them for other employment. By now so great were the discomfort and ill-feeling caused by the food queues, and the suspicion that the rich were obtaining more than their fair share of eatables, that the demand for compulsory rations became more and more insistent. Anyone who penetrated the

¹ For war cookery recipes see Appendix VI, page 204.



Photo. Daily Mail.

A MARGARINE QUEUE.



Photo. Daily Mail.

FOOD QUEUE SCENES.

During the months of food shortage in 1917 and 1918 the food queue was a familiar sight. There were queues for meat, margarine, sugar, potatoes and tea and women hunted about from shop to shop hoping to find one where they could obtain supplies. In some queues women police or special constables took charge. Note the Belgian soldier in the margarine queue.

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poorer neighbourhoods became familiar with the queue. In the bitter cold and rain of that depressing winter of 1917 women and children waited outside the shabby shops common to the poor districts of all towns. They carried baskets, string bags, fish basses, bags made of American cloth, and babies, and stood, shifting their burdens from one arm to another to ease their aching. Often, in spite of cold, rain and weariness, there was a flow of wit. Sometimes a late comer would try to sneak in at the head of the line, and then there would be trouble, promptly allayed by the policeman or Special Constable, or in some provincial towns the policewoman.

The middle classes who could not obtain servants or whose servants had other work to do than go out shopping also swelled the queues. "I have vivid memories of waiting in a butcher's shop standing in a queue of about twenty other women," recalls a young wife living in a seaside town. "I wondered what I should be able to secure for my three meat coupons. I had set my heart on a piece of silverside. I was the eighteenth in the queue, and I considered whether I should wait and return later on and chance securing a better position; but having done this once before and failed ignominiously, I determined to remain where I was. The surroundings were not inspiring, nor were my fellow queuers. They probably thought the same about me. The butcher, a quick and clever surgeon, chopped off all sorts of nice-looking little joints for which I yearned, then yelled their weight to a girl in a glass cupboard. A certain amount of sleight of hand went on, and the women who had won these prizes transferred their coupons to the glass-cupboarded young lady and proudly departed from the

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shop. They had been lucky *that* morning. But after twenty joints had been carved from one small piece of 'animal,' there seemed but little chance of my obtaining my silverside. I approached the butcher furtively. 'Have you any silverside?' I whispered. 'No, no silverside—breast, scrag or bit o' brisket,' he yapped at me impatiently. In those days I was not as experienced a housewife as I am now, and one feels somewhat weak after half an hour spent standing in a butcher's shop glaring at ugly insides. I gasped 'brisket,' and then found myself on the pavement clasping lovingly a very minute parcel of stringy meat."

In the early winter of 1918 a queue of thousands of people waiting to obtain margarine caused considerable comment, and about the same time a photograph appeared in the Press of Smithfield meat market with all the hooks empty. Women used to go from shop to shop trying to find one at which they could buy meat or margarine, tea and possibly a little extra sugar. The rich escaped these unpleasant tasks, partly because they could send servants to shop for them and partly because the customer who bought on a large scale could still have his goods delivered at his house, though by now the cart or motor was generally in charge of a woman and women had taken the place of the younger men both in butchers' and grocers' shops. Notices were displayed in shops and stores asking customers to carry their own parcels whenever possible, and roomy baskets and bags became fashionable adjuncts to the toilette. The master bakers begged customers not to waste the time of their employees by chatting to them when they delivered goods.

The conduct of certain tradespeople who at this time

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shut their shops to the general public and sent out meat and other goods to favoured customers via the back door infuriated the people, and occasionally luckless butcher boys were held up and the contents of their basket looted. The knowledge that some well-to-do folk were hoarding food also caused discontent. It was these annoyances which made local authorities adopt rationing schemes before national compulsory rationing came into force. One of the first cities to do so was Birmingham.

One sympathizes with a housewife who had two sons fighting, whose cook fell ill of that terrible influenza which attacked us in 1917 and 1918, whose house-parlourmaid was so frightened by air raids that she ran away back to her home in the country, and who was left to do the house work, to buy food—very little of which could then be delivered owing to shortage of transport, and much of which had to be waited for in a queue—nurse the invalid and cook for the cook, herself and an overworked Government official husband. The task was not made easier by her mortal terror of air raids, during one of which a shell fell in her garden and buried itself somewhere under the lawn. The police were notified, and they notified the War Office, which sent a trembling old sergeant who was evidently most anxious *not* to find the shell and a little boy officer with eyes like gooseberries and legs like thread papers, who appeared to know only one word of the English tongue—that being “Quite”—to inquire into the matter. Nothing happened except that when the house was sold notice had to be given of the fact that a shell was sold along with the rest of the property and the point at which it had entered the earth indicated.

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After February 1918 veal was no longer on sale, and it became impossible in London and the six home counties to buy butter, margarine or meat without cards. The allowance generally procurable was $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of meat per head per week for adults, for children under ten 10 ozs., butter or margarine 4 ozs. and sugar 8 ozs. Travellers' ration cards were issued, and those children who went to boarding-schools had to take their ration cards with them. Along with notices about school clothes, possible infection and times of trains came the demand "Please do not forget ration cards." A girl who was then a child at school recalls the sight of rows of little jam pots, each labelled with its owner's name, arranged on shelves in the dining-room. These contained the ration of margarine. If any were left it was used to make pastry for a Sunday and rather sugarless tart. The feeding in some schools was bad, because to some extent it was—and is—the habit to entrust the catering to persons knowing practically nothing about this business and therefore unable to instruct their cooks, who likewise are seldom trained for their profession. Also the difficulty of obtaining sufficient domestic labour did not make the caterers' task any easier.

By then the supply of servants was even shorter than the supply of food. In a letter from a boy at a public school he mentions that all the waiters have been called up and that boys take it in turn to wait at table, and that they make their own beds. The posts of the younger masters who became soldiers were filled by elderly retired teachers. The boys bitterly regretted their youth and their inability to take part in the war.

By the end of April 1918 the national rationing of meat

LONDON AND HOME COUNTIES.

Meat Card **D 7.**

(See Instructions overleaf.)

Butcher's Name:—

{ HALL AND SON (DURING FEBRUARY.)
GOSLIN AND CO. " MARCH.
J. RATCLIFF. " APRIL.
R. ALLEN AND CO. " MAY. }

Butcher's Address

GIVE THIS
PART TO YOUR
BUTCHER.

9	9	9	9	10	10	10	10
11	11	11	11	12	12	12	12
13	13	13	13	14	14	14	14
20	20	<p><i>103</i></p> <p>MEAT CARD [L. and H. C.]</p> <p>Office of Issue WESTMINSTER</p> <p>A. Holder's Name:— <i>Her Majesty the Queen</i></p> <p>Address:— <i>Buckingham Palace</i></p> <p><i>M. S.</i></p> <p>B. Holder's Signature:— <i>Mary R.</i></p> <p>C. Butcher's Name and Address:—</p>				15	15
20	20					15	15
19	19					16	16
19	19					16	16
18	18					17	17
18	18					17	17
IF FOUND, DROP IN A PILLAR BOX.							
8	8	8	8	7	7	7	7
6	6	6	6	5	5	5	5
4	4	4	4	3	3	3	3
2	2	2	2	1	1	1	

Photo, Imperial War Museum.

THE MEAT CARD OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THE FOOD SHORTAGE

came into force, and everyone was required to register for bacon also. Owing to the scarcity of meat, fancy prices for offal and poultry were charged, and in some places the butchers' shops opened only for about one hour each day. The rations of the Home Army were reduced, and it became legal to inflict a fine up to £400 for hoarding.

The woes of a country clergyman's wife are described in a letter written to a relative, "Food becomes scarcer, and all of us who have gardens or allotments grow vegetables and keep animals. I for the first time keep a pig—a most engaging creature known as Clementine. It adds to my many griefs and anxieties to know that poor Clementine eventually must be sacrificed. We have a good deal of trouble in obtaining food for the clergymen who descend upon us to help with various religious 'do's' ordained by the Bishop. These worthy men seldom think to bring their coupons. We make efforts to achieve palatable cakes with cocoa butter and make jams with glucose. The long and losing battle with 'substitutes' almost wears me out.

"When it came to no less than twelve parsons attending the funeral of our poor curate, who died of influenza, and expecting to be fed I nearly wept. But in the country we are rather better off than you town folk. . . . We can in an emergency kill a duck or a chicken (though now that poultry food is so dear and 'scraps' there are none it is difficult to feed live-stock), and eggs, butter and milk are more plentiful. But oh! how cold we are with our wretched allowance of fuel. The local gas becomes worse and worse. One night the evening service had to

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be abandoned, as the choir began to turn green and blue and yellow and to faint, their example being followed by various members of the congregation. The boys at Mr. ——'s school were overcome at evening chapel and driven forth into the fresh and chilly out-door air to recover. Life is a nightmare of sadness and anxiety: my only pleasure that of exercising and helping to groom the remount horses at the camp near by."

Food was one of the chief topics in the Press, and readers were advised how and where to apply for food cards and how to use them when obtained. Many were the grumbles of the charges made by hotel and restaurant proprietors. For "a minute whiting, all head and tail, one egg in a pipkin and a small spoonful of unsweetened macaroni pudding I was charged five shillings," protested a disgruntled customer.

Some cooks showed themselves extraordinarily unadaptable to new conditions. At a hotel at Torquay a visitor, receiving a tiny portion of meat without any potato and a mere scrap of cabbage, on asking if she could not have a little rice or maize to eat with it, was assured that she could not, as the vegetable cook did not know how to cook them! Our difficulties and discomforts were added to by the prevalence of influenza, which in many cases developed into pneumonia. It was difficult to obtain nurses or drugs or sufficient nourishing food for invalids. In one house—by no means an unusual case—but one person out of a family of three and three servants was able to get about. Charwomen were not to be had, and a man friend, on his return from his Ministry, used to carry coals and help to wash up.

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During all this time the personnel of the Food Ministry had grown and grown, and, like that of all the other Government Departments, had spread into additional quarters, from which issued floods of regulations which drove those engaged in the food trade to despair, especially as before they had mastered one form it might be superseded by another. Some of the orders afforded some amusement by reason of their wording. One which concerned poultry food ran as follows: "*Scheme (B)*. Other birds being hen birds hatched since January 1st, 1916, and not receiving rations under Scheme (A) will be able to obtain certificates entitling their owners to purchase up to an amount per day (which will be less than 4 ozs. per day) to be fixed from time to time according to the quantity of foodstuffs available." One pictures those youthful hen birds hatched since January 1st applying for certificates on behalf of their owners to the local Food Control Committee. Knowing the excitable habits of hens, it was doubtless even more difficult to persuade them to fill up their forms correctly than it sometimes proved in the case of their owners! Heaven knows what happened when a White Minorca filled up by mistake the form of a Yellow Wyandotte or *vice versa*. If this Poultry Food Order was issued uncorrected it must have done something to lighten the gloom of life in war-time.

By the end of July the public knew that all fear of starvation owing to the German blockade was ended, but that supplies must continue to be limited and prices remain high. Considering the suffering and discomfort due to these causes, to the shortage of fuel, overwork, personal unhappiness and general mental strain, the

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people as a whole remained wonderfully calm. They grumbled, but their grumbling was chiefly an emotional outlet. Directly they understood the position, though they might still grumble, there remained the determination to "stick it," to do their "bit" and to win the war.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

WHAT DID NOT WOMEN DO?

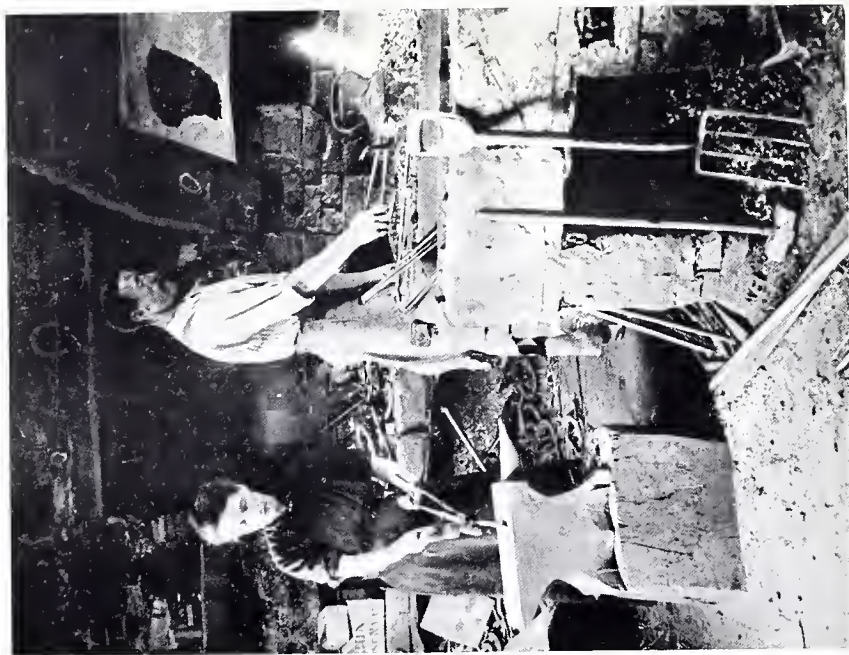
This one became a coke backer. Without her help we should have been colder than we were.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

A GRANITE WORKER.

This girl is not taking part in an air raid. She is a granite worker at a Scottish quarry wearing her protective mask.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

A woman become blacksmith's assistant.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WORK WHICH WOMEN DID

More women than work—The failure of luxury trades—Men's work—Cheap labour—Women not wanted—Unsuitable clothes—The land girls' legs—Registration for National Service—She actually preached—A touching sight—Women learn to Marcel wave—Intelligent, enthusiastic bank clerks—Trousered women—Munition girls—Box and Cox—Pies and potatoes—Language—Odd expressions—"Smart as monkeys, but a bit too chatty."

ONE of the remarkable features of the latter years of the war was the way in which women performed the work of men who had been called up. By 1917 Britain had become a country of women, old men, young boys and children, with a sprinkling of men in khaki. From the moment that war was declared women proclaimed themselves ready to undertake any work which might be demanded of them. Before the war ended there were but few tasks, save those of fighting and of performing the duty of an ordained priest, that they did not undertake. During the first months of the war large numbers of women were occupied in charitable work, in nursing and in performing domestic duties in military hospitals. The more elderly worked in Canteens and War Supply Depôts, where they made all kinds of things from any obtainable material. Leather was scarce so linoleum was used to make the soles of hospital shoes, all odd scraps of stuff were utilized somehow, for prices of fabrics rose sharply. Whereas one had been accustomed to buy silk on the cross for certain purposes, now it was

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only sold on the straight, to avoid wasting even a corner. So changed did values become that it paid to organize a campaign to collect what formerly would have been regarded as rubbish, as for instance, empty tooth-paste tubes and the tin foil wrapping from chocolate and cigarettes. As time passed chocolate became both scarce and nasty. Cigarettes, however, could be obtained without difficulty, and the nervous strain from which we suffered explained doubtless the increased consumption of them by men and women. When material was so precious, workers at hospital depôts were instructed to weigh cotton wool by the $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. and to cut with meticulous precision the gauze used for swabs. It was well, perhaps that these workers did not know how ruthlessly the swabs themselves were wasted when they reached their destination in some busy, understaffed hospital.

The older women also looked after the welfare of the wives and children of soldiers and sailors. Practically all this work was unpaid, and always there were more people wishing for jobs than jobs for them to do. Those women who did gaze into the future and thought that they might be needed to take the place of men who would be called up, and who desired to be trained for new duties, were discouraged and advised more or less politely to attend to their own business. It was not until 1915 that any great demand for full-time paid women workers evinced itself, and by then, owing to the increased cost of living and the breaking up of homes, women who had never previously earned their living desired to work partly because they considered it right to do so, and so to free men for active service, and partly because, owing to the increased cost of living, it

WORK WHICH WOMEN DID

became necessary for them to earn something. Pressure was put on the Government to encourage the employment of women, with little result, except perhaps to hurry on a scheme for the State registration of women which had been formulated. It is worth noting that not until after the spring of 1915 were women or food " splash " page news—that is, important news to which is allotted a noticeable position—and, as the Press is supposed to have its finger on the pulse of the public, that fact is significant.

In May women protested against men being allowed to continue to do work which could be done by women. The chief objection to allowing women to undertake men's work (the only definition of that term being, apparently, work which men prefer to do) was that the employment of women, who are almost always cheap labour, would reduce the standard of men's wages. As a general rule men are paid not altogether for the actual value of their work, which differs according to their capabilities, but because it is thought that for the good of the nation they must receive what is vaguely termed " a living wage," on which it is possible to support a wife and children. A woman is not expected to have " dependents," though she often has, and so her wage is an individual, not a family wage. Also it is generally supposed that a woman can live on less than a man, so she is paid less even when she does the same kind of work as well as a man does it. So alarmed were men (and naturally so) of the result of the entry of women into men's trades that in some cases they threatened to strike if it was permitted. In one provincial city women had been engaged as tram conductors, but the men threatened to close down, and the women were called off.

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cases although the men did not go to these lengths they refused to teach the women, so making it impossible to employ them.

In the early spring of 1915 farmers were already fearful with regard to shortage of labour. Letters appeared in the papers drawing attention to their difficulties. One complained that his horses were standing idle because there was no one to drive and attend to them, another that he would have to give up cow-keeping, as he could not obtain milkers. They were, however, strongly opposed to employing women, and demanded that little boys should be released from school to work on the land, and this to a limited extent was permitted. In a debate in the House of Commons and in the course of various other discussions silly references were made to "pretty milkmaids," and it was stated that women did not want to do farm work, they "wanted to dress up and play the piano." Women were objected to because their clothes were not suitable. At that time skirts were long and women when they did field work drabbled about in muddied petticoats which cramped their movements and added to the fatigue of their tasks. It did not seem to occur to the wiseacres who objected to their dress that it was possible, as was done later, to suit the clothes to the occupation.

So scarce was agricultural labour that by June sanction was given for the use of German prisoners on agricultural work, and in the summer vacation schoolboys and college girls went on to the land, preparing the way for the land girls, who, with their bobbed heads, breeches, thick boots and smocks, at first shocked the sensibilities and then captured the affections of the country folk. Slowly but



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

A MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY.

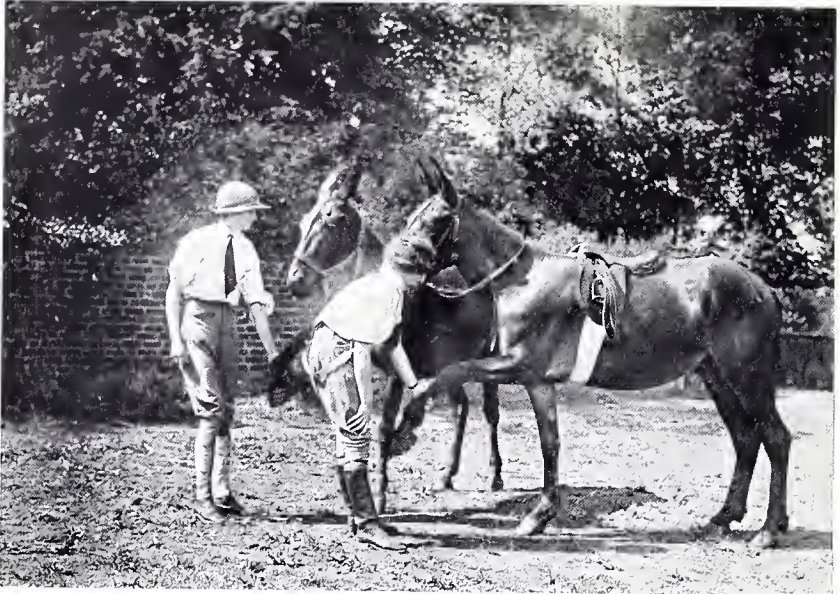
The horses much appreciated the gentle handling of these girls.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

THE WOOD-GIRL.

Forestry workers marking trees for cross cuts.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

WOMEN TRAIN HORSES AND MULES FOR MILITARY WORK.

It was said that even the army mule responded kindly to these pretty horse breakers.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

HAYMAKING IN WAR TIME.

Members of the Woman's Forage Corps feeding a hay baler.

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surely the mental attitude of the public changed, and in 1917, this change made it possible for two land girls on leave, wearing their uniform, to enter a smart London restaurant, order as good a dinner as food scarcity permitted and sit unconcernedly smoking their cigarettes until it was served. This attitude of mind was not, however, universal, and an old, decrepit male who acted as doorkeeper in a certain Ministry incurred sharp reproof because he was found sniggering and making rude comments behind the back of a land girl who visited the Ministry on some business.

The registration of women for National Service stilled for the time being the growing dissatisfaction of those who wished to work but could get no work to do, but by July, when it was said that although 87,000 had registered work had been found for but 2332, the clamour burst out again. Those who carried out the registration found that women greatly disliked giving their ages, and the uneducated were suspicious as to the reason for this activity. It was thought by some that registered women would be forced to fight, by others that registration had some connection with prohibition. The true reason of it was to find out what reserve of female labour, trained or untrained, would be available if required. As actual openings presented themselves notice was to be given through the Labour Exchanges.

By now the public were beginning to be accustomed to the idea of women doing men's work. Why it should have seemed so strange to them is difficult to realize, considering that some women did then work on the land, especially in market gardens, and performed, and always had performed, all sorts of hard and some-

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times repulsive tasks, such as preparing catgut amidst disgusting surroundings, scrubbing out great offices and halls, washing up in ill-ventilated and ill-equipped eating-houses, making matches and suffering from phossy jaw and working in china manufactories and so contracting lead poisoning. The truth is that when it was considered impossible or at all events inadvisable for women to do men's work it was educated women of the better-to-do classes that the don't-let-women-work folk had in mind. Owing to the numbers of young clergy who were serving as "Padres" on the various fronts, it was suggested that women might become preachers, but it was not until the summer of 1916 that permission was given for women to speak in Anglican churches, and then they were only to address women and girls. That a woman might have something of value to say to men regarding the spiritual life was unthinkable. A Bishop was reported by the Press to have said, "You will hardly believe it, but I found a woman last Sunday preaching in one of our churches!" Many protests were made by clergy and laity against women preaching, but the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to publish a ruling, and left the matter to be decided by the Bishop of each diocese.

On Saturday, July 17th, 1915, a pouring wet day, a procession of 30,000 women, organized by the suffrage societies, paraded London to force upon the attention of the public their demand to be employed in order to free men for the army. "We demand the right to serve," was inscribed upon their banners. Both public and politicians had now changed their tone, and these thousands of rain-soaked women were described as a

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“touching sight.” “Their spirit is splendid,” said the Press, which was not what it had said about processions organized by suffragettes in former years. Mr. Lloyd George declared, “This procession will educate public opinion.” Possibly it did, or more probably it was stern necessity which educated it, for it was becoming more and more tiresome to wait a long time for everything from a railway ticket to a cup of tea in a tea-shop, to find that the baker had not brought the bread because he was too busy owing to shortage of staff, or that, for the same reason, the laundry had not fetched the washing, whilst the middle classes, heavily hit by the increased income tax and cost of living, were thankful that their daughters should find some paid war work which helped to keep the family pot boiling.

By now the men of Kitchener’s armies—those who had survived—were old soldiers and the 4th Derby group was due to be called up, and so quickly did events move that by the winter of 1915 2000 women were employed as shell-makers in one shop in Birmingham alone, and 4500 women had been engaged for postal work in London, and more were required. Girl hair-dressers were being trained by the London County Council and proved extremely successful, although previously it had been said that women were incapable of learning Marcel waving. The L.C.C. were also teaching odd jobs to women who could no longer be certain of finding a plumber, carpenter, gas man or electrician ready to work for them. The Home Office had a scheme to mobilize and train 150,000 girls to replace clerks, although of female bank clerks it was said that “in spite of their intelligent enthusiasm they were unable to make

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up entirely for the ability and experience of the men." It would have been strange if they had, as the men for the most part had had the advantage of long training and the girls were newly-engaged amateurs.

On the other hand, the then Chairman of the London City and Midland Bank said, "Every half year we close doors at three, and at seven I have the half year's profits in my hands. This year we have lost 1800 men clerks and substituted 1300 women, and the figures were finished only one hour late."

In February 1916 the Marconi Company trained women, and a story appeared in some newspaper of a lady who had become an omnibus conductor and walked five miles from her home to be in time for the 5.20 a.m. 'bus. Later a newspaper article appeared objecting to women in trousers then worn by those who were undertaking duties which it would have been difficult or dangerous to perform in skirts. The mentality of persons who would prefer a woman to wear a skirt rather than trousers or breeches and a tunic when hoeing turnips, loading hay, clearing out a pig-sty, cleaning windows or working in a munition factory is difficult to understand. So comfortable did women find their two-legged dress that some land girls preferred to wear their breeches when off duty and were reported to their superior officers for so doing. These ladies refused to interfere, their opinion being that the dress was a decent and honourable uniform which the public should respect as it respected the uniform of the soldier. In munition works there was at first some difficulty about trousers, for the women were very sensitive to any ridicule from the men. It took some time to popularize them, chiefly



Photo. Photopress.

SIGNING ON FOR MUNITION WORK.

There came the time when women were asked "to save their country," yet there was still a feeling that it would be dangerous to allow them the Parliamentary vote.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

UNIFORMED FIRE-WOMEN.

Fire drill in munition works.

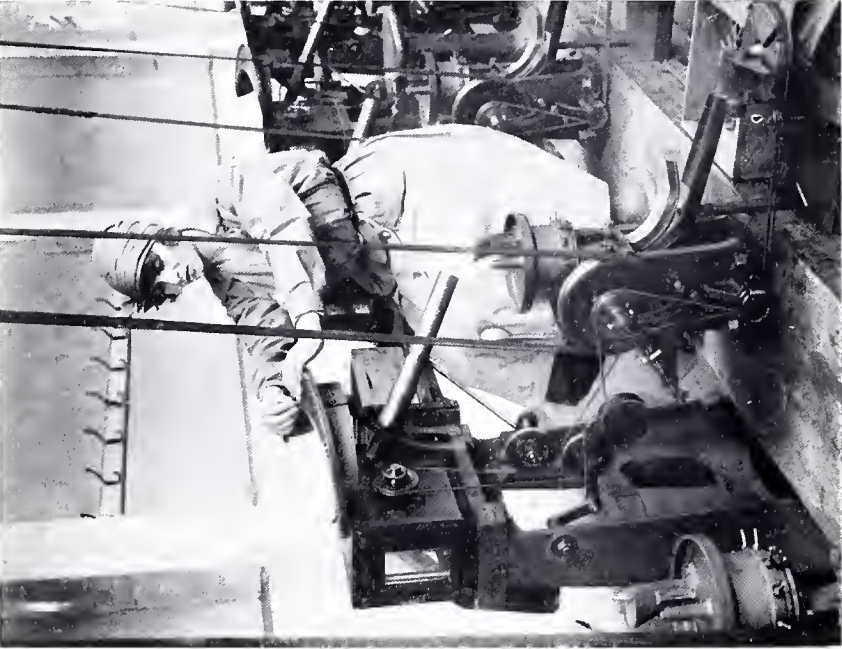


Photo. Imperial War Museum.

THE MUNITIONETTE.

Operating an automatic cartridge-machine in a munition factory. A male fitter said that these girls were "clever as monkeys but a bit too chatty."

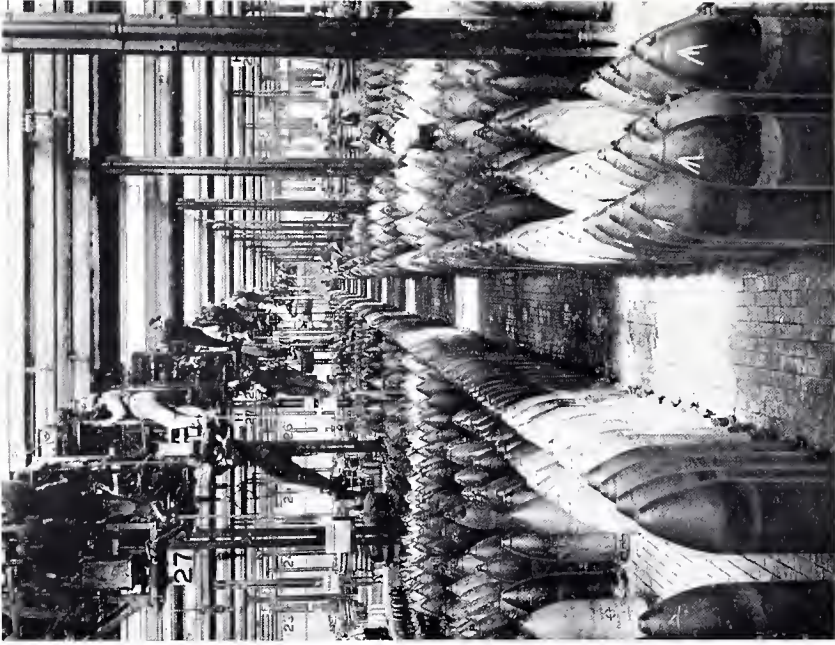


Photo. Imperial War Museum.

THE DEATH MANUFACTORY.

Women operating cranes at a shell filling factory.

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because the men laughed about them and also because some of the older women thought them indecent.

An elderly woman in a munitions factory refused to put on the trousered uniform, but as she was an old employee of the firm she was allowed to continue her work in her skirt and blouse. Much to the surprise of the supervisor, on the day when the King visited that town and there was a parade of munition workers the good lady appeared spick and span in regulation uniform. "Why, Mrs. Dash!" said the supervisor, "you've got your trousers on." "Yes," said Mrs. Dash severely, "I'm a loyal woman, I am; I put 'em on to please the King, but I'll take 'em off again to-morrer!"

The women also at first refused to use the goggles which were so necessary to protect their sight when performing certain tasks, and made a great fuss about wearing caps to protect their hair. Until it became the habit for women to work in uniform, accidents happened owing to their hair or skirts being caught in the machinery. Sometimes it was impossible to prevent these, and at other times they came about because the girls would not attend to the rules framed to ensure their own safety, for they were as careless as they were plucky. A supervisor reported that she saw a girl who had had a finger cut off walk calmly to the ambulance-room holding the finger in position. So bad were conditions in numbers of munition works in the earlier months of war that they could not be tolerated, and the Minister of Munitions decided that prompt measures must be taken to better them. "The workers of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow . . . the women of Britain are required to save Britain: it is for Britain to protect them," he said.

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A Departmental Committee was appointed, and on their recommendation a Welfare and Health Department was established. A panel of trained candidates for welfare posts was afterwards created, these officers after engagement becoming responsible to their employers and not to the Ministry.

Girls of fourteen were accepted for ordinary munition work, but "young persons" of under eighteen were not permitted to do night work. Many of the women did extremely dangerous work, as for example when working in T.N.T. and in shell-filling shops. Their courage was great and they remained calm even during air raids. Hours differed in various factories. In some the shifts were nominally twelve hours; in others three shifts of eight hours each were worked. In one great munition works the girls came in at 7 o'clock in the morning and were supposed to work until 7 o'clock in the evening, but in order to prevent them from leaving the works at the same hour as the men, and the consequent overcrowding of trams, they went out at 6.30 o'clock. Beginning work at 7 o'clock, they were granted ten minutes at 8 o'clock for a cup of tea. As a matter of fact the girls almost always managed to spin this ten minutes into twenty, and they were absurdly fastidious about the tea, which, as the management gave it, was regarded with grave suspicion. In any case, however, many of the girls preferred to bring cocoa, or Oxo, or Bovril, as they had already had tea before coming to work. After this break work went on until 12 o'clock, when there was an hour for dinner. Possibly there was a rule forbidding the eating of dinner in the shops; but at all events many of the girls did eat their dinners there, just wiping their

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greasy hands with a greasy rag and eating their food under the most undesirable conditions.

Some supervisors considered that it would have been of benefit to the workers if stricter discipline had been observed in the shops, and that men and girls should never have been allowed to stay in them during the dinner hour. On one occasion a supervisor reported that she found one of her girls and a male fitter eating their dinner and in the intervals of so doing hugging each other affectionately. She suggested as tactfully as she could that this was scarcely the time and place for such a display of affection. The girl looked up at her with a sweet smile, hugged her fitter a little closer, and remarked with charming frankness, "But A' loikes it." The fitter, however, was more modest, looked sheepish, and departed.

From 1 o'clock work went on until 4 or 4.30, and then came half an hour for tea. After tea until 6.30 the hands were tired and became slack, and very little work was done. At night the girls came in at 6.30 or 7, working till 10 or 11 o'clock, when they had an hour off for supper. Their tea-time came some hours later, and at 4 o'clock in the morning a cup of tea was provided by the firm. Here again supervisors found that after 4 o'clock tea very little real work was done, and one can scarcely wonder at it. When women first began to flock into munition works there were no canteens and no arrangements were made for the girls to heat the food they brought with them, and the general conditions under which they worked were most comfortless. Lodgings were difficult to obtain, and perhaps six girls would sleep at night in one room and six others in the same room

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during the day, so that beds were never properly aired or the rooms cleaned. Later hostels were built and canteens provided, but still a large number of girls preferred to bring their own food, and so arrangements were made for reheating it.

Up in the North pies made in saucers and baked potatoes were the favourite meal by night and by day, and when there was any idea that a girl had not got her own pie she always showed the deepest suspicion of what might be in the other girl's pie. Eyes would flash and hands would clench, tempers would rise, and many were the complaints to the supervisor: "She's taken my pie. I'm not going to eat her pie—I don't know what's in her pie!" They also insisted on having their own potatoes, and a favourite method of marking the potato was to stick a hatpin into it. Although the firm supplied tea, many girls brought their own, and more quarrels took place because the girls accused each other of "nicking" each other's "pots" of tea—"pots" being the local term for mugs, most of which were of identical pattern.

In all munition factories there was a great mingling of classes, and girls of the educated classes were surprised at the bad language used. Some gave the palm for this kind of eloquence to the North-country girl, others considered it to be deserved by some of the young ladies of Wales. Often this bad language was nothing but a habit, and meant no more than when girls of more refinement say "bother" and "dash" and "hang," though as a matter of fact war conditions had a bad effect on the language even of the educated worker, which became decidedly free and more vehement than refined.



Photo. Inquirer 11 to Museum.

WOMEN WAR WORKERS PREPARING ASBESTOS MILLBOARDS.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

HARD WORK FOR A WOMAN.

A gas worker carrying a hundredweight sack of coke.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

WOMEN AND THE PAINT POT.

Women painters at work on a railway bridge.

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A supervisor who was attending on a man who had come to mend the electric lights in a girls' cloak-room describes how a girl came in, and not seeing the "Lady Sympathiser" as she was sometimes called, smiled prettily at the electrician, but addressed him in words which were anything but pretty. Later the "super" said to her, "Maggie, how could you talk like that?" Maggie smiled. "Oh, well, I didn't see you were there." "That's not the point. The point is that it ought to be beneath your dignity to use such bad language." "I never use bad language," replied Maggie furiously, and then, for she was fond of her super, her fury died down and she began to cry. "I *never* use bad language," she sobbed. "I wouldn't do it. That was only swearing!" the difference between swearing and "bad language" being that swearing was "just swearing," while bad language was what she described as "filthy talk."

It was very necessary to know the meaning of the words in popular use in various localities, otherwise supervisor and worker were apt to misunderstand each other. For instance, in some places to say that a girl is "ignorant" means that she does not "know her manners"—does not know how to behave, not that she is ignorant from the point of view of book learning. In the North, if a supervisor remonstrated with a girl, no matter how gently, that was "chastising." A girl who was spoken to about some quite trivial matter replied: "Yes, you were perfectly right to chastise me about that."

In London and South-country places to be a woman of "good principle" has a special meaning. Speaking of a woman who had behaved very badly, a supervisor said

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she was a person of bad principles. Another woman said, "No, whatever she was, she wasn't that; she always paid her rent regular." In the North the girls had some very quaint expressions: "How are you to-day, Jinny?" "The doctor says I'm suffering from a proper perishment of cold!" At another time the reply to a similar query would be, "Oh, super, I'm not feeling at all clever to-day." A disease from which many of the girls declared they suffered was what they called "brass on the stomach," but what this disease was a North-country supervisor was quite unable to discover. In spite of the ailments from which the women workers suffered, they had an extraordinary amount of energy both for work and for play.

At this time the girls in these particular works on the Tyneside earned anything from 25s. to £5 a week. They spent a considerable amount on food, and needed it. They also spent lavishly on their clothes, and very well dressed many of them were, in smartly-cut tailor-mades of carefully chosen colour, with hat and blouse, gloves and stockings all to match, and particularly neat boots or shoes, and not only did they spend on their outer clothes, but their underclothes were in the best of taste. Naturally there were exceptions. Some of the girls were dirty and loaded themselves with tawdry finery; but undoubtedly if munition girls spent more than perhaps it was wise that they should spend on clothes, their standard of taste and of cleanliness became noticeably higher. The munition girls were nicknamed munitionettes, and a male fitter described them as being as "smart as monkeys, but a bit too chatty."

CHAPTER IX

MORE AND MORE WOMEN ARE WANTED

Aeroplane workers—Post Office workers—The breezy waitress—In the bakery trade—Saviours of their country, but not fit to vote—The aeroplane hastener—Sugar clerks—Rude taxi men—Sworn in under the official Secrets Act—A bow and a smile—The W.R.N.S. intelligence officer and the surrender of the German Fleet—The W.A.A.C.'s—The Women's Legion—The W.A.A.C. at home and abroad—A well-conducted army—The R.A.F.'s—The Nursing Services—V.A.D. Experiences—A happiness which many had not known before.

By the summer of 1916 so much needed were women workers that articles about our idle girls and our women slackers appeared in the papers. In August thousands of aeroplane workers were required and more and more girls were trained for omnibus and tram work. Almost all the London omnibuses were conducted by neat, efficient little women in blue uniforms and hats turned up at one side, who treated their passengers much as fond but severe mothers treat their schoolboy sons, and showed themselves extremely plucky on the occasion of an air raid. The tubes and trams, the latter both in London and in the country, were also worked to a considerable extent by women.

The Post Office had by now absorbed 25,000 girls in place of the men who had joined up, and many of these women were publicly thanked for their bravery and devotion to duty during air raids. A large number of

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girls were also employed as cooks, clerks and cleaners in military hospitals, and the L.C.C. was giving lessons at 7s. 6d. the course to women who wished to be waitresses in clubs and hotels. Even in clubs of the most conservative order women took the place of men, much to the consternation of certain old gentlemen on whom they waited, who were quite unaccustomed to their somewhat breezy style. A number of women had become policewomen and women patrols, and did excellent work in munition areas, at railway stations and other places, and were also employed to examine passports and search for contraband.

The bakery trade had been so depleted of its male workers that permission was given to employ women, but they were not allowed to work at night, though no such restrictions were made in munition works. In the January of 1917, although many women were employed in making munitions, there was still a considerable opposition to their presence in the "shops." But as at that time the need for ammunition was so urgent, the Government demanded that more women should be employed and threatened to refuse contracts to firms which did not avail themselves of female labour. Yet in Nottingham in certain trades men were still protesting against the employment of women. They said that from their point of view it was a failure, but the Government inspectors said it had not been given a fair trial. When women were introduced for dock work the male dockers threatened to strike. But generally the men were kind enough to admit that though they objected to women as workers they had no fault to find with them "as women." Whilst women were being called upon to "save their country,"



Photo. Topical Press Agency.

WOMEN TURN TO AND DRIVE DELIVERY VANS.

We should have fared ill without women such as this.



Photo. Photopress.

WOMEN RAILWAY OFFICIALS ON THE UNDERGROUND.

On raid nights these women behaved with much courage and set an excellent example.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

THE WINDOW CLEANER.

This is one of the many girls who cleaned our windows after all the men cleaners were called up.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

SWEEP : SWEEP.

Our black-faced friend has gone to the war so his wife takes his place.

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indignant protests were still made when it was suggested that they should be granted the right to vote. By their work and their general attitude towards affairs it was admitted that they might save the nation, but were they allowed to vote they would surely ruin it.

A girl who had learned shorthand and typing and during these years was working at the Air Ministry, then housed in De Keyser's Hotel on the Embankment, describes how she with others inhabited a most insanitary room without any direct outside ventilation, in which the electric light had to be used all day. Most of the women working under her direction were ladies, amongst them two charming Australians. There was also a lovely lady whose clothes excited the envious disapproval of the whole female establishment, and a stout girl, the daughter of a rich person engaged in some theatrical business, who spent all her wages on elaborate pyjamas, which she brought to the office and displayed during the lunch hour.

When the Ministry was moved to the Hotel Cecil, this same girl worked as a Hastener. She had to order all the different parts of aeroplanes and try everywhere to get any missing part from any works which dealt in such things, and by continual harassing get them delivered up to time.

She found, as she expressed it, that the men with whom she came in contact were "very ready to be saucy," but "altered their attitude if they found you didn't appreciate it." Aspiring "temporary gentlemen" (a much-used and rather objectionable term) more than once invited her to sup at a certain restaurant, which was not quite the style of resort to which she was

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accustomed. Out of a liking for adventure she accepted one of these invitations, and when her young host had realized that love-making was not required, found him to be a lonely and extremely intelligent boy who had been badly wounded and was thankful to make friends with a decent girl.

This Hastener was, in the early part of 1918, put in charge of a large staff of clerks, but never earned more than £3 a week. Apropos of wages, it was supposed often that women earned enormous sums. In April 1917 large numbers of munition workers were earning only £1 for a forty-eight-hour week. Their wages, owing to the cost of living, which was then 94 per cent. above 1914 prices, were raised to 24s. At a factory some distance from a town a girl gave her budget: Fares to and fro, 5s.; housing and part board, sharing a room with two other girls, 12s.; insurance, 3d.; leaving, out of the £1 but 2s. 9d. a week for all other food, clothes and general expenses.

Thousands of the young girl clerks employed in sugar registration in London were paid £1 per week, and by the end of the war many supervisors in Government, commercial and industrial employment did not receive more than £2 10s. per week, although at the time of the Armistice food cost 133 per cent. more than in 1914.

Throughout this time women were still pressing to be allowed to drive taxi-cabs, but it was thought that they could not deal with luggage. A glance at some of the illustrations in this book causes one to smile at this suggestion: also one might have thought that travellers could have reduced the size and weight of their baggage and themselves have helped to handle it. It was also

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objected that as taxi-drivers they would be exposed to unpleasantness at night. Nevertheless girls were acting then as military chauffeurs in France and were often required to drive men officers not only at night, but also for several days at a time, sleeping where and how they could.

Meanwhile taxi-drivers became more independent and rude, and the papers were full of complaints of their conduct, the result being that at length a few women did obtain licences.

From 1917 onwards the Women's Armies were a great feature of war life. The first of the armies was the Land Army, then followed the W.R.N.S.'s (Women's Royal Naval Service), with their punning motto "Never at Sea." The original staff were chiefly composed of V.A.D.'s who had worked at Devonshire House with the newly-appointed Naval Director. The Navy, a very conservative service, was somewhat startled by the idea of a woman's section, for "Wrens," as they were nicknamed, not only filled the posts of cooks, waitresses and housemaids, but were also employed in important confidential work. This occasioned some alarm amongst officers, who feared that they would give away secret information, a fear which, as far as is publicly known, did not materialize into a fact. The women acted as wireless telegraphists, as coders and decoders of naval messages, as naval writers, electricians, gas-drill instructors and in a dozen other capacities and were sworn in under the Official Secrets Act.

Had anyone suggested in 1914 that uniformed women would be going about the great naval ports carrying out their manifold duties in a matter-of-course fashion, that

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prophet would certainly have been unhonoured in his own or any other country. The W.R.N.S. being the first of the women services of its kind, their organizers had the pick of the market, their discipline was admirable and the work they did invaluable. Their Director ranked as an admiral, and naval officers were required to salute all W.R.N.S. officers, who, according to regulations, were to acknowledge such salutes by "a bow and a smile." Very neat did the officers look in their dark blue coats and skirts, turn-down collars and ties, and three-corner hats with badge in front. The ratings were also dressed in blue, with sailor collars and small round hats, over which were worn at due seasons white drill covers. It was not easy at that time to obtain reliable material, and the dye came off the serge used for the ratings' uniforms, and they declared that they could not bend their feet in their boots. The officers were allowed £20 for uniform allowance, but this, it was said, did not cover the cost.

So widely different were the duties that, still keeping their sailor collars, but clad in suitable washing dresses and caps, the W.R.N.S.'s entirely replaced the day shift in the bakeries of the R.N. barracks at Chatham, whilst it was a W.R.N.S. intelligence officer through whose hands passed the signals leading up to the surrender of the German ships when our fleet sailed to rendezvous with the German fleet and bring it back to captivity in the Forth.

It became eventually quite the thing for young naval officers to possess a relative in the W.R.N.S., though it is said when the force was first formed youths whose sisters, cousins and aunts enlisted in it were somewhat shy of proclaiming that fact.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

V. A. D. AMBULANCE DRIVERS.

A V.A.D. attending to the engine of her motor ambulance before going to meet a hospital train.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

AN OFFICER OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE.

A W.R.N.S. officer giving gas-mask instruction. The "Wrens," as they were generally known, performed every kind of duty from cooking to coding and decoding confidential messages.

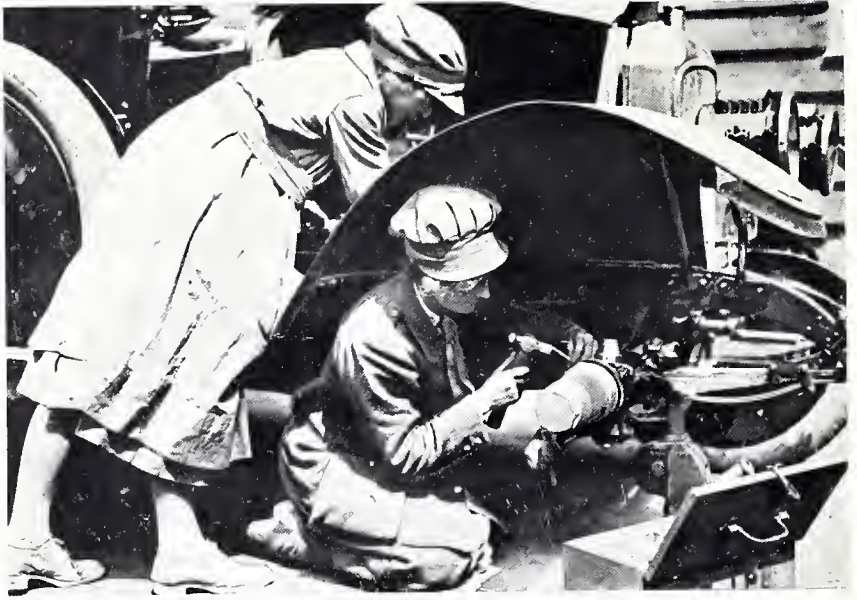


Photo. Imperial War Museum

W.A.A.C FITTERS REPAIRING A MOTOR CAR.



Photo. Topical Press Agency.

ON THEIR WAY TO FRANCE.

A detachment of the W.A.A.C.'s marching from their headquarters to the station.

MORE WOMEN ARE WANTED

The W.A.A.C. (Women's Auxiliary Army Corps) was the next army to be recruited. Its history is intermingled with that of the Women's Legion, which was formed with a view to the substitution of women for men as cooks and waitresses in the Army, and in convalescent hospitals, base depôts, rest camps and officers' messes. There was also a Motor Transport Section and various other sections, all of which did admirable work.

The first two sections formed the nucleus of the W.A.A.C. when that corps was founded in February 1917. Women from the Legion were first officially employed with the Army on August 3rd, 1915, as cooks and on February 26th, 1916, as instructors in military schools of cookery and in military hospitals. In February 1917 they were employed as motor drivers. Towards the end of 1916 it was considered if women could be employed with the Army overseas, and the decision was made to inaugurate the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps. On March 13th, 1917, they were enrolled, and on April 4th a number of women were sent to France. They were engaged to serve for duration, or not less than one year. Applicants applied to the Labour Bureau, then came before a Selection Board and a Medical Board: if sent abroad they were inoculated and vaccinated.

The W.A.A.C.'s were generally housed in hostels, and wore a khaki uniform. The age for home service was from eighteen years, but for overseas no one under twenty was accepted. Their hours of work were much the same as in the Army. At the time of the Armistice there were 1058 controllers and administrators, 8529 members serving abroad and 30,155 at home: a grand total of 39,742.

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On April 9th, 1918, as a mark of Her Majesty's appreciation, the Queen was generously pleased to assume the position and title of Commandant-in-Chief of the Corps. On May 1st, 1920, this army ceased to exist, to the deep regret of most of those who had served in it.

So strange to the French was the idea of a woman's army that at one time reports of the conduct of members of the W.A.A.C. were of such a nature that it was thought advisable to make official inquiry into the matter. The W.A.A.C. was reported to be a well-conducted body of young women. Certainly those who saw them at home were impressed generally by their good discipline and dignified behaviour. It was, for instance, a pleasant sight at Folkestone, where a large number were housed in a hotel on the Lees of the bomb-stricken town, to watch them drill, and later in the day to see parties of khaki-clad girls and blue-uniformed wounded soldiers or men from overseas who were waiting to go to the front chatting together, the girls more often than not occupied in the most unsoldier-like task of making crochet lace.

The last of the Women's Armies was that attached to the Royal Air Force, the title of the combined Royal Naval Air Force and the Royal Flying Corps when they were amalgamated in April 1918. But before the amalgamation women were employed to assist the work of the Air Force. On March 4th, 1918, there were 8403 women employed as clerks, storeswomen, sail-makers, fitters, riggers, mechanical transport drivers and cooks.

The W.R.N.S. uniform was neat and sedate, the W.A.A.C. uniform serviceable and that of the Air Force women decidedly ornamental.

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Although they were not officially termed an army, the members of the Nursing Services and the V.A.D.'s earned the respect of their country for their devoted work during those terrible years. Trained, partially trained and untrained, officially or otherwise, they worked at home, on hospital ships, on hospital trains, in France, Italy, Gibraltar, Malta, Salonica, East Africa, Mesopotamia and India, and in Serbia, Poland and Belgium.

On the outbreak of war there were 463 trained nurses of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, and of the Territorial Force Nursing Service 2783. By August 1918, at the time when the numbers were highest, there were 7835 trained and 4958 untrained and partially trained women in the first named, and 4886 and 5350 respectively in the second-named service.

In 1914 the British Red Cross, St. John's Ambulance Association and Brigade and the County Associations (men and women) numbered 2354; in April 1920 122,766. The V.A.D., in her dark blue coat and armband, her prim little hat, for which later on a becoming little cap was substituted, and carrying her attaché case became as familiar a war figure as the wounded soldier in his blue suit and red tie and the cigarette without which he did not seem complete.

It is interesting to read once more the letters of V.A.D.'s which were written during the war, and from which we may obtain some idea of their varied duties and points of view. "Some years before the crash 'a certain activity' had been shown in Red Cross matters. I began my V.A.D. work about a year after the outbreak of war. Naturally I supposed that with so many young and strong volunteers elderly women would not be

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required. But as the more competent V.A.D.'s learned their work they, together with the best stamp of regular nurses, volunteered for work at the front. There was a deep sense of unrest and excitement, that had a particularly unsettling effect on the younger women of the nation, and this caused certain difficulties in the discipline of hospitals as elsewhere, especially in general hospitals such as ours, for the V.A.D. all desired to nurse soldiers and were very bored when required to look after women and children. Matrons of ordinary hospitals, accustomed to a rigid system, found it difficult to handle voluntary workers, whom at first they distrusted. Class feeling also came in, and for a while in some hospitals the voluntary help did not work well. Of course this was not generally the case, and when nurses of character and experience began to come home from the front and overseas, invalided, and after cure took up less exacting positions at home things grew better, and also the nation as a whole steadied itself, but for a while in certain localities there was trouble. It was owing to this that a certain number of elderly V.A.D.'s were recruited, especially for night duty, in our town hospital.

"I shall not easily forget the fatigue from which I suffered. No longer young and having recently recovered from an operation, the mere fact of turning night into day upset me, and oh! the food in that hospital, how abominable it was! Undoubtedly the English are not a nation of cooks, rather, I think, are they a nation of spoilers of good food.

"My fatigue was intensified by having to come to hospital by train (we were no longer able to keep any kind of conveyance) and to return home in the same way.

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And trains were few and far between. After a time I took lodgings in the town for my spells of duty, which made it easier, but often I was so tired that I have felt that I should be obliged when my night ended to crawl out of the ward on my hands and knees. I can imagine Sister's face had she met me doing so.

“The terrible suffering of some of those I nursed added to my exhaustion. I think that the uncomplaining bravery of the men made it all the more heart-breaking. Probably had I been trained I could have endured it better, for after a time if one is to do one's work one is forced to become less sensitive. I look back on that time with such a loathing of war that remembrance becomes almost physical pain.”

“The hospital in our local town was prepared to receive soldiers quite early in the war. V.A.D.'s were told off to work here and at another hospital improvised in a house not far off. A large country house and another town one were placed at the service of the Red Cross, and these too were served by V.A.D.'s. This system of re-duplicating hospitals, many of them being established in town and country houses that could only take a dozen or so cases and were also structurally unsuitable, was wasteful in many ways, especially in the staff required, for skilful as many V.A.D.'s became, there had to be at least one highly trained professional Sister for day and one for night duty in each institution—often skilled staff nurses as well—and as the war went on and the shortage of professional nurses became apparent there was a growing tendency to shut these smaller voluntary hospitals and concentrate the wounded in the larger estab-

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lishments and in hospitals built for the purpose. There were advantages and disadvantages in this. Doubtless for the more severe and dangerous cases it was better to be in central hospitals, where specialists in every branch of medicine and the most up-to-date appliances were always available, but those patients who had to endure a long convalescence were, I think, far better off in the smaller, public or private, hospitals. I paid a visit to a man who had been moved from our District Hospital to an enormous Military Hospital. The place was like a town of gloomy low buildings. I believe 4000 patients were lodged there, and as far as I could make out (and I hope I am wrong) the only recreation of any sort provided was four billiard-tables. My friend was a volunteer, a young artisan and athlete from the North, wounded in the foot—one of those lingering injuries causing much present pain and lasting disability. In our hospital he had always been smiling and gay, ready to help anyone in any way that his wounds permitted and eager to use his clever hands for any craft work or embroidery we could provide. He, like many others, delighted in working in cross-stitch the most elaborate belts adorned with regimental badges and mottoes. At the Military Hospital I found him sitting by his bed and crutches in a long, rather dismal ward. ‘What do you do here?’ I asked. ‘There’s nothing to do here but get on your feet and salute officers as they pass,’ was the answer. He was far from all friends, unable to walk out or get any change of scene and ideas.

“And hard by there were thousands who might have been asked to do something to brighten the deadly tedium of such lives as his. I do not know if it is a

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fact, but was told that on purpose to avoid too much visiting on the part of relations men were very seldom sent to hospitals near their homes. We had many patients from the north of Scotland, and wives were sometimes given passes to come and visit wounded husbands, but of course such visits were rare. If this disposition of patients was intentional, I think it was a harsh thing and no more needful than in the case of ordinary civilian hospitals in peace-time."

"Before I went to cook in the hospital and was only canteening (how I did hate cleaning those beastly urns and the eternal washing up!) I used to go to knitting and sewing and bandage-making parties. I made friends with —— over a khaki scarf. Then I went to do kitchen work in an officers' hospital. Four of us slept in an attic, and we had to get up at six. It was hard work, but quite fun, because I liked the people. There were no food restrictions there, everything was lavish. I never remember the least difficulty in getting anything we asked for. It used to be said that all the best cuts of meat went to the East End and the West End got the offal, but certainly that hospital got as much as it needed of everything. People used to send things from the country—game and rabbits and hares. Never shall I forget the first time I had to skin and clean hares—I've never been able to look a hare or a rabbit in the face since. I was sick three times before I finished them. After that I used to pay one of the boy scouts who came to help to deal with them.

"We had no set meals, and used to eat in the kitchen when we felt hungry. We could have mealed in the

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staff-room, but we never seemed to be done at the right time. Ours was a horrid kitchen, with a skylight, and in summer as hot as the infernal regions. The 'donkey' was in it to make it hotter, and, would you believe it, the dressings used to be carried through the kitchen and burnt in that donkey! Wasn't that foul? I don't know why I took up kitchen work. I think it was because I knew ——, who was the head cook, and I hated the idea of nursing. I don't know how —— learned to cook. I think she had taught herself as she went along out of a cookery book, except for the little she learned in another hospital, and I didn't know anything, but I soon learned, and became second cook, and really I think we cooked rather well, though it used to make me feel anxious when —— had her evening off and I was left in command. I've had a fellow feeling for cooks and kitchenmaids ever since I worked in that kitchen, where nothing was done to make anything easy. After about a year I began to get flat-footed, and then I had appendicitis, so it was some time before I could work again."

"Looking back on my time as a V.A.D. in hospital, I think it was the happiest time I ever spent, for it was all so worth while. The men who suffered did so because of their wonderful heroism, not just because they had caught a cold and it had turned to pneumonia or because they had been run over in the street. And no matter how tired one was, what horrible things one had to do, it was worth while to work until one could work no longer if what one did, whether it was scrubbing or cooking or bandaging or taking temperatures and



Photo, Photopress

THE WOMAN TRAM CONDUCTOR.

The tramway, the omnibus and the railway companies all employed large numbers of women, without whose services transport must have come to a standstill.



Photo, Photopress

THE GIRL BUS CONDUCTOR.

The bus conductor in her blue uniform, gaiters and turned up hat, kept their passengers in good order and behaved with great courage during air raids.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

W.R.N.S. WOMEN TESTING MINES BY AIR PRESSURE.
 These women acted as cooks, waitresses, signallers, instructors, naval writers and in various other capacities. They were sworn under the Official Secrets Act.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

IN GOGGLES, CAP AND OVERALL.
 Acetylene welding in aeroplane works.

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serving meals, was helping to make things a little better."

"When I was V.A.D.-ing I began in a small country hospital. I was nineteen, very carefully brought up and severely chaperoned. So you may imagine that the war seemed to open a new world to me. I passed suddenly from being the kind of girl I was to being a little person who spent her time in a hospital freeing from lice the uniforms of the soldiers who were brought in! That was *my* job. Later I worked in the wards, when I had quite a success, for I received proposals from a policeman, a butcher and a milkman."

"My eldest sister was one of the first women to go and work in a munition factory. I believe that the Government trained the first ten ladies to take up that work at Woolwich, but I am not quite certain about this. The second was an ambulance driver in France. I went to work as a kitchenmaid in a hospital and soon became an assistant cook. The saucepans were so heavy when full that I could scarcely lift them, and I let one fall and scalded my foot. We were two in the kitchen during my day, but outside V.A.D.'s came in shifts to do the cleaning. It was part of our duty to leave foods ready for the night staff, and the wretches used to leave saucepans dirty and splashes of food all about. It was an officers' hospital, and the meals were quite elaborate. Sometimes our steamed puddings went soggy, and we quickly made custard instead. One day we were having whiting for everyone, and I took the tray full of them and let it fall, and they slid all over the floor, and their

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eyeholes all looked at me so reproachfully that I laughed and laughed and laughed before I could pick them all up again. Some of the patients were pernicketty, and no wonder, poor dears! One man sent word to say that he couldn't eat poached eggs, so we poached *his* egg in a little pipkin, and he said that way of cooking eggs was delicious. When fish was dreadfully dear and there was a shortage of potatoes we put some rice in the fish cakes, and a note came down on one tray addressed to 'Madam the Cook.' 'Fish rissoles should be made of fish,' was the message. I sent a note in return: 'Sir, perhaps you have not observed that we are at war and there is a food shortage.'

"The poor man had had a leg off and was wounded in the head, so if anyone knew what war was he did. I found this out afterwards, but in the answer to my note all he said was: 'Dear me, is that so?'

"I used to go out and do some of the buying, and sometimes I went to Covent Garden. One day far away I heard a cry of 'Meat . . . me-e-e-t,' and suddenly the place was alive with cats purring and waving their tails. A little man with a basket came along throwing bits of meat, and as each cat got his piece he ran away back to his own stall with it. I wonder if the cats were rationed?

"The nursing staff rather looked down upon us 'kitchen people.' But I never could have been a nurse: it would have worried me to death, and as far as I could see it was just as important to feed men as to nurse them. We kitchen people sometimes thought that some of the nursing staff did too much nursing—'the hand-holding, bathe-your-head kind,' you know!"

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In an interesting account of V.A.D. work, published in a pamphlet issued by the W.R.N.S. at the end of their service, a lady who worked at the Central Red Cross Office and also in France, and later became Director of the W.R.N.S., says that her work began in 1910, when she joined the V.A.D.'s and was laughed at for being so enthusiastic and wasting so much time in preparing for an improbable war.

Four years of Red Cross training before the war was an admirable preparation for the work which had to be done when war was declared. Then a flood of willing, impetuous, untrained people offered their services to the Central Red Cross Office. There was then no work for the untrained: all that could be done was to urge them to train in *some* subject, chiefly perhaps in order to induce them to calm down and to prevent the hysterical excitement which was spreading rapidly.

When war broke out there were a large number of V.A.D.'s organized, but the Government saw no way of using them. In the autumn of 1914 the Commissioner to the Joint Committee of the Red Cross and St. John's held out hopes that V.A.D.'s might be used to form rest stations on the lines of communication. In October an order suddenly came to take some twenty V.A.D.'s to Paris. By the time they arrived the battle front had moved, and they were ordered to Boulogne. There the wounded were beginning to come in, but the hospitals were not completely ready, and the V.A.D.'s were required to help, doing anything they could to relieve the suffering and assist the few available nurses.

As the hospital staffs arrived the V.A.D.'s were ordered to set up a rest station, all the accommodation that could

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be found being three trucks on a siding. Before these were even fitted the wounded were pouring down from those early battles at and around Ypres. On one day alone 3000 seriously wounded men passed through the hands of the V.A.D.'s. Their wounds had not been dressed since they left the front, and they were in a most pitiable condition. The V.A.D.'s had only one or two oilstoves, and one may imagine the difficulty of obtaining sufficient hot water to supply the needs of three trained nurses and to provide hot drinks for 3000 men under such conditions. Another difficulty was the destroying of the used dressings. French engine-drivers allowed the V.A.D.'s to "souvenir" coal, and a bonfire was made in the station yard. After that awful day the military authorities realized the use of V.A.D.'s in France.

The V.A.D. tradition has always been to help wherever help is needed. Not only men, but also the Sisters, the medical officers and the local French people and even their donkeys were treated at this rest station.

At Christmas-time thousands of small presents were given to the men who had missed Christmas at the front and were too late for the festivities in hospitals. At Easter-time the V.A.D.'s lined the grave trenches with daffodils and tended the graves. They fetched sand from the dunes for sand-bags for hospital use—there was nothing that they would not at least try to do. By 1915 V.A.D.'s were needed throughout France. Later at the Headquarters of the V.A.D., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, a demand was made for V.A.D.'s to act as cooks and clerks and to replace men in suitable forms of employment. The V.A.D.'s never failed; they gave

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their ungrudging help in every direction under any conditions.

During the latter part of the war a considerable amount of twaddle was talked about "our marvellous women." It seemed to be forgotten that the greater number of women always work hard and that in the nature of things they accept pain and danger to life as one of the common-places of female existence.

Men were expected to do their duty as a matter of course, but women were first scolded for wanting to work, then giped at as idlers and slackers and required to become "Saviours of their Country." Yet during the debate in the House of Lords prior to the granting of the suffrage to women of over thirty those on whom it appeared that the safety of the country depended were constantly referred to as "irresponsible persons." The vote was "given" to them in 1918 rather as a biscuit is given to a performing dog who has just done its tricks particularly well.

Some women were during the war placed in important positions for which they had neither specialized training nor in many cases the general training in affairs which the public school and the university afford. They worked enthusiastically and used their wits, and on the whole got through with their unaccustomed jobs pretty well. But never, although arduous and occasionally dangerous work was demanded of them, did it compare in the smallest degree with that demanded of the fighting men. Yet in doing what they did they found, in spite of weariness and sometimes of personal loss, a happiness which many of them had never known before.

CHAPTER X

WAR COMES HOME TO US

BOMBARDMENTS, ZEPPELIN AND AEROPLANE RAIDS

The bombardment of Scarborough—Other towns attacked—Twelve bombardments and 791 casualties—In the towns of Thanet—An avalanche of spades—Killed on the way to school—Life underground—A bad raid at Folkestone—The Zeppelins—Fifty-two raids: 495 killed and 1236 wounded—People would stare—Like a train with rusty wheels travelling through the sky—When the Zeppelin fell—The aeroplanes—Fifty-nine raids: 619 killed and 400 injured—Five raids in eight nights—The daylight air battle—In the basement of Hyde Park House—The woman selling flags—"It's no business to happen here"—"We continued to talk and watched them fly away."

THE events which brought war home to us in more senses than one were the bombardment of coast towns by war vessels and the raids of airships and aeroplanes. The first bombardment, which occurred on December 16th, 1914, was that of Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby, when 127 civilians were killed and 567 injured in addition to thirty-five soldiers and sailors. This act caused a sensation, for up to the date of its occurrence but few of us had realized that war might be fought at home as well as abroad. The newspapers, which until then had been full of photographs of the war at the front, were now filled with "scenes of the English bombardment." It seemed incredible that an English girl at Scarborough should be killed by Germans whilst cleaning the doorstep! That a British family of eight at Hartlepool should every one of them be slaughtered by Germans!



Photo. Photo. Supplies Ltd., Margate.

ENTRANCE TO A PUBLIC DUG-OUT IN TRINITY SQUARE, MARGATE.

During the raids thousands of people took refuge in dug-outs, underground and tube stations and the basements of large buildings. So soon as warning was given came the sound of hurrying feet as men, women and children made for the nearest shelter. It was estimated that in Thanet 396 bombs were dropped and 343 shells fired.



Photo. Topical Press Agency.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SCARBOROUGH (DECEMBER 1914).

A view of the interior of the Queen's Hotel shortly after this occurrence. The "Daily Mail" offered insurance for sufferers in bombardments and air raids.



Photo. Imperial War Museum.

WRECKED HOUSES IN OVAL ROAD, CROYDON.

On June 1st 1915 the first airship got through to London. The last aeroplane raid took place on the night of May 19th-20th 1918. In the United Kingdom 1,413 people were killed and 3,407 injured.

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When the wreckage was removed from the home of these unfortunates the dog and the canary were found crushed, but the cat, the only living thing to escape, was sleeping unharmed beneath the washing copper. And what a heroine was the milk-girl going her rounds with the breakfast milk whose hat was hit though she escaped unhurt. The "Queen's Hotel" at Scarborough was very badly damaged, as the accompanying illustration shows. Ten thousand sightseers visited Scarborough to see with their own eyes the almost unbelievable wreckage of an English town by the guns of German ships, and the publicity given resulted in a great rush of recruits. It was after this—in January 1915—that the *Daily Mail* offered insurance for sufferers in aircraft raids and naval bombardments. How extraordinary and upsetting it seemed that we at home in our island should need to be insured against murderous enemy attack!

The Cumberland coast was attacked, and in April 1916 Yarmouth and Lowestoft and in July Seaham Harbour. In these two latter bombardments twenty-four persons were killed or injured. In 1917 Southwold was attacked, but no damage was done, and during the spring of that year Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Margate, Dover and the neighbourhood were bombarded. In September Scarborough again suffered, though this time slightly, whilst in 1918 when Yarmouth and Dover were attacked there were eighteen casualties, this being the last bombardment by German ships. There were twelve attacks in all, with a total of 791 casualties, killed and wounded. Though Thanet suffered little loss of life from bombardment, serious material damage was done. Airships and aeroplanes, however, accounted for a heavy casualty list

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as well as great loss of property. For four and a half years the inhabitants, deserted by the visitors on whom the majority depended for a living and by residents who were sufficiently well off to abandon their houses and to take refuge elsewhere, and by the many schools which were obliged to move their pupils to safer places, lived, never knowing when next they might be bombed by day or by night.

It was estimated that 396 bombs were dropped and 343 shells fired in this district alone, and so frequent were the raids that the whole system of living was altered and subterranean refuge cities were evolved in caverns and other underground places. In Ramsgate it would have been almost impossible to throw a stone in any direction without nearing a spot where a bomb or shell had fallen. Hospitals, hotels and schools were hit, but mercifully the bombs did not do as much damage as might have been expected. On one occasion, though 10,000 sheets of glass were smashed and 660 houses damaged, the total casualties in that town were only twenty-four killed and fifty-one injured. It was during that raid that a man and a woman were buried in the ruins of the "Bull and George Inn" and the barmaid had a wonderful escape, for she had just left her bed when a bomb passed through the centre of it. A Fancy Bazaar was wrecked, a bomb falling close to the bed of a man, who suffered nothing worse than to be temporarily smothered by an avalanche of children's spades. Crowds of sightseers hurried into the towns and an enterprising trader whose premises had been damaged announced to them, "The glass has gone but the goods are here."

At Broadstairs, although schools in which children

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were then in class were hit, only three people lost their lives—a mother and two children. A bomb struck the roof of a well-known girls' school, and when it exploded a room on the top floor, in which fourteen children were at lessons, was smothered in dust and debris. In this building, filled with children and directly hit, only two people were injured, and these slightly. They were a child of nine, and a housemaid. The children behaved splendidly, and before many hours had passed one of them was busy making sketches of the air raid, showing the scene in the classroom before and after the advent of the bombs. A sad occurrence at Ramsgate was the falling of a bomb which killed or injured twelve children who were on their way to Sunday School. On another occasion a girl was standing at the garden gate waiting for her parents to arrive from London when a bomb exploded at her feet. She died a few days later. The horse of a cabman driving along a street was blown up, but he and his fare escaped with light injuries, and two farm labourers who were having an argument about the nationality of the machines as they came over the sea had just concluded a bet on the matter when a bomb fell fifteen yards from them. They at once went to a tavern to settle up their wager.

Dover suffered terribly. It became necessary to prepare shelters capable of holding a large number of people. The first to be made was in Connaught Park, and was designed to shelter the children playing there. Later it was occupied at night by the residents of that quarter. Some great caves were used for the same purpose and were furnished with seating accommodation and electric light. Other caves at the eastern end of the town also

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were arranged as shelters, and by the end of 1917 it was calculated that 25,000 people could be protected from attack. These shelters were brightly illuminated, and in them one might see beds in which people slept, or endeavoured to sleep, for there would be near by a party of children at play, a little further a tea and coffee stall, a concert party, and a group of card-players. Special Constables kept order, and in the larger caves arrangements were made to deal with cases of sickness. At one time on thirteen consecutive nights the sirens sounded the alarm, and large numbers of men, women and children spent their nights underground.

Folkestone was the scene of one specially bad raid, which is described by a lady who was living there at the time:¹ "It was an exquisite summer's day in May. Some people had been having tea with me, and after they had left about 5.30, as it was such a perfect evening I thought I would go and see some friends living in Earl's Avenue, so strolled out. Before I got any distance I became interested in a very large flight of about twenty aeroplanes pirouetting over my head. I stopped to watch their graceful antics, and thought to myself, 'Now at last we are up and doing,' fondly imagining they were our own machines. I walked leisurely on, and as I was crossing Earl's Avenue I noticed a woman coming towards me carrying a basket. I had hardly time to reach the gate of the house I meant to visit when a bomb fell behind me, killing the woman I had just seen, and falling on the ground I had just walked over.

"There is always an uncanny 'calm' after a bomb falls,

¹ See *Dover during the Dark Days*, by Lieut.-Commander Stanley Coxon, R.N.V.R. (The Bodley Head.)

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and when I could realize what had happened I at once started off to Brampton Down School to see if my daughter was safe. Going through Grimston Gardens it was exactly like walking through a thin coating of ice on a winter's day, which crackled and broke under one's feet. The roads were thickly strewn with finely-broken glass from the hundreds of windows that were smashed, and in Grimston Gardens Tennis Courts a bomb had made a hole twenty-five feet across. I breathed once more when I found all the girls well and safe. I then telephoned to my maids to ask if they were safe. The answer was 'yes.' It was nothing short of Divine Providence that our house stands to-day, as an aerial torpedo fell in a piece of waste ground just in front of our garden. It was a 'dud' and nothing happened beyond some windows being broken and tiles dislodged from the roof. Not three hundred yards away, in Kingsnorth Gardens, damage was done, and at the Central railway station two cabmen and their horses were killed. There is no doubt the enemy were aiming at the railway bridge, and it was exceedingly good shooting—for they only missed by a few yards. Passing over Folkestone, they unfortunately hit a house absolutely in the centre, demolishing it utterly and killing two maids who were in the kitchen. The enemy then dropped their final lot of bombs on Tontine Street, the poorer part of the town near the harbour, where crowds of women were doing their week-end shopping. I was told afterwards by a medical man that it resembled a battlefield—a gruesome mass of severed heads, arms and legs mixed up with wreckage of houses and broken windows. Doctors and ambulance men did their utmost to alleviate

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the suffering, and in a very short time every available bed in the hospitals was filled. The exact number killed was not known until some time afterwards, but including casualties at Shorncliffe Camp it amounted to several hundreds and a large number of horses."

This same lady describes her experiences at London Bridge station on the occasion of another raid: "I elected to return to London by the 5 p.m. train. It was a beautiful clear evening, but as the moon, which was at its zenith, rose majestically in the heavens, I could not help feeling pessimistic as to what would happen. As we steamed into London Bridge station, all lights were extinguished and a bomb fell crash. Without further delay I bundled out on to the platform with my suit-case. By this time it was dark as pitch, and many people had become excited and began to rush about. I followed in the direction of a voice that called out 'Anyone for the cellar!' I was taken down on a luggage lift, and was soon transported to a place which was uncommonly stuffy and smelt of paraffin and packing-cases. I found myself beside a nice, friendly woman, and we began chatting like friends of a lifetime and sharing sandwiches which I had brought in case of emergencies. Every few minutes we could hear dull thuds from the heavy barrage of our guns. A cheery porter came every now and then to keep up our drooping spirits with fragments of news, and so we passed the time from 7 p.m. until 10.45 in London Bridge cellar. It was with great glee we received the news 'All Clear' and once more came to the surface and sniffed the fresh air."

Of airship raids there were fifty-two between January 1915 and August 1918, and ten of the airships, Zeppelins

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or "Zeps" as we called them, were brought down. The total civilian casualties occasioned by these were 495 killed and 1236 wounded. On the occasion of one Zep raid some ladies who lived on the top floor of a flat descended to ask the people on the ground floor if they could take shelter there. They found an excited little foreigner in the hall who said, "No, no, no, you go with my dames; they sit in the—the—coalbox," meaning the coal cellar.

As a rule at that time the difficulty was to make people take shelter. They would rush into the streets and stand gazing up at the intruder. "Never shall I forget," says a woman, speaking of those days, "hearing an odd chunkety, chunkety noise. It sounded as if a train with rusty wheels were travelling through the sky. I ran out on to the balcony and saw something which looked like a large silver cigar away to my left, and I realized that it was a Zeppelin. Almost immediately it burst into flames and the sky turned red. Then came the sound of cheering. It seemed as if the whole of a rather far-away London was cheering, and almost unconsciously I began to cry, 'Hooray! hooray!' too. But suddenly I stopped. We were cheering whilst men who were after all very bravely doing what they thought it their duty to do were being burned to death. Although it was right of me to rejoice that this airship was brought down, yet I could not but feel glad that I had not cheered when later I was told that when a car reached the scene of its fall (at Cuffley in Middlesex, I think, or it might have been at Potter's Bar), of a crew of forty only fourteen were found on the ship. These were in a standing position grasping the steel struts of the machine. When

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they went to lift the bodies the hands of all came off at the wrists and remained fixed to the metal. How *loathsome* war is ! ”

Another woman recalls that on the occasion of a Zeppelin raid she had gone to Richmond to sit with a friend who was expecting her first baby, whilst her husband was fighting in France : “ I came home by train, and when we were just outside Clapham Junction there was a raid warning. We sat for what seemed to be hours in that train. I was dreadfully frightened and said my prayers, but in spite of them I felt as if that Zeppelin must see our train, whatever else it didn't see, and drop a bomb on the very carriage in which I was. But nothing happened. When we got to Waterloo it had begun to rain in torrents. There were neither tubes, omnibuses nor cabs running, and I had to walk all the way home to South Kensington, and arrived soaked to my skin. I was so wet that the rain from my clothes made a river in the hall. I never could get used to raids, they frightened me terribly, as much for my two boys who were fighting in France as for myself. ‘ If it is like this here, what must it be there ? ’ I used to ask myself. Oh, what a miserable time it was ! ”

The airships penetrated further afield than the aeroplanes. Kent, Essex and London were the centres which suffered most from the planes. There were in all fifty-nine aeroplane raids during which 619 civilians were killed and 1650 injured. Of soldiers and sailors 238 were killed and 400 injured. The first two aeroplane raids took place on the Christmas Eve and Christmas night 1914. In 1915 there were four raids, in 1916 sixteen, in 1917 twenty-seven and in 1918 ten. The

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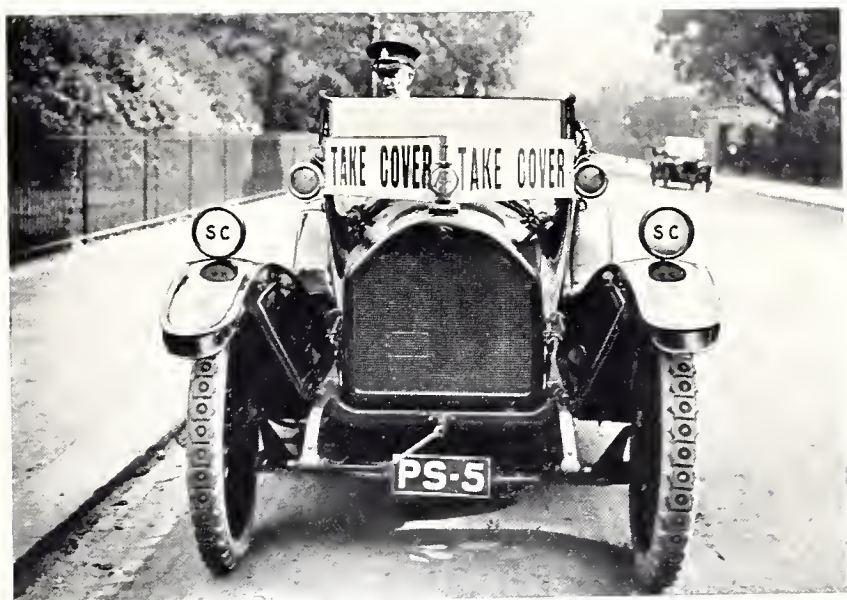
first time that a plane reached London was on November 28th, 1916, when ten people were injured. The worst raid of all was on June 13th, 1917, when in Margate, Essex and London 158 civilians were killed and 425 injured. In September 1917 there were eight nights when warnings were given, and five times the raiders reached London. Other very bad air raids were in January 1918 on the nights of the 28th, 29th, and 30th, when there were in all 245 civilian casualties in Kent, Essex and London. These figures, of course, do not include many cases of nerve trouble more or less serious and enduring which resulted from some of the horrible experiences to which raid victims were exposed.

At one time there was a fear that gas bombs would be dropped, and almost at once gas masks of all kinds (most of which would have been quite useless) were on sale, and rapidly bought up, and gas-mask drill became a feature of family routine.

The raid which made the most impression on Londoners was perhaps the daylight raid of June 13th, 1917. A Special Constable says, "I was returning to Walton Street after inspecting the Albert Hall patrol when I was told by a constable that a warning was out. I hurried home to warn my wife, who I found was just starting for the Ministry in which she worked. She decided to make a start, and I walked to the Oratory with her and saw her into an omnibus, as I thought it would turn out to be a dash raid by one or two planes and that she would hear the guns in plenty of time to take cover. It was before the days of maroon warnings. I walked as far as Yeomans Row (a turning out of Brompton Road) on my way to Walton Street Police Station, and as I passed the

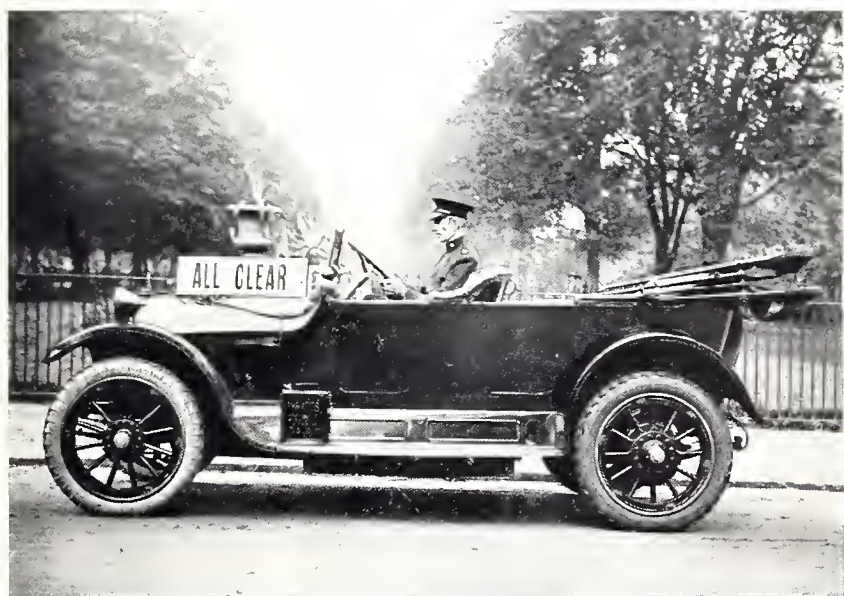
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mews I saw a constable and asked if anything was on. 'If you look over there you will see what's on,' he replied, and on looking north-east over the houses I saw a cloud of aeroplanes. Then the guns began. I walked down Yeomans Row ordering the women and children into the houses, but on reaching the yard doors of the police station I looked round and saw they had all come out again, so I returned to repeat my orders. It was quite useless, come into the street they would. One woman, I recollect, stood with her baby in her arms pointing up and saying, 'Look at the airyplanes, Baby, look at the airyplanes.' So I returned and stood in the yard and watched the airyplanes myself. There appeared to be about thirty huge black planes going very slowly, and a large number of much smaller planes flying very much faster. Some of these seemed to drop out of the clouds—evidently firing at the larger planes, which seemed to take no notice and continued in formation, led by one machine well ahead of the main body. Shells appeared to be bursting all round them as well as two or three miles away. The planes when I first saw them were, I think, heading directly for South Kensington via Piccadilly Circus, but when I was standing in the yard they seemed to turn south. I judged them to be over the city, and I put their height at about 5000 feet. I believe actually it varied from 12,000 to 15,000, my mistake no doubt being due to the fact that they were the first twin-engine bombers I or anyone else had seen, and were twice as large as any we had used in this country at that time. I was rather alarmed at the idea of forty or fifty machines heading directly for our part of London, but the sight was so magnificent that I stood in the yard



Photo, Topical Press Agency.

AIR RAID WARNING—"TAKE COVER."



Photo, Topical Press Agency.

AIR RAID WARNING—"ALL CLEAR."

Special Constables ready to warn the public of an air raid. It was not until 1917 that raid warnings were given and the first was given by mistake! Prior to that we were advised to rely on "darkness and composure."

In many cases boy scouts on bicycles gave the raid signals.

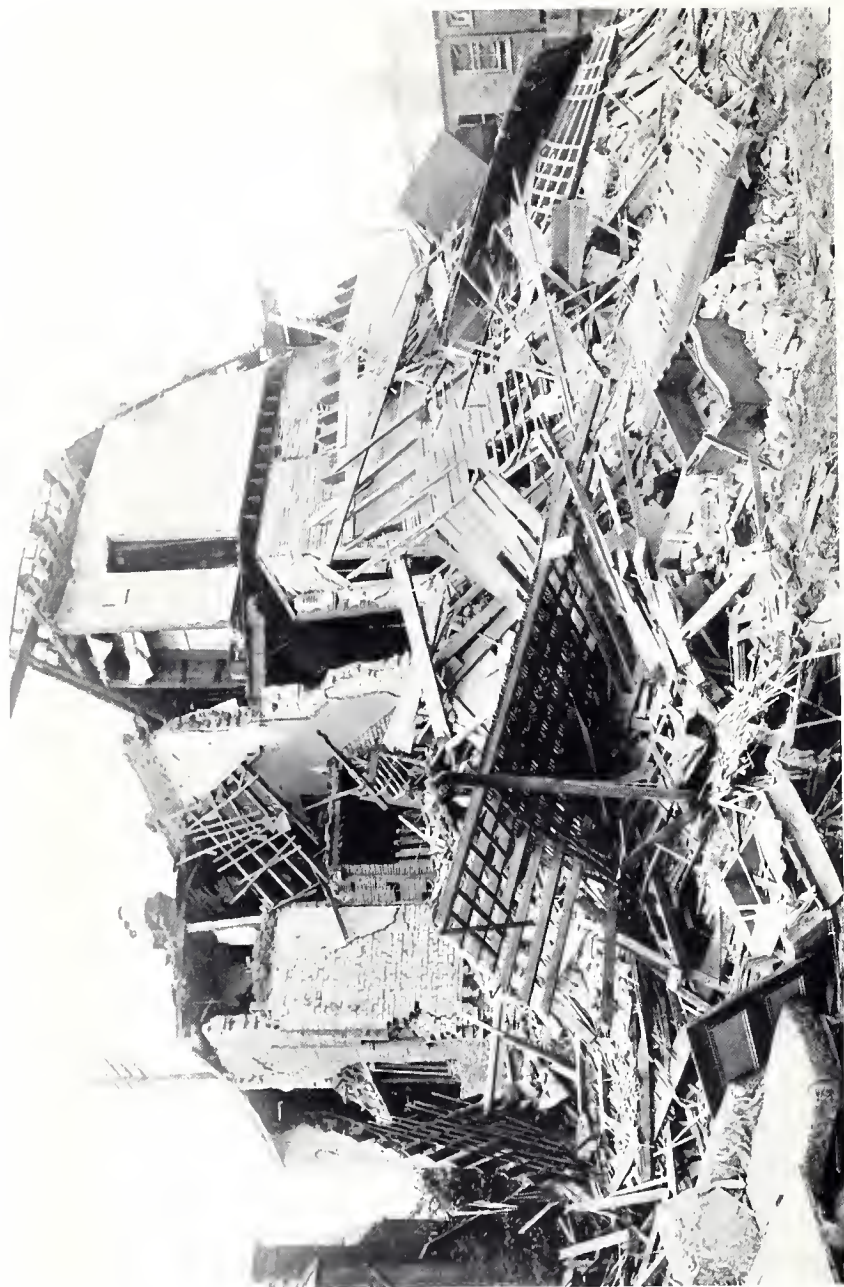


Photo. Imperial War Museum.

RUINED HOUSES IN ESTREHAM ROAD, STREATHAM.

Streatham suffered very severely during the air raids. During a Zeppelin raid 40 people were killed and 130 injured and a bomb wrecked a loaded tram car.

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spellbound. The noise of the air being churned up by this fleet of aeroplanes was very loud.

"I was brought to my senses by a piece of shell whistling down close to me, so I took cover behind the wall of the Section House. I then watched the procession pass right across my front. An ambitious gunner somewhere in the district west of London thought he would have a few shots at them, but could only reach half-way and he burst one shell somewhere behind me and another over my head. Pieces came rattling down, one close to me in the yard, another on the front of the station buildings and a number in the Brompton Road. I bolted into the doorway of the Section House and stayed there for two or three minutes. My curiosity, however, overcame my funk, and I emerged again to see the cloud of planes turning away in a south-easterly direction. I counted twenty-five, but I fancy there were many more of ours which I could not see. The guns were still firing heavily, the big Hyde Park guns being particularly active. I was then instructed to go and see if No. 2 Patrol was all right. At the top of Yeomans Row I came across a laundry van, a woman holding the horse's head. She was very frightened, but sticking it out pluckily. A girl of about twenty-two was sitting inside crying. The woman told me that she had been in Knightsbridge, and the bombs had come down in quantities. I assured her no planes had passed over our end of London, but she said that the bombs *had* dropped—dozens of them all round the Barracks. She had evidently mistaken the noise of the Hyde Park guns, which had been firing rapidly, for bombs. I began to feel extremely uneasy as to the safety of my wife."

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The wife in question may now take up the tale: "I got into the omnibus at the Brompton Oratory, but as I was thinking about some work on which I was engaged I forgot about the raid warning. Often there were warnings and nothing more happened. Then suddenly it was borne in upon me that we were going very slowly and that the conductor was hanging on to the stairway rail and bending backwards staring into the sky, and that all the people on the pavement were staring too. One man walking head in air fell into the gutter. The omnibus was almost empty, so I joined the conductor and stared too. Up in the sky were numbers of aeroplanes. I thought, 'Well, of course, those can't be enemy planes: they couldn't get here in broad daylight without anyone shooting at them,' so I went on staring. We were nearing the Knightsbridge stopping place, which in those days was opposite the Hyde Park Hotel. Then the guns began. The omnibus stopped and the conductor said, 'You'd best take cover.' Knowing that Hyde Park House was then used as a department of the Admiralty, I ran into it. There was no one in the hall, so I made for the stairs leading to the basement. By this time the noise was deafening, and I was convinced that bombs were falling. The basement was packed with women clerks, some of whom were crying hysterically. One caught hold of me. 'Oh, I'm going to be killed! I'm going to be killed!' she moaned, pinching my arm so violently that what with pain and excitement I flared up and replied quite venomously, 'I hope you *will*,' which so surprised her that she stood still staring at me with her mouth open, the picture of idiocy. A girl near who also had been crying, but quietly, remarked, 'You

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aren't very sympathetic.' 'I'm sorry,' said I, beginning to recover my temper, 'but my sympathies are with the men who have to bear this kind of thing day after day and night after night. So suppose you get some of these girls to be quiet.' I wasn't in the least brave, but I *was* excited.

"After the guns ceased I nerved myself to go upstairs again, thinking that the street would be full of dead and dying people and that I must do what I could for them. What do you think I found? The whole place deserted except for a butcher's boy on a bicycle with a leg of mutton in his basket and a dreary-looking woman who had been selling flags and now began to try to sell them again. 'Won't you buy a flag?' she asked me, in a voice which sounded as dreary as she looked, so I bought a flag, and as there were no cabs or omnibuses, or rather only a few driverless derelicts, I started to walk across the park to the Ministry. There all was in a turmoil, and the authorities decided that it would be wiser to dismiss the women for that day. Personally I think they were wrong, and that they should have required them to go on as usual, which with any encouragement they would have done. So I found myself with a spare afternoon, which had not happened to me for a very long time. I went to my club for luncheon and then played bridge. We had played several hands when suddenly I felt that I was going to faint, and in a wobbly voice and for no particular reason said 'No Trumps,' laid down my cards and pinched myself as hard as I could, which was not as hard as that girl in Hyde Park House had pinched. By the time I recovered and again looked at my cards I was so alarmed at seeing the hand on

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which I had gone No Trumps that I nearly fainted a second time. As I was coming home that evening in an omnibus it skidded violently, and to my horror I found myself saying, 'Well, I can't bear *this*, it's *too* much,' and began to cry."

This story reminds one of the scene in the Gaiety Theatre when, owing to a bomb falling near by, a quantity of dust and plaster fell on the audience. An officer home on leave was sitting in the stalls with a girl. She said that he clutched hold of her arm and as if hypnotized stared and stared at her. "It's no business to happen here you know," he kept saying, "it's no business to happen here." She thought he had gone mad, and was so alarmed for him that she forgot to be frightened for herself. He explained to her afterwards that to be bombed in England seemed to "destroy something in him."

Everyone talked about their daylight raid experiences. A girl who had come up to London the previous week was walking across Kensington Gardens that day. She heard the droning of aeroplanes and looked up to see a number of them flying in perfect formation. "It never dawned on me that they were enemy planes and that I might be in danger," she said. "Then the battle began and I honestly confess I *was* terrified, although if one must be in a raid I suppose one could not have been in a safer place than the open park. A man in khaki was a few steps in front of me. The sight of his uniform steadied me. 'I expect he often has to bear this kind of thing, poor dear!' I said to myself. 'What do you think they are?' I called to him. 'I don't know,' he replied, 'but they aren't ours, so I suppose

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they are German.' I asked him if we could do anything to escape them. I felt sure they were all looking at me and would drop a bomb just for fun, on the chance of hitting me! 'We can't do anything but lie down flat on the ground,' he replied, 'and they will be far away by the time we do that.' So we continued to talk and watched them fly away."

CHAPTER XI

SOME MORE RAID EXPERIENCES

Sheltering in the Tube—Calling out the squad—The hurrying feet—The nursery underground—The cook and the cat—"Sure, ma'am, they're only them Zeppelins"—Hunting for souvenirs—A head came rolling towards him—The children all smeared and spattered with blood—A raid by telephone—"I've just seen my husband's head blown off!"—Death and dancing—Under the billiard-table eating peppermints—The child's point of view—"We weren't allowed to enjoy the war a bit!"—"If I have to be killed at least I'll be killed comfortably."

MANY people were so unnerved by the raids that they left London and went to places to which the aeroplanes did not penetrate, such as Bath and Bournemouth. Brighton was also a favourite refuge. Most of us, however, stayed at home and put up with being bombed as best we could. The tube stations were used as shelters, and directly the alarm was given the people streamed into the lifts and down the stairs. When the guns began, some of the less controlled screamed and cried, frightening the children, who otherwise might have looked upon the affair as a pleasant variation from the usual routine.

The wife of a Special Constable recalls the nights when the telephone would ring giving the police warning. Then while her husband dressed she called out the squad for him, poured out a cup of coffee from the thermos and gave him a sandwich. It seemed scarcely a moment

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after the general warning had come through before the pattering of feet began. It was seldom that anyone spoke, they were breathless as they hurried along the darkened street, carrying children and pillows and shawls and food. One heard only the noise of those many quickly moving feet and the occasional stumble of some sleepy child.

A Sub-Inspector of the Special Police recalls the arrangements made at South Kensington. "At this station," he says, "there was a spare platform, and this we made into a nursery. We would not permit any crying or shrieking. Those who could not control themselves were not allowed in the nursery. The children were laid out in two rows with a passage way between. They slept quietly on their rugs and pillows until the 'All Clear' enabled their parents to take them home again. Parents and other shelterers were made to sit or lie on the platforms in two rows. We found that if allowed to walk about they were inclined to make a rush if there was any unusual sound, and as the platforms were usually packed it was impossible to control the more nervous members of our congregation. By forbidding any chairs or boxes to be brought below and by keeping everybody lying or sitting down, we put an end to any likelihood of a stampede. I always kept the same men on duty below, with two specially hefty ones at the top of the stairs to regulate the torrent of men, women and children which poured in on us.

"I am thankful to say, with the exception of some small incendiaries, no bombs dropped within three-quarters of a mile of our shelter, but the explosion from these, even at that distance, made the station buildings

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jump, but although felt below did not cause panic. One incendiary bomb was dropped on a house near by and set the laths of the roof alight. The bomb fell through the roof on to a washstand. The cook, with great presence of mind, emptied a jug of water over it. Owing to the acrid smoke I could not get into the loft above the ceiling, so I asked for jugs of water, which, with a large garden syringe, I squirted through the trap door. At last a fireman appeared with an extinguisher, and in less than half a minute the fire was out. A wet, dishevelled, smoky Sub-Inspector then retired and was regaled with a cup of tea by the kindly householder."

This was in June 1917, when there were five raids and several alarms in eight nights, by which time nerves were somewhat on edge, not only from fear, but also from lack of sleep. A letter written at that time said that "Maud H. B. spent the evening with C——, as D—— was on duty. Florrie, the daily cook's daughter (we cannot now find either a cook or a housemaid who will live in), slept here with W——, the parlourmaid. The windows at Florrie's home were all broken and they were blown across the room. Her mother could not come, as her father is too ill to be moved." Yet it was this woman who later, when her husband was taken to hospital and she was living in her employer's house, was not in the least agitated in the course of a bad raid except about the cat, which had not come in that night. She would go into the garden and into the street to call Tibby (which was not his name, but she was the kind of person who always calls cats Tibby), who eventually responded, rushing in with his fur on end and his eyes the size of saucers.

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It was another cook who, when her employer asked, "Are you nervous, Annie? Shall I come and sit with you?" replied, "Sure, ma'am, they're only them Zeppelins" (which they were not), as if they were of no more importance than so many blue-bottles.

The following letter was written at the time when there were raids every night or so. "We do live in stirring times, don't we? On Saturday Dad and I went to the —'s. We got through dinner, and then out they had to go. We sat and listened to the Hyde Park guns. There was a fearful clatter, and I said 'I'm sure that is somewhere near.' On Sunday morning I heard that a dud bomb had been found nestling among the chimney-pots. Dad came back for me at 1 o'clock, and we walked home—a perfect night, only disturbed by people hunting for souvenirs in the Brompton Road. To-night the guns began at eight and went on for about two hours. We dine early, to be ready for raids, as it seems such a pity to have things cooked, when there are so few of them, and not be able to eat them comfortably. I nearly got dinner done in time, and finished the rest on the kitchen stairs—quite a good pudding made of maize. They dropped three bombs near here, which made the house jump. I am now waiting for Dad to come in—I have food ready for him.

"How are you enjoying yourself? It must be awfully interesting. Have you had a bath? I'm so sleepy and have the usual air-raid aches. I don't know why it is, but I ache all over after an air raid.

"Your loving —."

"Dad" was a Special Constable. It was reported

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that there was no hot water in Paris, hence the reference to the bath. As a matter of fact at the good hotels there was hot water, but people in private houses could not get enough fuel to heat it.

This same girl had three wonderful escapes during the war. She had planned to return from Ireland in the "Leinster," which was torpedoed. Suddenly she felt that she could not come by the "Leinster," thus upsetting all the arrangements which had been made to meet her. She could not explain why she felt that she could not sail on that ship—she just felt that she couldn't. On the night when a bomb fell in Piccadilly she was at the theatre with a party. They returned by tube, and at Piccadilly it was so stuffy that they got out, meaning to walk home, and arrived at the street level just as crowds of people came pouring in. They had turned and gone down again just as the bomb fell. A tale which was much repeated was that when this bomb fell a man in Piccadilly was horrified to see a woman's head rolling towards him. It came to a stop almost at his feet, when he found it to be the head of one of the dummies in Swan & Edgar's window. The third occasion was when a bomb fell on the Embankment close to Cleopatra's Needle. The girl and a friend, getting tired of being shut up in the Air Ministry, waiting for a raid which was long in coming, escaped, walked along the Embankment towards Charing Cross and had just got a taxi when the bomb exploded. This bomb wrecked a tram car and killed and injured several people.

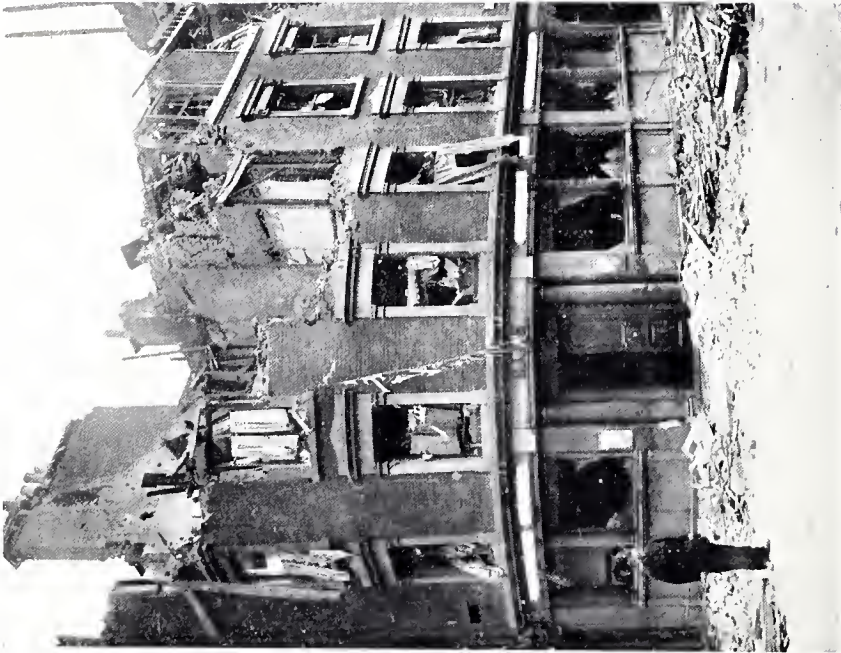
A bomb which fell upon the printing works of Messrs. Odhams in Long Acre, caused much loss of life and suffering. A number of people, of whom many were



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

THE BOMB UPON THE EMBANKMENT.

The Sphinx smiles serenely in spite of the fact that just here a tram car was wrecked and three people killed and nine injured in September 1917.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

ALDGATE HIGH STREET AFTER A SEVERE RAID.

At first Zeppelins were employed, later their place was taken by aeroplanes. During one raid the damage done in the city was estimated at a million and a half pounds.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

A BOMB FALLS UPON A REFUGE.

19 women and 10 children were killed and 38 women and 14 children injured at Messrs. Odham's Printing Works in Long Acre in January, 1918.

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children, were accustomed to shelter in the basement. The floor gave way, and the great printing machines fell into the basement. An eye-witness described how he saw in the police station near by terrified, sobbing children being washed free of the blood which was smeared and spattered all over them.

There was considerable loss of child life in one of the East End raids. At the funeral of the poor little victims the hymn "There's a Friend for little children above the bright blue sky" was sung. It scarcely seemed the right one to choose for that occasion. In another raid, when great damage was done in Mornington Crescent, the author of the popular song "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was killed.

An odd experience is recounted by a man in a city office. "I was sitting at my desk alongside the open window when the telephone rang. J. H. J. was speaking from our works some thirty miles from the city. 'Anything doing?' he queried. 'Nothing settled,' I replied, thinking he was referring to a tender we had submitted to the Admiralty. 'Oh, I thought they would have reached you by now. Several Hun planes went over a bit ago heading for London.' We continued our conversation. Then I heard a distant boom, followed by another louder one. I reported this, and suggested that the basement would be a more comfortable place for the next few minutes. 'Oh, I say, don't go: it's most interesting listening to a raid on the telephone,' was J.'s reply. A very loud crash made me again suggest that it was time to withdraw, but again I was implored to 'stick it.' The next crash sounded as if the bomb had hit the front of our block of offices. As a matter of fact

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it was barely a hundred yards away. This, combined with the roar of the plane which suddenly flashed over us, made me quite sure that the next bomb would get us, and that it was now too late to move. The next bomb exploded in the street about thirty yards behind, and I then realized that unless there was another raider following I was safe. Evidently the telephone-room at the Exchange had been evacuated, as we were connected for some twenty minutes and had ample time to discuss many points relating to the raid and the business of our firm. I learned afterwards that the first loud crash was a bomb dropping at the east end of Liverpool Street station, and smashing up a train which was standing in a forward bay. The noise sounded exactly as if somebody had pulled away all the iron columns in the station and let the huge glass roof down with a crash. Judging from the crash, I thought the main station had been wrecked, but as a matter of fact very little damage was done. Another bomb had gone right through the crown of the tunnel between Liverpool Street and the Old Bishopsgate station, and dropped on the line, but fortunately it did not explode, or the main line tunnel and possibly the suburban one also would have been blocked. It was very accurate aiming on the part of the raider. I should imagine that my friend must be one of the few people in England who heard the sounds of a raid, including the hum of the plane, over thirty miles of telephone wire."

It was on that same day that about a million pounds' worth of damage was done in the city. Just as the raid ended a man who had been sheltering in the hall of a large building stepped into the street, and was nearly

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knocked over by a woman who, crying and moaning, was running madly along. He caught hold of her and remarked soothingly, "Come, come, it's all over now, you know." "Oh! oh! oh!" she sobbed, "I've just seen my husband's head blown off," and collapsed at his feet.

In spite of the danger of these raids the generality of those who endured them remained very calm. One mistress of a household kept a particularly exciting novel ready for raid nights, gathered her household together on the kitchen stairs, which was then advised as being the safest place, and read to them whilst they knitted or sewed, whilst another set her household to singing hymns. The following experience also shows how little upset were some of us by the raids. At that time the love of dancing amounted to a mania, and on this occasion a party of young people were dancing in a house near Eaton Square when the first warning came through to the host. A—— was anxious about her mother, so without telling anyone she threw on her cloak and ran home through the empty streets. She in her ball dress, her mother in her dressing-gown and the landlady (they were living in rooms then) in a mackintosh, with her grey hair falling about her face and nursing her cat, sat and waited until the raid was over, and then A—— ran back to the dance again, much to her mother's horror, who, A—— declared, was more agitated at the idea of her being out at night alone than by the dangers of an air raid.

A woman beauty specialist was engaged on the morning of the daylight raid in treating a customer who she knew had heart disease and who all but died in her parlour.

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Miss — was so busy trying to revive her that she had no time to think about the raid. This lady sometimes stayed with a friend who had a large house at Hampstead, where if there was a raid they sat under the billiard table and sucked peppermints. If she was at home she took refuge in the deep basement of Harrods, which was used as a shelter. There they had concerts, and a young man played beautifully on a toothcomb. Children became quite accustomed to being roused and taken to the basement and there regaled on cocoa and biscuits. A soldier home on leave, for whom his wife had arranged a little dinner-party, and who had not heard the warning, turned to see the dining-room door open and his little girl enter, clad in her dressing-gown and her little pearl necklace, and carrying the canary, which, excited by the light and the voices, was singing vigorously.

A child writing from school said that “air things came and guns barked like dogs and grunted like pigs. There was a dreadful battle. Miss — said there wasn’t, but *we* know there was. We all had biscuits, and most of us weren’t frightened a bit. Pansy was, so I got into her bed to comfort her, and trod on the edge of the lid of the biscuit tin which was left on the floor and cut my foot. It bled like anything.” Some other children grumbled because they were never allowed to “enjoy the war.” “All our friends used to get up and have cocoa and biscuits and ever such fun. But we had to stay in bed because Mummy said it was just as safe in the nursery as anywhere else and it was bad for us to be awake in the night. And Nanny used to say ‘Now, now, go to sleep. The noise of them guns is nothing to do with you.’ We weren’t allowed to enjoy the war

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at all." This unruffled attitude of mind to which some of us attained was shared by the schoolboy who, after three disturbed nights, when his mother for the fourth time came to tell him to get up, said, "Mother, for Heaven's sake, go away. If I have to be killed, at least I'll be killed comfortably."

Amongst the well-known places in London bombed during these years were Gray's Inn, Aldgate High Street, Wellington Street, Strand, close to the *Morning Post* offices, Chancery Lane, the Little Theatre (John Street, Adelphi, then used as a soldiers' clubroom), Covent Garden, Cleopatra's Needle, the General Post Office, St. Pancras, the War Office and Scotland Yard, the Royal Academy, Piccadilly Circus and Chelsea Hospital. It was suggested that when the Royal Academy was hit the enemy were trying for the houses of Mr. Horatio Bottomley and Lord Northcliffe. Croydon and Streatham suffered severely and also Poplar, in which populous neighbourhood 695 houses were damaged. The total casualties, civilian and military, in the United Kingdom were 1413 killed and 3407 injured.

CHAPTER XII

THOSE LAST WEARY MONTHS AND THE END

The creation of gardens—Camp libraries—"Like hounds at a worry"—The White Feather—Conscientious Objectors—The German prisoner—Back to Blighty—Share your taxi—Servant troubles—War content—"The War's been a 'appy time for us"—Pestilence—Too good to be true—The Armistice—"With you I thank God and rejoice"—Those who had paid the price—Ding dong, ding dong—In Trafalgar Square—"What shall we be when we aren't what we are?"—Payment.

OF all the war work done by civilians perhaps that which brought with it the most satisfaction was the creating of gardens. So much of what we had to do was designed to assist in destruction, whilst the work we put into our gardens was creative. "Produce, produce, produce," implored the Government, and we responded with a will. Outside every town allotments came into being. In the flower borders of gardens peas and beans, cabbages and marrows took the places of gillyflowers and Sweet Williams, and potatoes grew where once were the green lawns which are England's pride. Wherever there were bits of spare ground there vegetables were planted. Even behind a hoarding on the site of a demolished building between Fleet Street and Fetter Lane two women created a garden. Many a sorrow was buried in these war gardens and many a man and woman learned the joy of tilling the earth.

And whilst thousands of us gardened, a smaller



Photo. Daily Mail.

FLEET STREET AS A FOOD PRODUCING AREA—A DEVELOPMENT OF THE
ALLOTMENT MOVEMENT.

What was doubtless the innermost allotment in London is shown in this photograph. It was situated in the dense labyrinth between Fleet Street and Fetter Lane, and in it two sisters, the Misses Kersey, raised cabbages, cauliflowers, beetroots, tomatoes, and marrows. They are here seen at work.



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

WOMEN POLICE BEFRIEND A GIRL TRAVELLER.

"Please can you tell me where I can get a bed to-night?"



Photo, Imperial War Museum.

THE BILL-POSTER GIRL.

Note the Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps poster (W.A.A.C.).

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group, knowing how necessary it is that there shall be food for the mind as well as for the body, set to work to provide our fighting men at home and abroad, on land and at sea, with friends in the guise of books. A library was started over a garage near the Tate Gallery, also a book hospital, for some of the volumes sent needed repairing before they could be issued. As a rule givers of books were discerning in what they sent, but others thought apparently that if you desired a book and a book appeared, what more could you ask? Hence the arrival of old Bradshaws, telephone directories, academy catalogues, children's A.B.C.'s and parish magazines.

Literary tastes varied considerably: one Commanding Officer asked for the works of Marie Corelli, Richard Dehan, Arnold Bennett, Baroness Orczy, White Melville, Ethel M. Dell, Chesterton and Wells. The first war library was taken as a pattern for others which were organized elsewhere, and still the cry was for more. A good deed which truly shone like a candle in a naughty world was that of a firm of manufacturers who gave candles so that with the books might come light by which to read.

An officer in charge of some men who were billeted in a swimming-bath, and who had nothing to do "but lie about sleeping if they could and grumbling if they couldn't," said that when a box of books arrived "they were round me like hounds at a worry." Those who could not get a book got the lucky ones to read aloud. One young officer at the front asked for books to start a lending library in his dug-out for the use of his men, and, needless to say, received them. An activity as objectionable as that which has just been described was

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praiseworthy, and which was practised during the latter part of the war by certain ill-mannered women and girls, consisted of presenting white feathers to young men in "civvies," as civilian dress came to be called. No doubt there were young men who could have become soldiers and who managed to evade service, but tribunals existed to consider claims for exemption, and for a young woman to present a white feather to some youth of whose circumstances she probably was ignorant was a rude and a cruel act. Had it been necessary to shame men into doing their duty it should have been the task of men who had already joined the Army.

From the moment that war was declared a vast number of men were anxious to join the Army. They clamoured to enlist at first in greater numbers than could be accepted. Some of these men loathed the thought of war, but enlisted because they knew it to be their duty to do so. Many a man and boy, however, was torn in two by conflicting claims. A woman, writing of the youths in her village says, "One sees them going about looking sulky, with that hunched-up look which always bodes trouble. If they know you well enough and are sufficiently articulate to do so they will tell you that they don't know what they had best do under their peculiar circumstances. As one of them said to me, 'I'm miserable not going, I'll be miserable gone. In a bit they'll fetch us, and then it won't be me as has to choose, and I'll be thankful.' This boy had a mother to whom he was devoted, who was slowly dying of cancer. She had a cruel, drunken husband, and the only other child, a much younger boy, was so frightened of his father as to be useless as a protector of his mother."

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Of conscientious objectors much was heard. These were men who objected to fight, not from fear, but because they honestly believed it wrong to do so. They endured much because of that belief. Others invented a faith to hide fear, and even of them one may think with sympathy, knowing what awaited them and what never-ceasing torture war was to men of delicate mental balance.

At one time it was suggested that conscientious objectors—"conchies" as they were nicknamed—were pampered, and those in prison given too large a share of the nation's limited supplies. This was not so, and the cry soon died down. The Government was also accused of over-feeding German prisoners, which they did not, as the diet sheets showed.

At Food Economy meetings during the time of shortage sometimes this accusation was made, but when the diet was explained it was generally agreed that it was not too liberal. On one occasion a Ministry of Food speaker, after discussing the subject during question-time, asked her audience point blank if there was anyone present who desired that the prisoners' ration should be reduced. Silence. Then a lady stood up and said that she considered that only when we ourselves were starving, which was very far from being the case, should we be justified in starving our prisoners. The Ministry speaker followed up the matter by remarking that she was there to listen to the opinion of the meeting and to convey it to the Food Controller. Had any other lady anything to say? Silence.

"I do honestly believe that there is not one of you here who if you saw a starving German prisoner would not at once give him some of your own food," suggested

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the speaker. "Now, isn't that so?" Laughter and cheers.

A war memory which stands out amongst many others is that of a German prisoner, a small, fair man in the dim blue uniform of the German infantry, standing on the platform of Charing Cross Tube station by the side of a large khaki-clad sergeant. People waiting for the train stared at him with intense interest, much as they might have stared at a new animal in the Zoo. He looked strained, tired, unhappy, and rather self-conscious. Just as the train came in and everyone pressed forward to enter the carriages an elderly man slipped a packet of cigarettes into his hand.

There was devilishness enough and to spare during the war that is best forgotten, and many little acts such as this that are best remembered.

The mention of Charing Cross recalls the sight of the ambulances waiting for the trainloads of wounded men who had been fortunate enough to receive what they called a "Blighty"—a wound that was neither so serious as to detain them at a base hospital nor so light as to forbid their return to a home hospital. There were two- and four-berth ambulances, and when serious cases were expected a nurse and sometimes a doctor would be in attendance, and as the khaki-clad girl chauffeurs drove away slowly so that they should not jolt wounded bodies, the flower-women who sit with their baskets of blooms outside the station threw their violets and roses, calling "Cheerio" and "God bless you, lads" to the men who lay upon the stretchers. Everything was done to ease the journey for the wounded, but owing to the shortage of fuel, labour and rolling-stock, railway

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travelling became more and more uncomfortable for the civilian. Few but those who were obliged to travel did so. If luggage were taken, the chances were that the traveller might have to handle it himself, with or without the aid of a woman porter or some ancient man. Restaurant cars were things of the past, and the railway buffet war buns and sandwiches of a nastiness beyond description. When one arrived at the terminus there probably were no taxis, and travellers queued up and waited for one to appear, often arranging with some stranger to share a cab if their ways lay in the same direction. To use a cab by oneself was a greediness, and shoppers and visitors to restaurants would, when taking a taxi, offer a lift to whoever else might be waiting for one. That unpopular tyrant the war-time taxi-man was supposed to be making a fortune. During a case for damages a wife who kept her husband's accounts showed that his average daily takings were £1 5s. 3d., the running expenses 6s. 7d., leaving 18s. 8d. per day profit apart from tips, which averaged 4s. to 5s. a day. Taking into account that by 1917 the value of the pound had decreased to little more than half its pre-war value, these earnings for a six-day week did not make the taxi-man over rich, though they were ample to have allowed of the expenditure of the proverbial tuppence to learn manners.

The ever-rising cost of living had by now brought about great changes in our domestic life. Because of the shortage of servants many houses were shut up, their owners living in hotels or boarding-houses, or part of the house would be shut, the family inhabiting a few rooms, whilst many women who had never cooked or cleaned became their own cooks and housemaids.

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In the beginning of 1917 there had been much trouble about servants who would not keep to the voluntary ration. As is so often the case, the trouble was caused to some extent by misunderstanding. Food is part of the wage of a domestic servant, and a certain standard of living is expected according to the style of household in which the worker takes service. To lower the quality of his food is to lower his wages, and this should not have been done without his consent. It often happened that the servant did not understand any better than other people why he could not have as much food as he was accustomed to if money was there with which to buy it. He did not believe that the food was unobtainable, and as he did not do the marketing this fact was not made evident to him. He still thought in terms of money only. The relations between employer and employed became so difficult that the Ministry of Food organized meetings for domestic servants, and sent speakers to explain the position and to invite discussion. The Ministry also held meetings for employers, and undoubtedly some good resulted from these friendly talks.

A meeting was organized by the Women's Section of the National War Savings Committee in a London theatre, to which domestic servants crowded in larger numbers than could be accommodated. It was put to the audience that they, like everyone else, must make sacrifices for their country, for that, first and foremost, they were citizens with the duties of citizens to perform. It was the first time that domestic servants had been publicly appealed to as citizens and members of an important profession. Similar meetings were held in the great provincial cities, such as Liverpool and Sheffield,

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and always attracted large crowds. It was generally found that when employer and employed shared alike rationing difficulties ceased, but in cases which did occur when the mistress frankly owned that she and her family intended to eat what butter could be procured, leaving the margarine for the maids, feeling was apt to become strained. Some domestics showed themselves unpatriotic in refusing to take situations where voluntary rationing was practised, and some employers were equally unpatriotic in that they bribed and "wangled" and so obtained more than their fair share of food.

When compulsory rationing came into force in the spring of 1918 most housewives breathed a prayer of relief, for then the Government and not the employer, became the whipping boy, if indeed there was anyone for her to employ, for by then a large proportion of girls and young women who would have been in service were working in munition factories or had joined the women's armies. As uniformed women soldiers, living in hostels, and working, as they felt themselves to be, for their country rather than for individuals, many of them were, in spite of the woefulness of war, happier than they had been in any former situation.

It is sad to think that war did sometimes bring happiness and prosperity, but this undoubtedly was the case, for numbers of working women found themselves better off than they had ever been before, and, what was almost as important, no longer financially dependent upon their husbands. "I'd never known what it was to be a free woman before," said one. "I've no fault to find with my husband. He's not like some, who never tell their wives what they earn and grudge them every penny.

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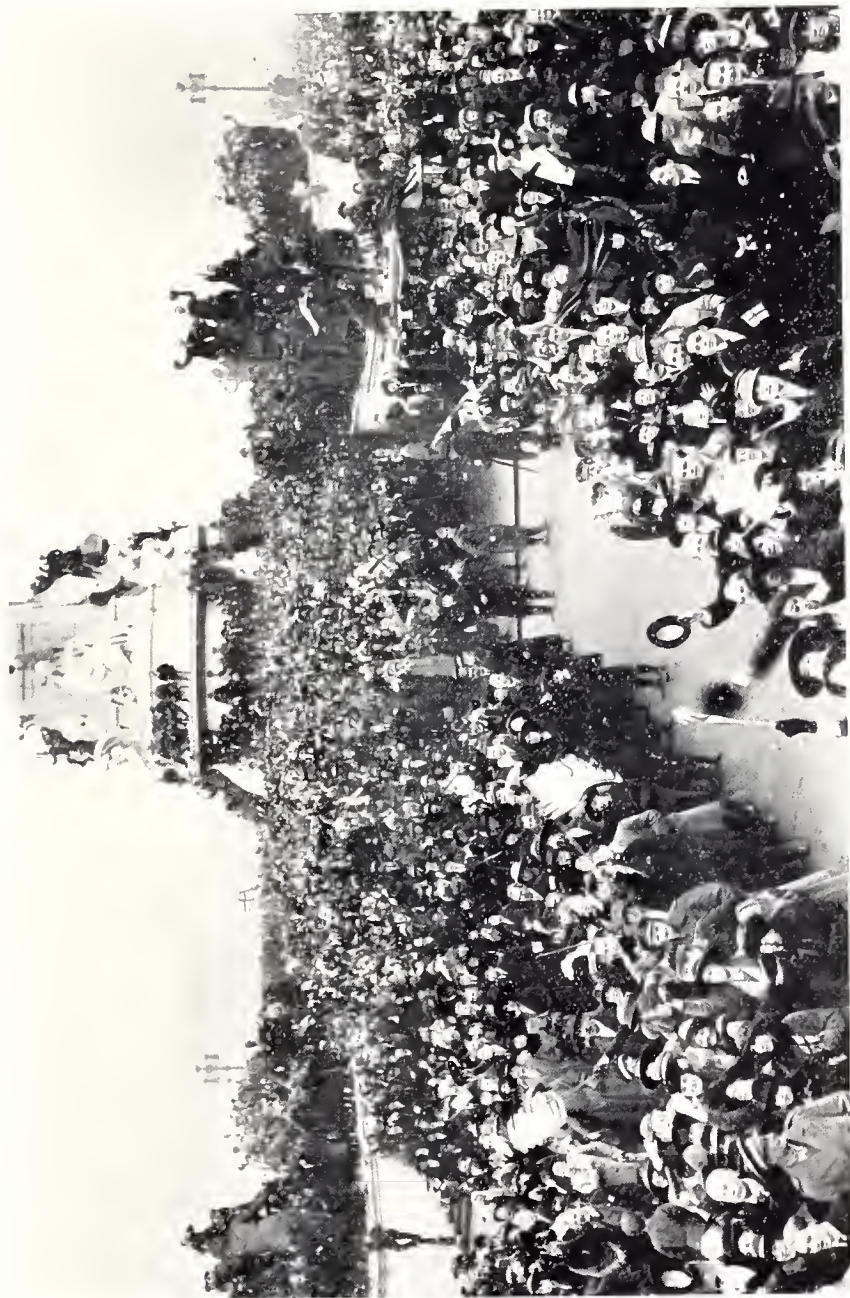
Still I've got to make do on what he gives me, and he knows it and I know it." "For a woman who has a bad husband, being dependent is hell," said another.

In cases where employers paid wages or part wages of men who were at the front many wives were much surprised to find how much larger was the wage paid than the wage which was said to have been paid, and not a few indignant ladies promised their husbands a talking-to on their return. One woman with a very bad husband owned frankly that she would not be sorry if he were to be killed. "But I 'spose he'll be spared, and others as 'd be missed 'll be taken, for that's the way of things," said she. "It's the only time since I've been married as I and the children's 'ad peace. The war's been a 'appy time for us."

But if some women were happier because of the war, the lives of many others were stunted or left lop-sided because the men who should have been their husbands and the fathers of their children were killed or, sadder still, so spoiled in mind or body that never again could they be more than so much war wreckage.

As the dreary summer of 1918 drew to a close and autumn set in, it seemed as if the war would last until there were no more men to fight. The streets were dark, the raiment of the people was dark, for although few now wore mourning, gay colours were not seen and the shops stocked little but black and grey material. The fear that we might starve was over, but food was still scarce and so dear that all but the very rich were obliged to put a strict limit to consumption, and inadequate nourishment and lack of warmth were weakening our stamina. It was now that the second of

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Photo, Central News.

WHEN PEACE CAME.

On the outbreak of war crowds had assembled before Buckingham Palace to sing "Rule Britannia" and the "Marseillaise." When peace was proclaimed cheering crowds welcomed the King and Queen who came out on to the balcony. "With you I thank God and rejoice," said His Majesty.



Photo. L.N.M.

WHEN PEACE WAS PROCLAIMED IN LONDON.

The Lord Mayor giving permission to the Bluenantle Pursuivant to enter the city to read the King's Proclamation.

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that gruesome trio war, pestilence and famine came upon us. A specially severe type of influenza raged, and the newspapers added to long war casualty lists, lists of names of those who had died at home, generally of pneumonia into which this type of influenza so often developed.

And then, when it seemed as if the misery of the world was too great to be endured longer, there came rumours that our enemies, heroically brave as they had showed themselves to be, were asking for peace. But as in that pregnant week of August 1914 we could not believe that such a horrible thing as a European war could happen, so now we could scarcely believe that peace could be made. But almost as suddenly as war had come, peace came. All over the country flashed the news "Armistice signed at 5 a.m. Hostilities to cease on all fronts at 11 a.m. to-day."

It seemed almost as if one heard a dead silence and then that the whole nation gave a sigh of relief. A few moments later the people had gone mad. They hurried into the streets. Omnibuses and taxis, vehicles of every kind were commandeered by cheering women and girls with here and there an elderly man, young men on leave, wounded soldiers in hospital blue. The crowds cheer and sing, they flock to Buckingham Palace, and there, where on the outbreak of war they sang "God Save the King" and the "Marseillaise," they sing again. The King comes out on to the Balcony. "With you I thank God and rejoice," he tells them, and whether they can hear his words or no they cheer and cheer and cheer again.

Now to add to the press come the people from outer London—girls in their factory overalls and caps crowd

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into lorries, and as if by magic London has become a city of flags. From Heaven knows where the toy squib and the paper streamer come out of their long hiding. One sees a stout, elderly Colonel on the top of a taxi beating violently a dinner gong. Presently, because the crowds are so dense, all traffic is stopped, and then in the afternoon the rain comes down. It needs more than rain to damp our spirits, and the rejoicing continues. The restaurants are stormed, the supply of food runs out, but somehow more is obtained, and by the evening they are crowded with diners. Strangers join hands and sing "God Save the King," and "Rule, Britannia." Out in Trafalgar Square the crowd is dancing, singing again the songs of the war.

The experiences of a young girl then working in the War Office are typical.

"Though everyone knew that in all probability the Germans *must* agree to the Armistice terms, yet no one seemed to have realized that peace would come so soon—at any rate, everyone arrived as usual, and there was no sign of any excitement for about half an hour after we started work. Then my chief, Major —— (who is a perfect dear), went down to interview a man in another department, and came back with a queer sort of light in his eyes, and marched up to me saying, 'Shake hands with me, and I'll tell you some good news.' Then he wrung my hand and said, 'Germany signed the Armistice at five o'clock this morning, and it comes into force at ten.' (This was about a quarter-past ten, English time, but you will remember that 11 o'clock English time was 10 o'clock French, so there was still three-quarters of an hour before the news would be officially out.) I

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rushed down to see my great friend, who works on the next floor, and is private secretary to the Deputy Director of Military Intelligence. She was mad with joy, and flung her arms round me. We talked about how wonderful and incredible it all was, and went and wandered about in the passages, where everyone seemed to be doing the same thing, and waiting for something to happen; naturally no one felt as if they could settle down to work on such a day. Presently I thought I had better go upstairs to my Major again, and perhaps try to do a little work; and I was just entering some telegrams in a book when—BOOM! CRASH!! BOOM!!!—on the stroke of eleven the maroons thundered out their message that the greatest military might and power the world had ever known had surrendered, and that ‘fighting had ceased on all fronts.’ Major —— and I were half-way out of the windows almost before the second crash broke the stillness. The windows opposite had filled with people, who began to cheer wildly. In a few moments there came from Trafalgar Square, that wonderful sound of a deep, roaring cheer issuing from thousands of throats. There’s something extraordinary about the roar of a crowd, something terrifying and yet inspiring.

“In that moment, though, *how* one’s thoughts went first of all to those who had died as the price of victory, and those who had suffered perhaps something worse than death. It was an almost unbearably emotional moment.

“When we had kept ‘silence for a little space,’ Major —— seized his hat and announced his intention of going out to see what was to be seen. I thought that I too

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would see what could be seen, so implored him to wait while I put on my hat and coat. We almost ran down the stairs and out of the door. Major —— said that we would go into the Mall and then to Buckingham Palace and see the King, so we turned into Whitehall, preparatory to crossing the Horse Guards Parade. Crowds were already surging into Whitehall, and as we saw it from the road the grey old War Office looked as if it had suddenly been lighted up with a torch of many colours, for along one floor every balcony held a 'bouquet' of staff officers, khaki-clad and red-tabbed against the grey background, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the centre, the Adjutant-General, the Director of Military Intelligence, and every other General who happened to be in the War Office at the moment with lesser dignitaries thronging the balconies at each side of them. Above, the windows and even the roof were crowded with smaller fry. The crowd in Whitehall were cheering wildly.

"On the Horse Guards Parade we caught up with two other officers of our Department, and all followed the crowd that was pouring down the Mall, between the captured German guns (dozens of which have been ranged there for some little time now), in motors or on foot, to the Palace. We learnt that the King had just been out on the balcony and had gone in again, but we thought that he would be sure to come out again soon. Major —— and I got on the Victoria Memorial, and mounted to the parapet above the place where water used to flow round it. Some people got right up on to the statue, into Queen Victoria's arms!! It was really rather funny, because a policeman kept on ordering

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them to come down, but as he had no means of enforcing his order, except to climb up and pull them off, nobody took much notice of him. It was a very long time before the King came out. We got there soon after eleven, and it was nearly one before he reappeared. In the meantime Major —— and I were so excited that we hardly knew what we were doing: we had to keep on reminding ourselves—at least I know I did—that this was really the great victory and the end of the war for which we had hoped and prayed for four long years.

“ I thought of the night we were at the Palace at the beginning of the war, and wished you could be with me to see the end too. It was a very different sight from that of that hot August night, with its deep blue sky and the beds of scarlet geraniums and brightly lighted streets and houses. Now it was a grey November morning, the roads were muddy, the lake in St. James's Park drained and full of huts. Practically all the men were now in khaki. As in August, the crowd was composed of all sorts and kinds of people—but we should have rubbed our eyes in 1914 if we had seen some of those who mingled in the 1918 crowd—munition girls in bright overalls, who arrived in large lorries, shouting and shrieking with joy; girl messengers in brown overalls, beating tin tea-trays and waving flags, staff officers in cars driven by smart khaki girls, and cars from the Admiralty with their even smarter ‘WREN’ chauffeuses, and everywhere men in hospital blue. The people in the Palace were getting a balcony all decked out ready for the King to appear: men with mops scrambled up on ladders and swept the walls, taking a quite unnecessarily long time to do it; then came

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housemaids, who were so pleased with their reception by the crowd that they dawdled about to 'take' the cheers!!—I rather sympathized with Major —— when he said that he felt like throwing a couple of gas bombs at them!

“The Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia came in their motor and tried to get to the Palace, but by this time the crowd was so dense that it was absolutely impossible for a vehicle to proceed, so they got out and walked through the crowd, which cheered them madly, and pressed round them, to the distraction of the policeman who was trying to clear a way for them. All this time more and more people had been flowing steadily down the Mall. Masses of lorries and motor cars, filled to overflowing with the noisiest and cheeriest people, shouting for the King, and singing the National Anthem, added to the general hubbub. Finally we heard the strains of a band, and the Guards band came swinging down from the barracks, accompanied by Highlanders with bagpipes, and almost fought their way through the people to the courtyard of the Palace, where they played patriotic airs. Then at last the windows of the centre balcony were flung open, and the King, Queen, Princess Mary, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Patricia appeared, to the accompaniment of a cheer that seemed as if it would lift the sky. The enthusiasm was tremendous. I think the King and Queen must have been deeply moved. You know how dignified the Queen is, but to-day she had a tiny flag, which she waved violently. We loved her for doing that. It must have been a wonderful thought for them, that while all over Europe ‘crowns were falling like autumn leaves’ (as

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Mr. Lloyd George put it in a recent speech), their people could welcome them so lovingly and loyally. In the afternoon of the days following they drove all over London, attended by the wildest demonstrations of popular delight, Princess Mary wearing her V.A.D. uniform. We saw them the next day as they came back from returning thanks at St. Paul's."

In another letter is a description written by a woman who was then taking the place of a man as assistant editor on a daily paper :

"The news came through to us on the telephone about 10.30. We opened the windows, and could hear cheering, and immediately somewhere a wheezy old gramophone began to play 'God Save the King.' I longed to go out into the streets, but could not because there was a great deal to do, and whatever happens or does not happen papers have to go to press. I was looking through some proofs, and found it very difficult to correct mistakes because my eyes kept filling with tears. I thought of —, for whom peace had come too late and —. Her telegram had come only the day before. Naturally there was rejoicing, and yet what pain there was underneath it! By the time my work was over it was 5 o'clock and pouring with rain. I had to walk all the way home through the crowds.

"I went through the Temple, which was deserted, and up one of those little streets near Charing Cross, and there under an archway were two old women in prehistoric-looking bonnets and capes dancing stiffly and slowly to a barrel organ, the kind which has one leg and which you hardly ever see nowadays, played by a man so ancient that he looked as if he should have held

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a scythe rather than a hurdy-gurdy. In the Mall crowds had come to look at the German guns, and there were still people standing and gazing at Buckingham Palace. When at length I got home I found that —— had just come in. He had been called out, and spent the day in the police station, and had seen nothing and heard only the church bells. Next day I had a letter from M——. She said that at B—— no one seemed to know what to do at first. ‘A few people cheered in the Market Place, and then some soldiers from the hospital set the church bells ringing and then the fire bell. After that the fire bell never ceased. Ding dong, ding dong—it went on all day. When one ringer tired another began. I felt so sorry for the fireman and his wife, for in the middle of the tumult the news came that his son had been killed. One of the last shots fired killed him. In the evening we held a thanksgiving service. My boy had come through safely, but that made one only the more heart-broken for the grief of others.

“‘Even though peace has come one cannot be glad because of all that has been during these horrible years.’”

That night in Trafalgar Square there was dancing, singing, flags were waved, confetti thrown. “Have we won the war?” was roared, and an answering roar came “Yes, we’ve won the war.” A song new to us was heard, “What shall we be when we aren’t what we are?”

It foretold one of the many tragedies of Peace.

APPENDICES

ALTHOUGH the budgets in Appendices I and II do not, properly speaking, come within the scope of this book, as the present-day prices are those of 1928, they are included owing to their general interest and as showing how, ten years after the end of the war, its results are still felt:—

APPENDIX I

FAMILY: HUSBAND AND WIFE AND TWO YOUNG CHILDREN

Place of abode, London suburb. Income, £300 per annum (earned).

COMPARATIVE ANNUAL BUDGETS

	Present-day.	Pre-war.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Repayment of mortgage, repairs to house,		
fire insurance	70 0 0	—
Rent	—	30 0 0
Rates	20 0 0	10 0 0
Coal	9 0 0	5 8 0
Gas	10 10 0	5 5 0
Household expenses:		
Fifty-two weeks at £2 7s. 8d.	123 18 8	—
„ „ „ £1 3s. 10½d.	—	62 1 6
Season tickets	12 10 0	8 6 8
Insurance (life)	7 0 0	7 0 0
„ (furniture and effects)	15 0	15 0
Clothes, boots, repairs, etc.	40 0 0	22 0 0
Extras (such as doctor, dentist, holiday)	6 6 4	3 10 0
Difference in the year between the two budgets	—	145 13 10
	<u>£300 0 0</u>	<u>£300 0 0</u>

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EXPLANATION

Let us first consider the housing problem, which is one that presses most urgently on the £300-a-year family. They will be living in a suburban villa or flat, presumably of five rooms. At present it is practically impossible to rent a house at an economic price, so a great number of people are buying their houses on the instalment plan, through a building society, or, if they are fortunate in their locality, through a progressive local authority.

The average building society will advance on mortgage about two-thirds of their valuation of the property, while a local authority can advance as much as 90 per cent. The mortgage is repayable with interest in flat monthly payments over a term of years, the rate of repayment, of course, varying with the amount of the mortgage and the period.

We will take the case of a person buying an £800 house. He has been able to put down £200, so that £600 remains on mortgage, repayable with interest over a period of fifteen years. This involves a monthly payment of £5 10s., or annually £66, to which must be added about £4 for repairs and £20 for rates, etc. We can appreciate that £90 makes a serious hole in the £300, but the same house, if rented, would cost at least £100 a year.

Furthermore, under the purchase system there is the satisfaction of knowing that the house will become one's own property, and, allowing for depreciation in value of £200, that willy-nilly one will save £600 in fifteen years, or £40 a year. Before considering food

APPENDIX I

expenses, which we will give in detail, we will enumerate a few other larger items, such as fires and lighting.

With strict economy in a house using gas for cookery, four tons of coal at 45s. a ton will suffice—that is, £9 a year. Gas for cooking and lighting approximates to £10 10s. a year. It is appallingly difficult to save except under compulsion, even for the children's education, but as the most expensive period occurs when the children are about twelve to fourteen years old—that is, when they enter a secondary school—a method frequently adopted is to take out an insurance policy on the father's life maturing in fifteen years. A policy of £100 with bonuses which will mature in fifteen years, bringing in a sum of about £130, entails an annual premium payment of about £7.

The cost of clothes, boots and repairs is a nightmare these days, and it is in this direction that our £300-a-year family practises its strictest economy, and allots but £10 a head, or £40 for the year. This may seem an absurdly low figure, but many families are obliged to make it suffice.

The following table shows why Income Tax is not charged. Earned Income £300:—

Deduct:

Allowance for earned income, one-sixth of £300	£50
Personal allowance, man and wife	225
Allowance, first child	36
Allowance, second child	27
	<hr/>
	£338
	<hr/>

Therefore no taxable income.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

A COMPARISON OF PRE-WAR AND PRESENT-DAY PRICES

(All prices per lb.)

	Present-day.		Pre-war.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
<i>Meat (English) :</i>				
Steak	2	0	1	0
Chops	2	0	1	0
Sirloin	1	6		9
Stewing beef		8		4
Leg mutton	1	4		6
Shoulder	1	3		5
Neck mutton		10		3
Leg pork	1	9		9
Butter	1	8	1	0
Eggs per dozen	2	4	1	0
Cooking eggs per dozen	1	6		7
Sugar		3½		2
Flour		3		1½
Raisins and currants		8		4
Sultanas		10		6
Marmalade and jams		8½		4½
Cheese	1	0		6½
Lard		10		7
Dripping		9		6
Margarine		7		4
Milk per pint		3¼		2
Bread per quartern loaf		9		4½
<i>Fish :</i>				
Cod	1	2		5
Mackerel each		4		2
Bloaters each		2½		1½
Soap per bar		6		3
Soda		1		½
	<u>£1 6 0¾</u>		<u>12 7</u>	

From these figures it appears that the cost of food for a middle-class family has increased by 114·4 per cent. It will be noticed that we give the prices of English meat in both columns, the reason being that in pre-war days comparatively few middle-class people ate foreign meat, and we give these figures to supply an exact parallel. The prices of chilled meat show a proportionate rise.

APPENDIX I

HOUSEKEEPING, AN AVERAGE WEEK

	Present-day.		Pre-war.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Meat (imported)	8	0	3	8
Milk 20 pints at $3\frac{1}{4}d.$	5	5	3	4
Groceries (including butter)	16	0	8	0
Bread (six loaves at $4\frac{1}{2}d.$)	2	3	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Greengrocery	6	6	3	0
Fish	1	6		8
Eggs	2	0		11
Sundries (stationery, stamps, etc.)	1	0		8
Chemist	1	6		9
Drapery (small articles)	1	6		9
Washing (articles requiring special laundering, bulk done at home)	2	0	1	0
	<hr/> <u>£2 7 8</u> <hr/>		<hr/> <u>£1 3 10½</u> <hr/>	

TWO DAILY BILLS OF FARE SHOWING COMPARATIVE COST OF MEALS

	Present-day.		Pre-war.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
(I) <i>Breakfast</i> (two adults and two children) :				
Scrambled eggs on toast; marmalade or honey; bread and butter; milk and tea	1	5		8
<i>Midday Meal</i> (mother and two children) :				
Casserole stew; breast of mutton and vegetables; bread; stewed fruit and junket	1	$5\frac{1}{2}$		$8\frac{1}{2}$
Husband's sandwiches (eaten in city) .		6		3
<i>Tea</i> (mother and two children) :				
Bread and butter; home-made jam and cake		9		$4\frac{1}{4}$
<i>Supper</i> (two children) :				
Bread and butter with milk		4		2
<i>Dinner</i> (two adults) :				
Joint, two vegetables, pudding	1	$6\frac{1}{2}$		8
Fruit (eaten raw during day)		4		$1\frac{3}{4}$
Total for day	<hr/> <u>6 4</u> <hr/>		<hr/> <u>2 11½</u> <hr/>	
			185	

HOW WE LIVED THEN

(Same persons for each meal.)

(2) <i>Breakfast</i> : four kippers; milk and tea; jam or honey; butter and bread .	s. d. 1 5	s. d. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$
<i>Midday Meal</i> : Three-quarters lb. beef, sausages and onions stewed in cas- serole; potatoes; rice pudding made with milk and egg; bread . . .	1 1 6	6 3
Husband's sandwiches	9	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>Tea</i> (as before)	4	2
<i>Supper</i> (two children)		
<i>Dinner</i> : Pea soup; herrings (fresh) baked in margarine; baked apples; bread	1 3 2	7 1
Raw fruit	<hr/> 5 6 <hr/>	<hr/> 2 7 <hr/>

But, it may be argued, why did not a family having an income of £300 before the war save nearly half their income?

Our reply is that it is against human nature to do so. One's expenditure insensibly rises with one's income. Such a family would have kept a servant, had more expensive foods and clothes and so on: in fact would have been quite comfortably settled. We can only sigh for the days that are gone and continue to live in the present.

APPENDIX II

FAMILY: HUSBAND, WIFE AND TWO YOUNG CHILDREN

Place of abode, London suburb. Income, £500 per annum (earned).

Having established the relationship between pre-war and present-day prices as regards a family of four existing on £300 a year, we can now proceed to consider the position of the expenditure of the same family with an income of £500 a year. We place them in the same house, so that their outgoings in this direction are identical—namely, £90 present-day and £40 pre-war. We realize that such a family in pre-war days would have been living in much better style in every direction, but for the purposes of comparison we will again give the same budgets as we gave for present-day prices, leaving it at the end to discover what their saving would be if pre-war prices prevailed. Using the same comparative figures for housekeeping items, we can give the detailed budget:

HOW WE LIVED THEN

COMPARATIVE ANNUAL BUDGETS

	Present-day.			Pre-war.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
House (repayment and repairs)	70	0	0	—		
Rates	20	0	0	10	0	0
Rent	—			30	0	0
Insurance (life)	14	0	0	14	0	0
„ (fire, etc.)	1	0	0	10	0	0
Savings Certificates (for children)	9	18	0	—		
Placed in Post Office Savings Bank	—			9	18	0
Coal	10	0	0	6	0	0
Gas	12	0	0	6	0	0
Season ticket	12	10	0	8	6	8
Lunches in city	26	0	0	13	0	0
Household Expenses :						
Housekeeping at £4 a week	208	0	0	—		
„ „ £2 1s. 0½d.	—			106	14	2
Clothes	60	0	0	33	0	0
Pocket money, holidays, etc.	56	12	0	28	8	0
Difference on the year between the two budgets	—			234	3	2
	<u>£500 0 0</u>			<u>£500 0 0</u>		

NOTE.—Income tax is not included, as in this particular case it is paid by the employer.

COMPARATIVE HOUSEKEEPING ACCOUNT FOR ONE WEEK

	Present-day.			Pre-war.		
	£	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Servant (living out), wages and insurance	13	3		7	9	
Laundry (fine and starched articles)	5	0		2	3	
Meat (imported)	12	0		5	6	
Groceries (including butter)	1	0	0	10	0	
Fish	2	3		1	1½	
Eggs	3	0		1	5	
Milk (20 pints)	5	6		3	4	
Bread	3	0		1	6	
Greengrocery (vegetables, fruit, etc.)	8	0		3	10	
Sundries : Stationery, stamps, etc.	2	0		1	4	
Chemist	3	0		1	6	
Drapery (small articles)	3	0		1	6	
	<u>£4 0 0</u>			<u>£2 1 0½</u>		

APPENDIX II

TWO DAILY BILLS OF FARE SHOWING COMPARATIVE COST OF MEALS

	Present-day.		Pre-war.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
<i>Breakfast</i> (two adults and two children):				
Bacon and tomatoes; marmalade or honey; bread or toast and butter; milk and tea	1	9		10
<i>Midday Meal</i> (mother, two children and maid):				
Casserole stew; beef and vegetables; bread; fruit (stewed) with egg custard .	2	2	1	0
<i>Tea</i> (mother, two children and maid):				
Bread and butter; home-made jam and cake; tea and milk	1	0		5½
<i>Supper</i> (two children):				
Bread and butter and milk		4		2
<i>Dinner</i> (husband and wife):				
Joint; two vegetables; fruit tart . . .	1	9½		10½
Coffee		3½		2
Fruit eaten raw during day		6		3
	<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total for day	7	10	3	9
	<hr/>		<hr/>	

(Same persons for each meal.)

<i>Breakfast</i> : four kippers; jam and honey; toast and butter; milk and coffee . . .	1	5		8
<i>Midday Meal</i> : Ox liver; bacon; fried potatoes; tapioca milk pudding; bread .	1	7		9
<i>Tea</i> : Bread and butter; lettuce; home-made jam and cake; tea and milk . . .	1	0		6
<i>Supper</i> (children): Bread and milk . . .		4		2
<i>Dinner</i> : Fish pie containing cod, egg, milk and cheese; bread and butter pudding .	1	9		10
Coffee		3½		2
Raw fruit		4		2
	<hr/>		<hr/>	
	6	8½	3	3
	<hr/>		<hr/>	

It will be noticed that children's education does not figure among the items we have enumerated.

This is because our family consists of parents and two young children, as evidenced in the heavy milk bill.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

But it would not be fair to ignore this question, for it is one which falls very heavily on the middle class, for it must be remembered that a sound education up to at least matriculation standard is required if the children are to maintain themselves in the same social grade as their parents.

In pre-war days the children of parents with an income of £300 a year might have been educated at a good secondary or grammar school with tuition fees of £3 3s. a term. It was possible for them to receive a grounding at an elementary school and win scholarships at the age of twelve to fourteen, which paid their school fees, this enabling their parents to send them to a school as boarders if they lived at some distance from the secondary school. The additional boarding fees being about £30 a year.

Those parents who had various social or other objections to elementary schools could afford to send their children to private or preparatory schools; but this entailed more sacrifice on the parents' part, and from the educational point of view was a dubious advantage to the children. However, it was possible and was done.

The children of parents receiving £500 a year went naturally to a good preparatory school, and thence to a second-class public school.

Now consider the present-day position. The £300-a-year parents, having no margin for educational purposes, are obliged willy-nilly to send their children to ordinary elementary schools, praying that they may be clever enough to win scholarships that will carry them on at the age of twelve to fourteen to a secondary school, whose fees are now £5 to £6 a term. The little insur-

APPENDIX II

ance policy maturing brings in about £130, and this is devoted to the children's education, but even if scholarships are gained the struggle to keep them during holidays and clothe them respectably is terrific, and in many cases where the parents are not devoted enough the children are pushed into whatever employment they can find. The preparatory-second-class public school education is similarly barred to the £500-a-year people.

The school fees are up 70 to 100 per cent., and the margin of income for this purpose is extremely small. Their children must go to elementary schools and thence to secondary, the universities being absolutely barred to them unless they are exceptionally brilliant and can earn their fees in scholarships. Even then some educational authorities make the grave mistake of refusing scholarships to the children of parents whose incomes are above working-class standards.

Thus we see a very definite lowering of the educational standards of a very important section of the community—a section that used to supply a good, solid, well-educated core to the centre of society. It is unnecessary to enumerate the various professions which they supplied.

Small wonder that one often hears the remark made by young middle-class people to-day, "Well, if we can't afford to bring children up decently, we won't have any."

From these figures the rather startling fact emerges that £500 to-day for a middle-class family only goes as far as £234 before the war. One is tempted to wonder how the official figure, which gives the increased cost of living at about 70 per cent., is arrived at.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

There is one direction in which our figures might be questioned—that we place a pre-war figure for rent against an instalment of purchase. It is true that had our family been renting a £30 house before the war their legal rent in the same house to-day could only be increased by 40 per cent.—namely, to £42—but the majority of young middle-class people are not occupying the same house as before the war. If they attempt to rent such a new house as we have described, they find that the rent is in the neighbourhood of £2 2s. a week, and therefore are driven to purchase a house, this plan having the additional advantage of being one way of saving.

Again, it may be argued that not many middle-class families in pre-war days had incomes of £500 or even £300. It is the people with fixed incomes from investments, pensions and the like who have been hit the hardest. This we fully admit, but at the same time we would not like to say that every salaried middle-class person has had his income increased proportionately to our figures, which show an increase of 114 per cent. They are unable to educate their children as they would have done in pre-war days. Illness, with enormously increased doctors' fees, is a nightmare which may cripple them financially for years. In fact the English middle class, who form such a satisfactory solid core to our Society, are passing through a very bad time.

APPENDIX III

HOW TO FEED THE FAMILY

(From Ministry of Food leaflet (1918).)

(Two adults, four children).

	Calorie value per day.
1 man (or up to 4,000 if engaged in heavy manual work)	3,000
1 woman	2,400
1 girl of eight	1,800
1 boy of twelve	2,400
1 girl of fourteen	2,400
1 boy of sixteen	3,000
	<hr/>
	15,000
	<hr/>

Amount of protein required per man per day	2½ to 3½ ozs.
Amount of protein required per family of the above ages per day	12½ to 17½ ozs.
Amount of fat required per man per day	2½ to 3 ozs.
Amount of fat required per family of the above ages per day	12½ to 15 ozs.

QUANTITY OF RATIONED FOODS ALLOWED PER WEEK

Margarine or butter	1 lb. 14 ozs.
Sugar	3 lbs.
Butcher's meat	12 coupons at 6d. each.
Bacon	3 lbs.

About 2 ozs. per head per week, or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in all, of unrationed fats have been used in this dietary.

The coupon value of meat changes according to the supplies in the country. The amount of meat used in this diet must be increased or decreased accordingly.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

Two coupons per person have been allowed here for butcher's meat. In order to be on the safe side, the meat coupons are only valued at 6*d.* each, though actually at the time of writing their value is higher.

At the present moment, therefore, more meat may be used in the meat dishes than is allowed in the dietary, or meat dishes may be used instead of some of the substitute dishes which are approximately equal in value to meat dishes.

BACON

Supplies of bacon are constantly changing. In this dietary $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. has been allowed per person. Bacon is necessarily rather expensive, and some families will not be able to afford much more than this. At present the allowance is higher, and where possible it is urged that it should be substituted for meat or non-rationed fat.

Where a family wished to use the full ration of bacon allowed, it would be simple to increase the amounts mentioned in the dietary. Notes at the end of recipes suggest increases which may be made without endangering the success of the dish.

PRICES AS AT JULY 4TH, 1918

Quantities of principal foods required for the week.		Cost per lb.	Cost of amount required.	
<i>Cereals and Bread :</i>		<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	
24 lbs. bread	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	4	6
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. oatcake	1 4	1	8
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. flour	2 $\frac{1}{2}$		6 $\frac{1}{4}$
2 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. oatmeal	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 lb. ground rice	4 $\frac{1}{2}$		4 $\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. maize semolina	3 $\frac{1}{2}$		1 $\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cornflour	1 3		3 $\frac{3}{4}$

APPENDIX III

Quantities of principal foods required for the week.	Cost per lb.	Cost of amount required.
<i>Cereals and Bread :</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sago	1 0	3
1 lb. lentils	8	8
$1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. dried peas (green)	9	1 3 $\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. haricot beans	6	3
$1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. rice	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. barley	4	2
<i>Sugar :</i>		
3 lbs.	7	1 9
<i>Fats :</i>		
1 lb. butter	2 4	2 4
14 ozs. margarine	1 0	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. cocoa butter	2 0	1 6
(lard or dripping if obtainable)		
<i>Dairy :</i>		
11 quarts milk	7	6 5
<i>Butcher's Meat :</i>		
2 lbs. topside of round	1 8	3 4
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. liver	1 2	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. neck of mutton	1 2	1 9
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tripe	1 0	3
5 ozs. suet	1 6	5 $\frac{3}{4}$
<i>Meat other than Butcher's Meat :</i>		
3 lbs. bacon	2 2	6 6
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausages	1 3	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>Fish :</i>		
1 lb. halibut	2 0	2 0
6 herrings ($1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.)	8	1 0
2 smoked pickled herrings	8	4
1 cod's head	4d. to 6d. each	4
<i>Greengroceries :</i>		
2 stones potatoes	2	4 8
6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. carrots	6	3 6
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. turnips	8	1 0
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. artichokes (March or April 1918)	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
2 lbs. onions	8	1 4
$1\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. beetroot	6	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
2 lbs. brussels sprouts or spring greens	2	4
3 cabbages	4 each	1 0
1 cauliflower	8	8
4 lettuces	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ each	6

HOW WE LIVED THEN

Quantities of principal foods required for the week.	Cost per lb.	Cost of amount required.
<i>Greengroceries :</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Mustard and cress	1 (per bunch)	1
1 bunch of radishes	2	2
1 bunch of watercress	2	2
1 lemon	2½ each	2½
¾ lb. dates	1 6	1 1½
11 lbs. fruit (fresh fruit—rhubarb) . . .	6	5 6
<i>Groceries :</i>		
½ lb. tea	2 8	1 4
¾ lb. coffee	1 6	1 1½
¼ lb. cocoa	2 2	6½
½ lb. marmalade	1 0	6
1 lb. jam	1 0	1 0
2 lbs. syrup (tin containing 1 lb. 14 ozs.) .	10½	1 8
1 dozen dried eggs	2 3	2 3

Notes

If artichokes are not in season at the time when this dietary is in use, it is suggested that a green vegetable should be served with the dish to take the place of the artichokes, which should be cooked in the stew or pie.

The fruit which has been reckoned in the cost is rhubarb—the only fresh fruit available now. As dried fruits, such as figs, apricots and peaches, will soon be more plentiful and cheaper than they have been, some of these can be substituted for the fresh fruit.¹ In this case a much smaller quantity would be required, because 1 lb. of dried fruit should go as far as 3 lbs. of fresh fruit, such as rhubarb.

Oatcake may be made at home. If this is done the oatmeal order for the week should be raised from 2¾ lbs. to 3½ lbs. or 4 lbs.

¹ Dried fruits were at one time practically unobtainable.

APPENDIX III

The quantities of foodstuffs given here are those actually required for the week, with very little margin. It is not suggested that it is the wisest plan to buy only the quantity required, but in order to price the dietary accurately this had to be done. Except in the case of perishable stores it is more economical to buy even quantities—*e.g.*, 1 lb. at a time.

Other parts of meat may be substituted for those suggested here, also other kinds of fish than those given may be used.

Scraps of food left over from a meal would be utilized as follows :—

Scraps of meat or vegetables would be added to a soup.

Fat from a joint would be clarified and used for cooking purposes.

Bones would be boiled to make stock or soup.

Odd stale pieces of bread (if any) would be added to soup, soaked and used for puddings, or dried and rolled and used for coating rissoles, etc.

If jam and marmalade cannot be obtained, perhaps honey sugar, at 2 lbs. for 1s. 10d., can be substituted.

Home-made jam can be made with windfall apples, using 1 lb. apples to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. loganberries, elderberries or red currants, and adding $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar (saved from ration) to 1 lb. of fruit.

The average total cost of the dietary per week is £3 14s. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. This would mean that the food for each person would cost approximately 12s. 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per week.

APPENDIX IV

A WAR TIME WORKING CLASS BUDGET

(Food only)

	1914.		1918.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Bread and flour	4	2½	6	9½
Biscuits, cake		5½	1	1
Meat sold by weight and sausages	4	10½	6	10
Bacon	1	2	5	6½
Other meat than fish	1	0½	2	7½
Lard, suet, etc.		7½	1	2
Eggs (number)	1	1	3	0½
Fresh milk (pints)	1	4½	2	11½
Condensed milk		1½		8½
Cheese		7½		8½
Butter	2	0½	1	11½
Margarine		2½		11
Potatoes	11		2	1
Vegetables		7	1	1
Fruit (fresh)		5		4½
Rice and tapioca		4½		7½
Oatmeal		2½		6
Tea	1	2½	1	7
Coffee		1½		3
Cocoa		3½		7½
Sugar	1	1	1	8
Jam		5	1	4½
Syrup		1		7
Pickles		1		2½
Other food		9½	1	2½
Meals out		6		9
Total	<u>£1 4 11</u>		<u>£2 7 3</u>	

APPENDIX IV

FUEL AND LIGHT

General Average :						1914.	1918.
							s. d.
Coal	1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d.	2 10½
Gas	10d.	1 3½
Total						<u>2s. 4d.</u>	<u>4s. 2d.</u>

MINOR HOUSEHOLD NECESSARIES

The following budgets show the average per family, 1918, weekly:—

	Skilled.	Semi-skilled.	Unskilled.
	d.	d.	d.
Paraffin	1·9	2·3	2·3
Candles	2·6	2·4	2·0
Matches	2·5	2·4	2·4
Firewood	4·3	3·8	4·2
Cleaning materials.	18·3	17·5	20·1
Total	<u>29·6</u>	<u>28·4</u>	<u>31·0</u>

The differences between the classes are not significant, and the expenditure may be taken as 30d. weekly.

The same quantities of oil and candles cost about 3·3d. in 1914. From the pre-war budgets available it appears that 3d. was the usual expenditure on matches and firewood. Pre-war expenditure on cleaning materials may be put at from 6d. to 10d., allowing for a considerable rise of prices, and the expenditure on the whole of this group at 14d.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

AVERAGE PRICES OF CLOTHING ORDINARILY PURCHASED BY THE WORKING CLASSES IN 1914 AND 1918

	1914.	1918.
	s. d.	s. d.
<i>Men's :</i>		
Suits	28 6	60 0
Overcoats	27 4	46 8
Shirts (union flannel)	4 6	8 2½
Underwear (union)	2 11	5 5
Hosiery (union)	10	2 1
Boots (working)	10 10	21 7
„ (lighter)	12 10	26 10
„ repairs	3 4	5 11
Hats	3 0	6 2
Caps	1 5	2 7
Collars	5	7
<i>Women's :</i>		
Costumes	44 0	80 3
Dresses	8 0	15 11
Underwear	3 2	6 0
Corsets	4 0	6 11
Hats	10 7	19 2
Stockings	1 8	3 8
Aprons	1 4	2 3
Boots	11 6	22 4
Shoes	9 6	21 9
Boot repairs	2 1	3 10
<i>Boys of School Age :</i>		
Suits	15 9	35 1
Shirts	2 6	4 0
Underwear	2 5	4 4
Stockings	1 7	3 1
Collars	5	7
Caps	11	1 11
Overcoats	13 5	31 5
Boots	6 11	12 7
Boot repairs	2 4	4 5
<i>Girls of School Age :</i>		
Dresses	18 2	33 7
Underwear	3 7	6 4
Stockings	1 8	3 8

APPENDIX IV

	1914.		1918.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
<i>Girls of School Age :</i>				
Hats	2	6	4	9
Boots	7	3	14	8
Boot repairs	1	11	3	8
<i>Young Children :</i>				
Frocks	4	4	8	3
Pinafores	1	10	3	4
Underwear	1	1	2	7
Socks		9	1	10
Shoes	3	0	4	7
<i>Average Increase :</i>				
Men's clothing		94	per cent.	
Women's clothing		90	„ „	
Schoolboys' clothing		102	„ „	
Schoolgirls' clothing		91	„ „	
Child's clothing		89	„ „	
Combined to make standard family		93	per cent.	

Working Classes Cost of Living Committee, 1918, Report. Published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, London.

INSURANCE

Budgets show the following averages as to expenditure on Insurance, Thrift, Clubs, etc.: Skilled, 4s. 6d. weekly; semi-skilled, 3s. 4d.; unskilled, 3s. These averages are higher than would be anticipated from common knowledge of expenditure of this kind, and there is no doubt that payments to building societies, boot and clothing clubs, and other forms of thrift were included, some of the budgets giving details of these.

Though there is no complete statement of the incomes derived by Trade Unions, Friendly Societies and Insurance Companies from the contributions of their members or policy holders, the reports of the Chief Registrar of

HOW WE LIVED THEN

Friendly Societies and other information afford a basis for rough estimates as follows :

Trade Unions : 4*d.* unskilled to 1*s.* 3*d.* skilled.

Friendly Societies : General average, 7*d.* per household—say, 4*d.* unskilled to 10*d.* skilled.

Burial Societies : 6*d.* to 9*d.* per household.

National Insurance, including Unemployment Insurance : 10*d.* per household (two earners).

Altogether it is estimated 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* for the unskilled, semi-skilled and skilled classes respectively for weekly household payments of the nature of insurance. After inquiry of the principal Trade Unions, Friendly Societies and industrial Insurance Companies, these payments are taken as the same in 1914 and 1918.

APPENDIX V

OFFICIAL INDEX-NUMBERS OF AVERAGE CHANGE OF RETAIL FOOD PRICES

Beginning of	1914.	1915.	1916.	1917.	1918.	1919.	1920.
January . . .	—	118	145	187	206	230	236
February . . .	—	122	147	189	208	230	235
March . . .	—	124	148	192	207	220	233
April . . .	—	124	149	194	206	213	235
May . . .	—	126	155	198	207	207	246
June . . .	—	132	159	202	208	204	255
July . . .	100	132½	161	204	210	209	258
August . . .	—	134	160	202	218	217	262
September . . .	110	135	165	206	216	216	267
October . . .	112	140	168	197	229	222	270
November . . .	113	141	178	206	233	231	291
December . . .	116	144	184	205	229	234	282

Economic and Social History of the World War, British Series. *Prices and Wages in the United Kingdom, 1914-1920*. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

APPENDIX VI

WAR COOKERY RECIPES

(These recipes were issued by the Ministry of Food during 1917 and 1918.)

RECIPE FOR USING SCRAPS

1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. scraps of fat bacon or cold meat, stale pieces of bread and left-over vegetables, 2 tablespoonsful oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or water or vegetable stock and salt and pepper to taste.

Put all the scraps through a mincing machine. Boil the milk and water, and add all the ingredients and stir for a few minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour into a greased dish and bake in a moderate oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. This may be turned out and eaten hot or cold, with or without a parsley or brown sauce.

OATMEAL RISsoles

(Meat shortage)

8 ozs. oatmeal, 4 ozs. onion (finely chopped), 2 ozs. fat, 1 pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint gravy, $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoonsful vinegar, 1 dessertspoonful salt and pepper to taste.

Melt the fat in a saucepan or casserole, and when quite hot fry the chopped onion a golden brown. Stir in the oatmeal until it has absorbed the fat. Add the water, gravy, vinegar, salt and pepper. Either transfer

APPENDIX VI

the mixture from the saucepan to a tin with a well-fitting lid, or cover the casserole and place either inside a saucepan containing sufficient boiling water to come half-way up the sides. Put on the lid and cook for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Stir thoroughly and spread the mixture on to a plate. When cold form into cork shapes. Coat with a batter made of flour and water (1 oz. to 1 gill of water), oatmeal or bread crumbs, and fry, or bake on a greased tin in a moderate oven till well browned.

TREATMENT OF BACON

(Bacon shortage)

The most useful and economical way of treating bacon is to buy the amount required for the week in one piece. This should then be boiled (*e.g.* placed in a saucepan containing just sufficient cold water to cover the bacon, brought to boiling point, and boiled gently, allowing 20 minutes to the pound and 20 minutes over). The bacon should be left in the water in which it was cooked until quite cold.

Experiments have shown that by doing so the flavour is improved, and more fat can be reclaimed from the top of the water when cold for other cooking purposes and none is lost. The water is then excellent for stock. If fried rashers are wanted it is simply necessary to cut thin slices from the boiled bacon and fry them in the usual way.

SALT AMERICAN BACON

At present most of the bacon on the market is very salt and requires special treatment before boiling. The bacon should be soaked for 12 hours in cold water. A

HOW WE LIVED THEN

shorter period of about 6 hours would be sufficient if the water were changed frequently.

VEGETABLE PIE WITH POTATO CRUST

(Meat shortage)

2 onions, 2 carrots, 1 turnip, the outside sticks of half a head of celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. artichokes or 2 potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint bacon-bone stock and 1 oz. lentils. For the pastry, 6 ozs. cooked potatoes (mashed), 6 ozs. flour, 2 ozs. cooking fat, 1 teaspoonful baking-powder.

Wash, clean and prepare the vegetables, cut them into small pieces and arrange them in a pie-dish in layers, putting the lentils, which have previously soaked for twenty-four hours, in the centre; pour over the stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water; put into the oven with a dish over it and bake for 2 hours (or boil in a saucepan and put into a pie-dish afterwards if more convenient). For the paste, steam and mash the potatoes, rub the fat into the flour, then rub in the cooked potatoes, add a pinch of salt and the baking powder; mix to a fairly stiff paste with a little cold water, roll out and place over the vegetables in the pie-dish, trim the edge and mark it neatly, bake in a moderately hot oven for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

COCOA BUTTER FOR TABLE USE

(Butter shortage)

8 ozs. cocoa butter, 8 ozs. or $\frac{1}{2}$ pint olive oil, 1 teaspoonful honey sugar, a few drops of annatto (butter colouring).

Melt and heat the cocoa butter to 320 degrees Fahr., or frying heat. Allow to cool down to 100 degrees

APPENDIX VI

Fahr., or blood heat, then add, stirring continually the oil; when quite creamy and before beginning to set add the honey sugar and annatto, shape into a pat in cold water, mark with butter pats. This will keep considerably more than 14 days and is of nice-spreading consistency.

COCOA BUTTER BLENDED WITH OIL FOR CAKES AND PASTRY

4 ozs. cocoa butter, 1 gill cotton-seed oil.

Melt and heat cocoa butter to 320 degrees Fahr., cool down to 100 degrees Fahr., then stir in the oil until creamy.

COCOA BUTTER, OIL AND MARGARINE

2 ozs. cocoa butter, 2 ozs. salad oil, 2 ozs. margarine.

Melt the cocoa butter, cream in the oil and the margarine cut into small pieces, add a little salt and colouring.

COCOA BUTTER FOR CHILDREN

2 ozs. cocoa butter, 2 ozs. cooked sieved or mashed potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cornflour, 1 gill milk and water, 1 teaspoonful honey, corn syrup, golden syrup.

Grate the cocoa butter, mix the cornflour in a little cold water, bring to boiling point, add milk and water, stir in the cornflour, add the grated cocoa butter and the syrup and sieved potato. This makes a good spreading mixture and is very economical, but will not keep for more than 4 or 5 days.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

JAM MADE WITH SALT (Sugar shortage)

To every pound of fruit use $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and 4 ozs. sugar. Boil the fruit first in the usual way. Then add the salt and sugar and boil fast till it thickens. Put into pots and tie down. If liked add sago (1 oz. to 1 lb. of fruit) to thicken the jam. Bicarbonate of soda is used in the same proportions instead of salt. It is, however, best to keep jam made with salt for at least two months before using, as then it does not taste of salt, but these jams will not keep for a year or more, as did the pre-war jams.

JAM MADE WITH GLUCOSE

To each pound of fruit take 1 lb. glucose. Prepare the fruit in the usual way and put into a preserving pan over gentle heat till the juice is extracted. Then augment the heat and boil till the fruit is soft. Add the glucose, stir till mixed, then boil fast till it sets on being tested. Keep well skimmed. Put into pots and cover. Jam made with glucose sets rather soon. It is not very sweet, so should be used for sweet fruits such as raspberries, strawberries, loganberries, etc. With less sweet fruit use $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. glucose, or half of each, if it can be spared, to a pound of fruit.

JAM MADE WITH CONSYD OR SYPGAR

Prepare and cook the fruit till soft; to each pound of fruit use 1 lb. consyd or sypgar. Stir into the fruit when ready and boil fast till a little sets on being tested.

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JAM MADE WITH SACCHARIN

Prepare the fruit and cook till soft. To each pound of fruit add 4 half-grain tablets saccharin and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine. Stir till dissolved. Then boil 5 minutes. This jam should be made in small quantities and used at once.

JAM MADE WITH HONEY OR GOLDEN SYRUP

Prepare and cook the fruit according to the recipes for ordinary jam. When the fruit is cooked add $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of either golden syrup or honey to each pound of fruit. Stir till dissolved. Then boil fast till the jam sets, when a little is put on a plate. Keep well skimmed. Put into pots and cover in the usual way.

TO ECONOMIZE FAT

(Fat shortage)

Meat and fish rissoles or cutlets should be placed in a baking-tin with a little margarine or lard to brown. They may also be put in a saucepan with the lid on, on the fire or gas ring with some fat; they should be turned now and again with a knife.

POTATO SUBSTITUTES

(Potato shortage)

A mixture of ground rice and flaked maize will make a good substitute for potatoes with meat; the mixture may be plain boiled with milk and water and seasoning, or boiled and made up into balls and fried in the oven.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

TO MAKE POTATO FLOUR FOR BREAD

(When Potatoes were plentiful and flour was "short")

Boil the potatoes in their skins, peel and rub through a sieve; knead into the rest of the flour while still warm.

TO MAKE RICE PASTE FOR BREAD

Boil the rice in water until it is tender, drain and beat the rice to a paste, and knead into the rest of the flour while still warm.

OATMEAL BREAD

(When flour was short)

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. porridge (made by cooking 1 oz. oatmeal in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water until a *very stiff* porridge), $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoonful salt, about $\frac{1}{2}$ gill warm water.

Cream the yeast with a little of the warm water. Mix all the ingredients together, add more water if necessary, and knead well on a floured board. Keep in a warm place until the dough is about double in size. Knead again lightly and put into a floured tin. Set in a warm place to prove for about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Bake in a hot oven.

MAIZE OR BARLEY FLOUR BREAD

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. maize or barley flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoonful salt, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ gills warm water.

Mix flours and salt together. Cream yeast with a little of the warm water, and add *nearly* all the rest of the water and strain into the centre of the flours. Sprinkle a little flour over the yeast and water, and set to sponge in a warm place for about 15 minutes. Mix

APPENDIX VI

the sponge to an elastic dough and knead well. Put in a warm place to rise until the dough has doubled its size. Knead lightly a second time, put in a floured tin and prove for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a warm place. Bake in a hot oven.

WAR CHRISTMAS PUDDING

2 ozs. flour, 4 ozs. soaked bread, 6 ozs. suet, salt, spice, 4 ozs. sultanas, 2 ozs. peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. apples, 2 ozs. grated carrot, 1 dried egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill milk, 2 ozs. treacle, half a lemon.

1s. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. for six people. 1917.

WAR-TIME SOUP

All outer leaves and peelings and tops and tails of vegetables, all fruit peelings, stones and cores, all saucepan and dish rinsings, bread crusts, remains of suet, batter, and milky puddings (but not jam or sweet puddings), cheese and bacon rinds, skim milk, sour milk, remains of sauces (not sweet sauces) or gravy, vegetable water, margarine (if liked), pepper and salt, water.

Wash thoroughly all vegetable peelings and leaves (do not use potato peelings); use the outer leaves of cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, curly kale, lettuce, leeks, and onions; the tops and peelings of turnips, carrots, parsnips, swedes, kohlrabi. Put all into a cooking box saucepan with plenty of water, bring to the boil, boil 20 minutes; add some or all of the other ingredients; season to taste; boil 10 minutes without removing cover, and place in the cooking box 2 to 3 hours. Take out and rub through a sieve and, if necessary, re-heat on gas ring.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

Every economical housewife should have War-time Soup constantly going : it is both delicious and nourishing and, above all, cheap.

COTTAGE CHEESE

(Cheese shortage)

1 quart milk, 1 teaspoonful rennet essence, 1 tablespoonful cold water. This makes about $5\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. cheese.

Allow the milk to stand, in warm weather, for 24 hours, and in cold weather for 48 hours. Mix the rennet and cold water. Heat the milk to milk heat (a temperature of 80 to 95 degrees Fahr.) in a jug set in a pan of hot water. Remove the jug from the pan, add the rennet, mix thoroughly, cover with a muslin, set aside in an even temperature for about 3 hours. Tie a stout piece of huckaback or old linen (previously scalded and rinsed in cold water) over a basin. Ladle the curd on to this and allow the whey to drain off for about 20 minutes. Tie up the cloth and hang the cheese in order to drain off the remainder of the whey. This takes about 1 hour. Open the cloth and break the curd with a fork. Add salt, according to taste, and work this in with the fork. Tie in muslin. Stand on a hair sieve or a mat made of straw or clean blotting-paper or a plate and put a small weight on top. Leave overnight, remove the weight, and allow to stand for about 3 days, when it will be ready for use. It will keep for about 10 days.

Note :—The flavour may be varied : (1) By the addition of 1 teaspoonful chopped pimento at the same time as the salt, or (2) 1 tablespoonful chopped olives, or (3) 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley.

APPENDIX VII

STANDARD RATE OF INCOME TAX (1914-1927)

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
1914-1915	1	8
1915-1916	3	0
1916-1917 and 1917-1918	5	0
1918-1919 to 1921-1922	6	0
1922-1923	5	0
1923-1924 and 1924-1925	4	6
1925-1926	4	0
1926-1927	4	0

Up to 1919-1920 inclusive lower rates allowed both for earned and unearned income, depending on the amount of total income.

1920-1921 to 1924-1925 inclusive various allowances of income free of tax, or at half rate of tax: one-tenth off all earned income (maximum £200).

1925-1926 to date, similar allowances: one-sixth off earned income (maximum £250).

APPENDIX VIII

BILLETING RATES FROM 1914 TO 1919

TABLE I

	Rates on Aug. 4th, 1914.		Rates introduced on Sept. 1st, 1915.		Rates introduced on Dec. 1st, 1916.	
	Victual- ling house- keepers.	Other occupiers.	Victual- ling house- keepers.	Other occupiers.	Victual- ling house- keepers.	Other occupiers.
Breakfast .	5d.	7½d.	5d.	5d.	6d.	6d.
Dinner .	1s. 1d.	1s. 7½d.	1s. 1d.	1s. 1d.	1s. 2d.	1s. 2d.
Supper .	3d.	4½d.	3d.	3d.	4d.	4d.
Lodging and attendance when meals provided }	6d.	9d.	6d.	9d. first soldier, 6d. each additional soldier.	6d.	9d. first soldier, 6d. each additional soldier.
Total of above items }	2s. 3d.	3s. 4½d.	2s. 3d.	2s. 6d. first soldier, 2s. 3d. each additional soldier.	2s. 6d.	2s. 9d. first soldier, 2s. 6d. each additional soldier.

Note.—The above table does not apply to officers, who were required to pay for their food.

Billeting of soldiers with subsistence was discontinued during the war period after 1917.

TABLE II

*Daily Quantities of Food and Drink Required to be Pro-
vided for Soldiers in Billets from 1914 to 1917*

	At Aug. 4th, 1914.	From Dec. 22nd, 1915.	From Aug. 31st, 1916.	From March 28th, 1917.
Bread	20 ozs.	20 ozs.	16 ozs.	14 ozs.
Tea	2 pints	2 pints	2 pints	2 pints
Bacon	4 ozs.	4 ozs.	4 ozs.	4 ozs.
Meat	16 ozs.	16 ozs.	12 ozs.	12 ozs.
Vegetables . .	8 ozs.	8 ozs.	8 ozs.	8 ozs.
Cheese	2 ozs.	2 ozs.	2 ozs.	2 ozs.
Beer or Mineral Waters .	1 pint	Nil	Nil	Nil

APPENDIX VIII

STATEMENT SHOWING NORMAL SCALE OF RATIONS ISSUABLE TO TROOPS AT HOME,
WITH REDUCTIONS EFFECTED FROM BEGINNING OF WAR TO JUNE, 1918

Article.	First scale on out- break of War.	From Aug. 22nd, 1914.	From Sept. 21st, 1914.	From May 22nd, 1915.	From Dec. 4th, 1915.	From Feb. 13th, 1916.	From Nov. 4th, 1916.	From March 1st, 1917.	From Jan. 28th, 1918.	From Feb. 4th, 1918.	From May 1st, 1918.
Bread (lbs.)	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	1	1	1	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 $\frac{1}{8}$
Meat (lbs.)	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Tea (ozs.)	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Sugar (ozs.)	3	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Salt (ozs.)	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Pepper (ozs.)	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mustard (ozs.)	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Jam (ozs.)	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Bacon (ozs.)	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Cheese (ozs.)	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Fresh vegetables (ozs.)	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Cash allowance	—	—	4d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

APPROXIMATE AVERAGE COST OF A RATION AT HOME FROM AUGUST 1914 TO DECEMBER 1918

	<i>d.</i>
1914 (August to December)	16'51
1915	17'00
1916	15'00
1917	16'75
1918	16'75

APPENDIX IX

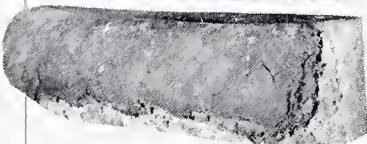
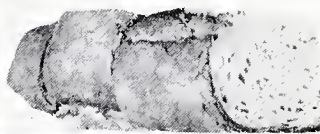



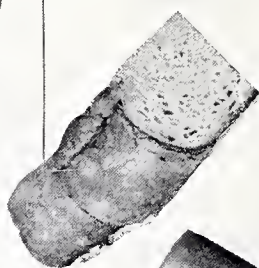

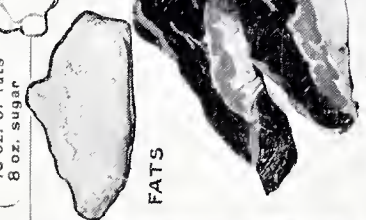



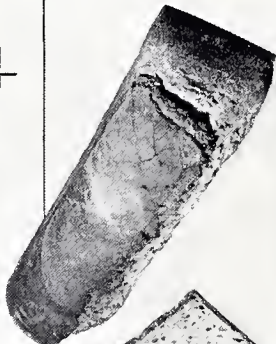
WEEKLY RATES OF PENSION DURING THE PERIOD OF THE GREAT WAR SOLDIERS AND THEIR WIDOWS AND CHILDREN





	Totally disabled man (Private).	Totally disabled man (Private) and wife.	Private's widow.			Private's widow with two children.			Motherless children.	
			Under age 35.	Age 35 to 45.	Age 45 and over.	Widow under age 35.	Widow aged 35 to 45.	Widow aged 45 and over.	First child.	Others.
August 1st, 1914	s. d. 17 6	s. d. 17 6	s. d. 5 0	s. d. 5 0	s. d. 5 0	s. d. 8 0	s. d. 8 0	s. d. 8 0	s. 3	d. 3 0 each
March 1st, 1915	25 0	25 0	10 0	12 6	15 0	18 6	21 0	23 6	5	5 0 "
April 4th, 1917	27 6	27 0	13 9	13 9	15 0	22 11	22 11	24 2	7	6 0 "
May 1st, 1918	27 6	27 6	13 9	13 9	15 0	25 5	25 5	26 8	10	9 2 "
November 1st, 1918	33 0	33 0	16 6	16 6	18 0	30 6	30 6	32 0	12	11 0 "
			Not over 40 years and without children.							
			Over 40 years or with children.							
September 3rd, 1919	40 0	50 0	s. 20	s. 26	d. 8	44 2	44 2	44 2	12	11 0 "

HOW WE LIVED THEN

WEEKLY RATES OF PENSION: PARENTS AND OTHER DEPENDENTS

	Parents.			Dependents other than Parents.	
	Based on dependency on deceased soldier.		Based on need irrespective of dependency.	Flat rate irrespective of dependency or need.	Dependent and in need.
	Wholly dependent.	Partly dependent and in need.			
August 1st, 1914 .	Nil.		Nil.	Nil.	Nil.
February 15th, 1916 .	Not exceeding 10s.	Not exceeding 5s.	Nil.		Not exceeding 5s.
August 18th, 1916 .	Not exceeding 10s.	Not exceeding 10s.	Nil.		
April 4th, 1917 .	Not exceeding 15s.		Where deceased soldier was an apprentice or student before the war, or where his father had died during the war, not exceeding 15s.	Nil.	Not exceeding 13s. 9d.
September 1st, 1917 .	Not less than 3s. 6d. or exceeding 15s.		All cases of need :— Not less than 3s. 6d. or exceeding 15s.	Nil.	Not exceeding 16s. 6d.
November 1st, 1918 .	Not less than 4s. 2d. or exceeding 18s.		Not less than 4s. 2d. or exceeding 18s.	5s.	

<p>①</p> <p>MEN ON VERY HEAVY WORK ...</p> <p> $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 7\frac{1}{2} \text{ lb. bread} \\ 12, 3-10 \text{ oz. meat (including lard)} \\ 4-2-5 \text{ oz butter} \\ 5-3-10 \text{ oz sugar} \end{array} \right.$ </p>    <p>SUGAR</p> <p>BUTTER</p> <p>LARD</p>  <p>MEAT</p>	<p>②</p> <p>MEN ON ORDINARY INDUSTRIAL WORK } 6 lb. bread</p>  
<p>①</p> <p>MEN ON VERY HEAVY WORK ...</p> <p> $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 8 \text{ lb. bread} \\ 2 \text{ lb. meat (excluding lard)} \\ 10 \text{ oz. of fats} \\ 8 \text{ oz. sugar} \end{array} \right.$ </p>    <p>SUGAR</p> <p>FATS</p>  <p>MEAT</p>	<p>②</p> <p>MEN ON ORDINARY INDUSTRIAL WORK } 7 lb. bread</p> <p>+</p>  

<p>③</p> <p>MEN ON SEDENTARY WORK</p> <p>4 lb. 8 oz. bread</p> 	<p>MEN ON SEDENTARY WORK</p> <p>4 lb. 3 7-10 oz. bread</p> <p>⑤</p> 
<p>④</p> <p>MEN ON INDUSTRIAL AND SEDENTARY WORK</p> <p>2 lb. meat 10 oz. of fats 8 oz. sugar</p>  <p>MEAT</p> <p>FATS</p> <p>SUGAR</p>	<p>MEN ON INDUSTRIAL AND SEDENTARY WORK</p> <p>8 4-5 oz. meat 3 1-5 oz. butter 5 3-10 oz. sugar</p> <p>④</p>  <p>MEAT</p> <p>BUTTER</p> <p>SUGAR</p>

ENGLISH AND GERMAN RATIONS COMPARED.
For analysis see Appendix N, page 219

APPENDIX X

RATIONS IN ENGLAND AND IN GERMANY

Generous Rations. English Scale 30 to 40 per cent. above German Allowance

In Parliamentary papers Mr. Clynes gave details of the compulsory food rations in Germany and the voluntary scale in England, showing that the total value of the latter for various classes of men is between 30 and 40 per cent. higher than the German scale.

Taking the Hamburg compulsory scale as typical of Germany, the comparison is as follows :

	<i>British.</i>	<i>German.</i>
Men on very heavy work.	8 lbs. bread 2 lbs. meat (ex- cluding lard) 10 ozs. of fats 8 ozs. sugar	7 $\frac{1}{8}$ lbs. bread 12 $\frac{3}{10}$ ozs. meat (in- cluding lard) 4 $\frac{2}{5}$ ozs. butter 5 $\frac{3}{10}$ ozs. sugar
Men on ordinary industrial work.	7 lbs. bread	6 lbs. bread
Men on sedentary work.	4 lbs. 8 ozs. bread	4 lbs. $\frac{7}{10}$ ozs. bread
Men on industrial and sedentary work.	2 lbs. meat 10 ozs. fats 8 ozs. sugar	8 $\frac{4}{5}$ ozs. meat 3 $\frac{1}{5}$ ozs. meat 5 $\frac{3}{10}$ ozs. sugar

In addition to bread, the British voluntary scale allows $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of other cereals and pulse. In Hamburg it was less than 1 oz. last September. The rations allowed to women in Germany are, as a rule, the same as for men of the same class.

(Date Dec. 10th, 1917.)

APPENDIX XI

THE "EAT LESS BREAD" CAMPAIGN 1917

By the King

A P R O C L A M A T I O N

GEORGE R.I.

"We, being persuaded that the abstention from all unnecessary consumption of grain will furnish the surest and most effectual means of defeating the devices of Our enemies, and thereby of bringing the War to a speedy and successful termination, and out of Our resolve to leave nothing undone which can contribute to these ends or to the welfare of Our people in these times of grave stress and anxiety, have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, to issue this Our Royal Proclamation, most earnestly exhorting and charging all those of Our loving subjects the men and women of Our realm who have the means of procuring articles of food other than wheaten corn as they tender their own immediate interests, and feel for the wants of others, especially to practise the greatest economy and frugality in the use of every species of grain, and We do for this purpose more particularly exhort and charge all heads of households TO REDUCE THE CONSUMPTION OF BREAD IN THEIR RESPECTIVE FAMILIES BY AT LEAST ONE-FOURTH OF THE QUANTITY CONSUMED IN ORDINARY TIMES.

APPENDIX XI

“ TO ABSTAIN FROM THE USE OF FLOUR IN PASTRY AND
MOREOVER CAREFULLY TO RESTRICT OR WHEREVER POSSIBLE
TO ABANDON THE USE THEREOF IN ALL OTHER ARTICLES
THAN BREAD.

.

“ Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace this
Second day of May in the Year of Our Lord 1917 in
the Seventh Year of Our Reign

“ GOD SAVE THE KING.

“ NOW WE THE UNDERSIGNED MEMBERS OF THIS HOUSE-
HOLD HEREBY PLEDGE OURSELVES ON OUR HONOUR TO
RESPOND TO HIS MAJESTY’S APPEAL.”

LEAFLETS ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

MR. SLICE O’ BREAD

I am a slice of Bread.

I measure three inches by two and a half, and my
thickness is half an inch.

My weight is exactly an ounce.

I am wasted once a day by 48,000,000 people of
Britain.

I am “ the bit left over ”; the slice eaten absent-
mindedly when really I wasn’t needed: I am the waste
crust.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

If you collected me and my companions for a whole week you would find that we amounted to 9380 tons of good bread—WASTED!

Nine shiploads of good bread!

Almost as much as twenty German submarines could sink—even if they had good luck.

When you throw me away or waste me you are adding twenty submarines to the German Navy.

SAVE ME, AND I WILL SAVE YOU!

WAYS IN WHICH BREAD AND FLOUR ARE WASTED

1. One teaspoonful of breadcrumbs saved by each person in Great Britain per day represents 40,000 tons of bread in a year.

One ounce of bread wasted by every person in the kingdom in one week equals 9380 tons of bread—nine shiploads of bread.

2. Bread is cut for every one at table, people crumble it and leave it and it is swept up and thrown away.

3. Bread is cut before it is ascertained that it is absolutely needed, and each piece cut causes a few crumbs, and these are wasted.

4. Toast is made and the crusts are cut off. They are often thrown away. *If* cut off they should be pounded and used for puddings, “au gratin” dishes, to thicken soup, etc.

5. In poor houses mothers often give the children “a slice” to take out and eat in the street, instead of giving them a meal at the table. The little child, if he does not want all of his slice, throws it away, whereas the remnants should have been kept for another meal.

APPENDIX XI

6. In the parks nurses and children still feed the birds with large quantities of bread.

7. *Waste of Flour*: It is employed in sauces which should be used with the utmost economy, and not left in large quantities on the plates, as is often the case.

8. *Pastry*: The board, the rolling-pin and the hands are floured. Flour should always be weighed. This checks its lavish use.

9. It is not necessary to eat bread at lunch and dinner when there is meat or fish and other foods such as rice, butter beans, vegetables, etc.

Bread should be reserved for the meals at which it is really needed.

The rich can afford to eat little bread: the poor cannot. The rich should keep well under the ration even including the use of other flours. Puddings made of bread and flour are not necessary for adults who can afford meat, fish and eggs.

Special Constables report that much bread is still thrown away in the gardens of squares, in *cul de sacs* and unfrequented places.

Our Motto must be :—

Eat as little as we can to keep us in health and Waste nothing.

APPENDIX XII

COSTLY KITCHENS

“ Certain things in a house, as every woman knows, every woman *must* have. ‘ I don’t care *what* they cost,’ says the housewife, perhaps a little petulantly, ‘ but I must have saucepans and scrubbing brushes. These are quite worn out.’

“ Unfortunately there are a good many things ‘ quite worn out ’ in the average cleanly English house, and they are just those things which have gone up tremendously in price.

“ ‘ Why are they so dear ? ’ the hardware manager of a big London store was asked yesterday.

Plea of Scarcity.

“ ‘ They tell us,’ he replied, ‘ that it is on account of the shortage of raw material. Look at that row of articles hanging from the ceiling. That’s all we have left of our old stock, and it seems impossible to get more. Iron, tin and aluminium cooking vessels, brushes, pans, pails, tubs, step-ladders, kitchen tables are all scarce and very dear.

“ ‘ Every week we get reports of advancing prices in these necessary articles. Ten per cent. advance in enamelled iron saucepans only last week. And it does not look as if we had reached the top price.’

APPENDIX XII

“ There is a great fortune awaiting the man who can quickly adapt a munitions factory to the production of these simple wood and metal household goods, provided he can get the raw material and is not afraid to cut down the extortionate prices now being charged by the makers. The big London stores are not tied to makes and makers as they were before the war. They are buying anything and everything wherever they can get it.

“ Wooden articles are exceptionally difficult to obtain. The wood is green and unseasoned. It is not unusual for a manager to hear a kitchen table ‘ go off ’ with a report like a pistol shot, and on examining it he finds a crack six inches long.

“ ‘ *Must Have’s* ’ and the Prices.

“ ‘ Well,’ said the manager, whose memory for prices goes back thirty years, ‘ here are a few of the things which, as you say, every woman must have, with their prices for 1914 and 1919 ’:

	1914.	1919.
Hair broom (for sweeping floors) .	2s. 11d.	6s. 6d.
Banister brush (for stairs) . .	2s. 2d.	3s. 9d.
Mop	1s. 2d.	3s. 6d.
Scrubbing brushes	7d. to 1s. 10d.	1s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.
Yard broom	1s.	2s. 9d.
Galvanized pail	11d. to 1s. 7d.	5s. 6d.
Mangles (household)	77s. 9d.	120s.
Step ladder :		
5-step	5s. 7d.	22s. 6d.
8-step	7s. 3d.	36s.
Clothes horse, two-fold :		
3 ft.	2s. 9d.	6s.
4 ft. 6 in.	3s. 9d.	8s. 6d.
Clothes horse, three-fold . .	5s. 6d.	11s. 3d.
Plate rack	7s. 4d.	15s.
Kitchen table (with drawer) . .	39s. 9d. (rough)	45s.

HOW WE LIVED THEN

	1914.	1919.
Baby's wicker bassinette	3s. 11d.	13s. 9d.
Meat safe, 2 ft. square	15s. 10d.	27s.
Ironing-board	7s.	14s.
Sponges	1s. to 15s.	2s. 3d. to 20s.
Cork bathmat, 18 in. square	2s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Hair brushes	1s. 6d. to 21s.	5s. 6d. to £5
Housemaid's gloves	6½d.	2s.
„ boxes	2s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Wooden tub	5s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Small mirror	1s. 10d.	4s. 9d.
Refrigerators	52s. 6d. to 100s.	102s. to 200s.
Tinned iron saucepans :		
2-pint	1s. 3d.	5s. 3d.
4-pint	1s. 9d.	7s. 6d.
8-pint	2s. 6d.	10s. 3d.
12-pint	3s. 3d.	13s. 9d.
Enamelled saucepans :		
2-pint	1s. 8d.	6s. 4d.
6-pint	3s. 10d.	11s.
Enamelled stewpans :		
4-pint	1s. 10d.	7s. 6d.
6-pint	2s. 10d.	11s. 6d.
11-pint	4s. 4d.	17s. 6d.
Preserving pan :		
14-in.	10s. 6d.	20s.
16-in.	13s.	26s.
18-in.	15s. 6d.	33s.
Iron boilers for hams :		
4-gall.	—	27s. 6d.
6-gall.	—	37s. 6d.
Flat iron :		
No. 6	1s.	2s. 6d.
No. 7	1s. 2d.	2s. 8d.
Frying pans :		
9½ in.	1s. 2d.	5s. 3d.
Knife cleaners :		
3 knives and a carver	33s.	92s.
Better quality, 3 knives and a carver	45s.	123s. 9d.
Patent 2 knives and carver	49s. 6d.	110s.

(From *The Daily Mail*.)

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